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BY
ROBERT C. GIVINS



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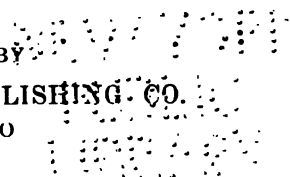
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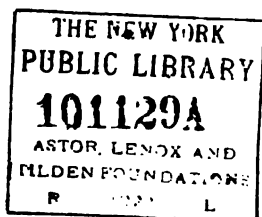
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BY
ROBERT C. GIVINS
AUTHOR OF
THE MILLIONAIRE TRAMP,
THE RICH MAN'S FOOL,
ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED BY
THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING CO.
AKRON, OHIO





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6-11-12



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the Brooklyn shore, the statue of the Goddess of Liberty, the fortifications, and then Coney Island, whose fantastic buildings soon faded from sight as with increased speed the ship carried them into the vast solitude of the ocean.

On the morning of the seventh day after leaving New York the big liner, which carried Jones and party across the Atlantic, dropped her anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar.

The passengers strained their eyes gazing wonderingly at the sphinx-like rock, the dream of the school boy and pride of military England. Three hundred passengers were comfortable enough on the big ship, but when the "tender" or small steamer, which carried only thirty, came alongside, there was a rush, and small boats of every description had to be brought into service to land the other two hundred and seventy, as all were anxious to see the great Fort.

The Spanish boatmen of Gibraltar, being descendants of pirates who once infested these shores, still retain piratical ambitions. They jabber continually, row among themselves, charge any rate, irrespective of the tariff, and keep the nervous tourist in one continued state of uneasiness. During a storm, and storms are as plentiful as sunshine in Gibraltar, these pirate boatmen, in a small way, fleece every traveler who decides to land.

Mr. Wilson Jones of New York was desperate. He eyed every man suspiciously who even looked at one of the valises or hand bags. Mrs. Stubbs was defiant, Mrs. Byson remained quiet, while the girls enjoyed the scene. Each boatman grabbed a valise, hold-all or trunk and pulled independently for the shore. Jones shook his fist and used many expressions well known in New York, but it was all

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to no purpose; the trunks had gone in one direction, and the valises and hold-alls in another. Mrs. Stubbs was forced into one boat and Jones got tangled up in another. Mrs. Byson and the girls were pushed into a third, and the more Jones threatened the more vehemently the pirates yelled. "You are a set of noisy beggars and tramps!" shouted Jones, but the piratical man at the helm, with the dark face and large silver earrings, smiled gleefully. "Bad crowd," said Jones, sitting down; "guess I will let them have their own way."

After buffeting with the waves for nearly half an hour, Jones collected his five pleasure-seeking victims on the dock. After another long struggle, numerous tips and explanations, they succeeded in getting their various pieces of luggage together.

"Now," said Mr. Wilson Jones, raising his right arm as if to deliver a lecture, "we have landed in a country over which 'Old Glory' does not wave, and I tell you, you must be satisfied with anything you get or don't get."

"How thankful we ought all to be," said Mrs. Stubbs, who had thrown herself into an old-fashioned rocker in the Bristol Hotel, "to find ourselves safe on such a solid piece of land, or rather, rock, as this."

"We will miss the Captain at the table," replied Mrs. Byson.

"Didn't we have fun the last three days?" said Bess. "I don't believe there is a square foot of that ship we didn't explore, was there Tot?" Tot was busily engaged munching a bullseye, a hard piece of English candy, and could not answer. Belle was looking over some faded cheap music



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piled up on the antiquated piano, while Mr. Jones rested on the window-sill, watching the passers-by.

Bess and Tot were awake bright and early the ensuing morning, and were noisily enjoying a donkey ride up and down the streets of the quaint little old-fashioned city.

Mr. Jones had letters to the Commander of the Port and was introduced to Captain Maitland, of one of the regiments. Jones had arranged with the young officer to accompany them on their tour of inspection about the Fort. The officer said: "The city of Gibraltar is always under military patrol, and subject to military rules and regulations of the British army. The British government does not care to have the population increase and no special inducements are offered to encourage visitors to remain or settlers to reside permanently. However," said the Captain, graciously, "I shall try and make your visit agreeable."

"How long may we remain?" inquired Mrs. Stubbs.

"Tickets of admission to the city are good for ten days, at the end of which visitors must depart. Spain looks on the retention of Gibraltar by the British as an unnecessary and arbitrary policy and would like to regain possession of the Fort," he continued, "therefore we hold the fortress arbitrarily and must prescribe strict rules."

As they ascended the narrow passage through the rocks, Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson each held firmly to a Jones' arm, while Belle, Bess and Tot tripped ahead with the young officer, who was soon in their good graces and proved a very entertaining companion. He was frank and blunt—just their style



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"I like Americans," he remarked to the girls; "they are always so inquisitive and jolly—especially the girls."

"You will tell us all the secrets of the Fort, won't you?" chimed in Tot.

"Certainly," said the officer; "I shall point out all the weak points, so that when war breaks out between England and America you may come and take it." The girls laughed at this idea.

"England and America must always be friends," said Belle.

"This is 'Castle Gallery,'" explained the officer, as he passed the wicket gate, through which only those can enter who are accompanied by an officer of the Fort. "This long tunnel running into the solid rock," he said, as he walked through, "is called the 'Long Gallery.' It winds upwards thirty feet from the outside of the great rock and ascends several hundred feet. You will notice at intervals of about seventy-five feet are immense portholes carved through the rock. They serve to light up the tunnel and are used as portholes for large cannon which face outward and command all that section of land and water not covered by the upper fortress. One gun we have weighs one hundred tons and is capable of firing a one-ton shell."

"It would smash any vessel passing through the straits, wouldn't it?" said Mr. Jones, who had caught up with the girls.

"Very likely," replied the British officer, with a smile; "it would probably sink a ship instantly."

"Could any possible power capture Gibraltar?" asked Mrs. Stubbs, as they all rested on the platform of an immense gun.

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"No, madam," the officer replied; "the fortress of Gibraltar is impregnable. It would be unsafe for any ship to land a body of soldiers, except possibly in a fog, when we could not see them, but even they could accomplish nothing, as the guns from the upper fortress could be trained on any part of the peninsula and blow them to atoms."

"Of course, dynamite could be used to blow up the rock," said Jones, eyeing the officer to see the effect of his proposition.

"How would you get it there?"

"Tunnel under the straits from Africa," said Jones, who brightened at his original idea.

"It is only ten miles across," said Mrs. Stubbs.

"Yes, all very well," replied the officer; "but while you were tunneling we might send a couple of gunboats over to surprise you."

"Ah," said Jones, "we would erect breastworks and defend the other end of the tunnel."

"America could take it, Mr. Officer," said Belle Byson, with a sweet smile; "you may as well admit it now."

"I think perhaps you could," was the reply, with such emphasis on the personal pronoun that Belle blushed, and the officer added, "Tell me your plan, at any rate. It is very interesting."

"Well, when our tunnel was finished," continued Jones, with an air of importance——

"What then?" interrupted the officer.

"We would have a mule train in it," said Belle, "loaded with dynamite, and run it under the fort."

"Go on," laughed the officer, "that's jolly. I shall tell our Colonel that."

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"Place tons of it under the fortress," said Mrs. Stubbs.

"Yes, that's beautiful; go on," said the officer.

"Then we would respectfully request the commander of the fort," chimed in Mrs. Byson quietly, "to surrender."

"Give him to understand the situation," said Jones, determinedly, "and then if he refused, let it go. Whew!"

"Why," said the officer, putting his hand on Mr. Jones' shoulder, "that would not blow up the rock any more than a pop-gun. It would only blow up the Americans at the other end of the tunnel."

"Jerusalem!" remarked Mr. Jones. "I never thought of that," and grasping the young officer's hand he said, "Look here, you're all right. You are made of the right kind of stuff. You ought to be an American. If you ever come to New York I will have you elected a member of the Board of Trade."

Their attention was soon diverted to the scenery, for as they looked through the rocky portholes from that great height they beheld the Mediterranean in all its beauty and a magnificent view of the African coast beyond. They saw hundreds of ships and odd-sailed craft floating over the blue sea. Ships with sails rigged as it might be to make a picture. The sight was so replete with charm that the beholders were fascinated.

"Ah," exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs, "what a vision! It will live in our memories like a lovely dream."

They also heard the strains of music from a distant band, and far below them, under the very guns of England, a Spanish regiment was drilling. It was not a mile away.

"Yes," said the officer, "they are just across the Spanish line, and those queer-shaped boxes you see in the distance

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are sentry boxes of the Spanish forces. Our sentries are not a mile from theirs, but, of course, we don't worry much over their proximity. Spain would like to re-possess Gibraltar, but they will never attempt to take it again. Gibraltar is a powerful weapon for England. It controls all the navigation passing through the straits, otherwise there is no commercial importance in its possession."

During the next ascent through the tunneled rocks the girls became so inquisitive and followed so close to the officer that nothing could be observed through the shadowy gloom but curls, red cheeks and buttons.

"Three American girls and one handsome young English officer form quite a congenial party," remarked Mr. Jones.

They were to leave Gibraltar on the following day, and, assisted by the young officer, who seemed to have developed a liking for the party, and particularly one of the party, they were stowed away early in the morning in the Spanish ferry-boat to take the steamer "Hercules" for Tangier.

The wind howled and the water splashed over them.

Jones was drenched to the skin, and had it not been for some waterproof cloaks furnished by the gate-keeper, the ladies would have been in the same condition. They were all glad to find themselves on board the old-fashioned side-wheeler, minus cabin, comfort or lunch.

CHAPTER II

THE "HERCULES"

Crossing the Mediterranean in a storm on the "Hercules" is an expedition that appeals only to the most heroic mind.

"You advertise this as the safe, speedy, comfortable and reliable ship 'Hercules,'" said Mr. Jones to the weather-beaten captain, who was both proprietor and wheelman. "Do you mean that as a joke?"

The English captain laughed.

"No, sir! Best ship of the line. Only one that dares cross in this kind of weather."

"Where is the cabin for the ladies?" asked Jones, irritated at the man's complacency.

"There," said the captain, pointing to the forward deck, above which a dirty piece of canvas was stretched to keep off the spray. "Plenty of fresh air, sir, and no danger of seasickness. Be jolly, my man, and never say die!"

Jones glared at him, getting madder every minute.

"Your boat is a marvel, as far as comfort is concerned, I must admit," and again another wave splashed over the side.

"Oh, you'll dry again," replied the captain, gaily, and he wheeled the old tub's head into the wind. "The sun will be shining in half an hour, and we will soon be around the point of the bay. You know, I don't mind your chaffing

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a little. I see lots like you. You're mad now, but you'll be happy again. I wish you'd hold this wheel a minute 'till I go 'round and collect fares."

"For downright gall," remarked Jones, looking fiercely at the captain, "I think you're 'It.'"

"Now," said the captain, "don't get miffed. We must accommodate each other at times," and Jones found himself taking hold of the wheel as proposed. He was soon glad he had done so, for the exercise of holding the "Hercules" into the strong head wind warmed him thoroughly.

Soon they entered the smooth bay and Jones was relieved from duty at the wheel and invited below to the engine room to dry his clothing.

"We sailors get a little rough sometimes," remarked the captain to Mr. Jones, "but I always try to make it pleasant for my passengers. Now, let me give you a little bit of advice. You will soon land in Tangier. Terrible place is Tangier, sir. You're bound to have trouble landing, but take only Cook's boat. Never say a word, but trust in Cook—trust in Cook," he repeated. "No matter what else they tell you to do, trust in Cook."

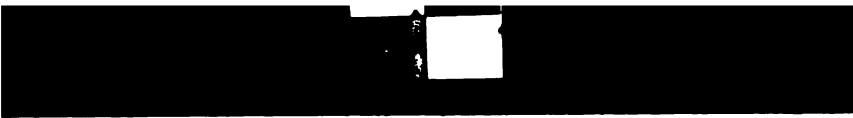
"Who is Cook?" inquired Jones.

"Why," said the captain, amazed at his ignorance, "Cook is Cook of Cook's agency. Cook is everywhere."

"Never heard of him," said Jones. "Is he connected with the 'Hercules?'"

"Oh, no," said the captain. "Not exactly, but we throw all the business we can his way, you see."

As Jones crawled up on deck he overheard the captain say to a passenger:



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"I wonder where that man came from? He's never heard of Cook. Queer chap, that!"

At last the whistle of the "Hercules" announced that they had reached the beautiful harbor of Tangier, Morocco, and Jones was looking after his fellow tourists. Under the black canvas cabin in a heap of rugs, valises, waterproof cloaks and yards of tarpaulin, emerging like mice from a nest, were woeful forms of femininity, pale, sick and exhausted.

"Who is that sitting in the stern of the boat, smoking?"

"It is—the—young officer," piped one of the girls in a weak voice.

"Oh, yes," said Jones, "I forgot to tell you about it. You see, I didn't like getting into this God-forsaken Moorish town alone, and as Captain Maitland secured two weeks' leave of absence, I asked him to come with us."

Judging from the warmth of the welcome given the young Englishman, Mr. Jones knew he had made no mistake.



CHAPTER III

TANGIER

Embarking in the small boats at Tangier is a performance which, once experienced, is never forgotten; for the fighting, wrangling, coaxing and threatening indulged in by the Moorish and Arab boatmen is something unique.

They roared at Mr. Jones, they grabbed him by the arms and coat-tails, and pulled at his valise; they pushed Mrs. Stubbs and moved Mrs. Byson bodily into a boat. The girls for the first time on the trip were terrified. The natives grinned with delight at their discomfiture and there seemed to be no end of them. They came in swarms from every direction. Jones shooed at them as if they were chickens, and swore at them, but it had no effect.

Captain Maitland, busily engaged tying up rugs and waterproofs, had not noticed their dilemma, but when he came forward and struck right and left without saying a word, the boatmen realized there was someone to deal with who understood them.

Suddenly Jones remembered the instructions of the captain of the "Hercules" and yelled at the top of his voice, "Cook! Cook! where's Cook?" Through the crowd and confusion two stalwart Arabs with the word "Cook" embroidered plainly on their turbans, pushed forward, knocking everything before them.

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"Hurrah for Cook!" said Jones, very much excited at the strange proceedings. The two powerful Arabs held the fort. Dozens of other native boatmen tried in vain to divide the party and baggage into small lots, but Cook was invincible, and all the valises, trunks, handbags, rugs and other paraphernalia, together with the bodies of the Jones party, were placed in two large boats, the flags of which bore the legend in big red letters, "Cook."

An attempt was made by one of the Moorish boatmen to take the trunks, but Cook struck him on the head with an oar and knocked him into the water, out of which he was fished with a boathook in the hands of a friendly Arab.

"Cook's my style," said Jones, a trifle nervous over the new experience.

No person traveling around this earth ever fully appreciates that mysterious and seemingly omnipresent individual called Cook until he finds himself in some outlandish locality surrounded by a howling mob of belligerent heathen boatmen.

"Jolly lot," said Maitland to Jones, as they were being triumphantly rowed to the dock. Upon their arrival at the landing another crowd of Moors and Arabs, each clamoring to take the party to his respective hotel, swarmed about them, but Maitland, acting as leader, escorted them up the hill to the hotel, and Cook looked after the luggage.

"Safe at last. Thank heaven," said Jones, as he entered the marble halls of the Continental. "I didn't believe any such pack existed on the face of the earth as that."

The following morning they visited the market place, where five thousand Moors had assembled to trade. The scene was most singular. It looked like a prairie covered



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with heaps of rags. The morning being slightly chilly, the male Moors had drawn over their heads a covering not unlike the chapeau worn by French-Canadians in winter. The women never uncover their faces in public, therefore all that could be seen beside the ragged sea of clothes was here and there a pair of black, crooked shins, fat, waddling forms of women, shivering children, and occasionally a long pair of donkey's ears emerging from the expanse of rags, the only animated things in the landscape. The Moors, donkeys and dogs were all huddled together, awaiting the welcome sun to warm them into a condition to trade, bray and bark.

Maitland had engaged the services of Levi Cohen, a popular young Jewish guide of Tangier, and had planned to take the girls through the market place. Jones was disgusted. He wanted to leave on the next steamer. He had grown exceedingly nervous, owing to the strange persistency of the peddlers and beggars who followed him about wherever he went, and as new beggars and peddlers seemed to spring from behind every corner, Jones saw no end of trouble ahead. He consulted the guide, who assured him there was not the slightest danger so long as he made a few purchases and kept his temper. He tried this policy, but it failed. He soon found he was in the midst of a hungry pack of street merchants, beggars and fakirs, so he decided to mount a donkey and ride independently away to the outskirts of the city.

"If ever I growl about my own country again," he said, "let me know it."

Belle, Bess and Tot were delighted with everything they saw. As they reached a high point of land in the market

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place, the guide pointed out to them a man whom he called the Holy Man, but appearances were against him. He was ragged and dirty, with his hair growing in a dusty mop nearly one foot high. This fellow, the guide explained, goes violently mad twice a year; he is a great snake charmer, being an Arab of much intelligence.

"Get him to perform! Get him to perform!" echoed the girls. The Holy Man took the hint immediately and opening a large bag drew out half a dozen venomous-looking reptiles, which he threw about his head, muttering some incantation all the while.

Bess and Tot grasped one arm of the young officer, while Belle held firmly to the other.

"Get ready to run when they jump," the guide warned them.

As the crawling creatures were placed on the ground, they made a rush at Maitland, while the girls screamed. With the dexterity known only to the Hoodoo, the Holy Man caught all the tails of the snakes with one sweep of the hand, and raised them again over his head into the bag. He then took one out; it was fully four feet long and as venomous a reptile as one would care to see. The Holy Man then tormented the snake until it was ready to bite anything and everything in the way. Then he raised the snake's head to his mouth and permitted it to bite his tongue. Placing the snake back in the bag and taking up some loose straw, he blew the blood from his mouth on the straw, setting the straw on fire.

"Very good," said the charmer.

"Very bad," said Maitland.



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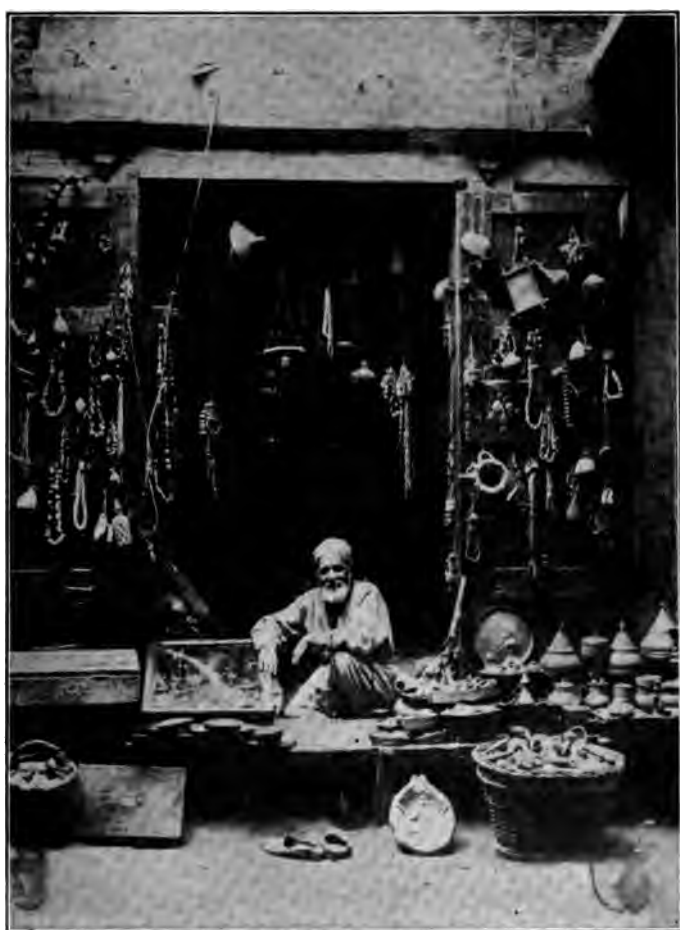
The Hoodoo wanted to repeat this amusing spectacle, but the girls cried a halt.

When in the evening Mr. Jones heard of this act, he was exceedingly annoyed and vowed he had had enough of Morocco.

The streets of Tangier are very narrow and dirty. The bazaars are small, scarcely more than cupboards in size, many being hardly large enough for the occupant to turn about in. The proprietor sits upon the floor, Turkish fashion, and his wares are hung upon the walls, surrounding him so that he resembles a portrait in a frame. He has a pair of scales near at hand, and when a customer calls to buy, he takes down the article required by means of a stick with a hook on the end of it, weighs the goods and delivers the same to the buyer, thus economizing not only in space but in clerical force. Usually a wrangle occurs over the purchase, as there is a great variety of coins circulated in Tangier, and it is hard for the merchant to decide upon their exact value.

"The suburbs of Tangier are a refreshing contrast to the town," remarked Mr. Jones, who had devoted much of his time to explorations outside the city; and one day he took his party by cactus-lined roads into the sweet fields, among fragrant flowers and orange blossoms, where they saw the people in all their native simplicity. A dozen children playing in front of an old cabin were dressed in the most amusing fashion, one possessing a red flannel jacket, cut very short; another a purple cap; one little miss wearing a pair of puffed sleeves, minus the body of the jacket, no doubt believing she was cutting quite a swell.

One day they were all riding along the seashore, which



READY FOR BUSINESS



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in the city of Tangier has become the popular boulevard. Belle had selected a wild Arab horse, being an exceptionally good rider, and Maitland, who also had selected a horse of some mettle, accompanied her. They headed the procession. Jones and the rest of the party rode upon slower quadrupeds with long ears. Belle's horse took fright at the sight of some donkeys bearing packages covered by bright colored cloths and ran furiously up the sandy hill. Belle kept her seat as the horse plunged and reared, but the saddle turned and she fell partly over on one side, holding on to the animal's mane.

Maitland whipped his horse to a furious pace and was soon at her side. It was the work of an instant to snatch her from her dangerous position and swing her before him onto his own horse, while hers quickly disappeared down the drive.

"You are a lucky girl to escape so easily," said Maitland. "The turning of a side-saddle is the worst accident that can come to a rider."

"You have saved my life," she replied seriously, pale and trembling.

After this exciting episode Captain Maitland's place in the affections of the Jones party was firmly established. As expressed by Jones, "That chap is made of the right stuff; I knew it when I first met him at the fort, although I never believed I could like an Englishman."

In the evening they attended a Moorish wedding. After wandering down several narrow and crooked streets they came to a small dwelling. It was late in the evening, as weddings always take place in Tangier after dark. The

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groom sat upon the steps of his domicile, playing a drum. He was gorgeously dressed, and seemed to be tired.

"No wonder," said the guide, "for he has been drumming in that way for ten successive days."

A screeching noise was soon heard; it was made by numerous horns and clarionets, and a cavalcade appeared coming down the street. The bride sat upon a decorated box securely fastened upon a mule's back. All her friends and relatives followed her. They were either hammering on drums or playing screeching flageolets or other barbarous instruments. As the bride appeared, the groom made an extra noise on his drum; then the relatives dumped the bride out of the box like a bundle of dry goods and the groom escorted her into the house. The ten days' ceremony had ended, and after congratulations the friends departed, leaving the happy bride and groom alone, and Mr. Jones remarked:

"Just as sensible a plan as ours. We make a big flurry and noise about a wedding, and after all it does not end probably as happily as this. If we adopted the ten days' drumming it might give our people a chance to think it over and there might be fewer unhappy marriages."

The time had come when Captain Maitland must return to Gibraltar, and Bess and Tot indulged their grief at his departure without restraint, blubbering away as if their hearts would break.

"What's this! What's this!" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs.

"We're so sorry Captain—Maitland—is—going home! Boo! Hoo! He's going away for ever. Boo! Hoo! Ever! Ever!"



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"Hush, hush," answered the mother, "you silly girls." But they cried in unison and sobbed again.

This new exhibition of grief exasperated Mr. Jones and he fled from the room, saying:

"Oh, this is too much! I wish I were back in New York!"

And the girls, overhearing this remark, laughed through their tears. Neither Belle nor the older members of the party were so demonstrative in the expression of their regret, but Mrs. Stubbs already surmised that the seriousness that marked Belle's expression might easily be attributed to the same source.

"We are going to miss that young man more than I thought possible," she said.

"Three weeks ago we were strangers," said the Captain the evening before his departure to Mr. Jones, as they were enjoying a farewell smoke on the balcony. "You have all been very kind and the friendship that has developed since our meeting will always be remembered as one of the happiest experiences of my life. Let me give you a few of the facts that have directed my life, so you may be better able to appreciate my situation."

"My parents died when I was a child. I have no other relatives than an aunt, an older sister of my father. My aunt's love and anxiety for me is naturally intensified by the fact that I am the last of the family. My father was Lord Maitland and I suppose I inherit that title, but I care nothing for titles. The duchess has been in a panic every time there was any possibility of active service for me, and ever since I was wounded in a skirmish she has succeeded in keeping me out of danger, as she expresses it,



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because of her influence with the War Office. You may imagine what that means to a fellow of my age. No active service! No army! I have fully decided to resign, with the intention of traveling about for a while before returning to England."

"There is no question about the pleasure it would give us to have you one of our party," replied Mr. Jones. They bade each other good night.

Next morning as the parting gun of the "Vulcan," which was carrying Maitland back to Gibraltar, sounded upon the morning air, he stood disconsolately upon the deck. He soon discerned a tiny white handkerchief waving from the hotel window, and as the heavy gunboat plowed its way through the blue water out of the harbor he watched till first the window, then the hotel, then Tangier and the coast of Morocco faded gradually from his view.



CHAPTER IV

THROUGH SUNNY SPAIN

A five-hour trip from Tangier brought them to Cadiz, once the far-famed Tarshish of the Phoenicians. As they rounded the lighthouse point and entered the protected harbor the sight of it was marvelously beautiful. Vessels from all parts of the world, flags of all nations fluttering in the breeze, told of a commercial significance that had outlived the ages and formed a fitting foreground for the town which lay like a pearl in the sapphire of sky and bay.

Nothing can be whiter than Cadiz. The walls are white, the docks are white, the buildings are white, the chimneys are white, even some of the mules are white, and when you leave it there remains a memory of whiteness and cleanliness, for these are the striking features of the town.

Mr. Jones became more genial when he found he was safe from the never ending importunities of the Moors, and he complimented the polite custom house officials who appeared neatly attired in uniforms and bright green gloves. As the trunks were opened for their inspection it dawned upon the party that the gloves were worn in order that the contents of the trunks might not be soiled by the bare hands of the inspectors.

"Thoughtful, at least," said Jones, about to hand out a

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bountiful gratuity to an officer. A frown from the Chief Inspector caused him to hesitate.

"Señor, that must not be," remarked the official sternly. "You must not do so!"

"What do you say to that?" whispered Jones to Mrs. Stubbs.

"No tips here!" she exclaimed. "We have sailed into heaven by mistake!"

Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson immediately after their trunks were "passed" set out on a hunt for Art, but soon discovered that the Museums and Galleries of Cadiz contained only wretched copies of ancient masterpieces. There was one exception, the unfinished picture of the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Murillo. "This was Murillo's last effort. He was killed by falling from a scaffold when he was painting it, and so this beautiful work was never completed," said a young priest who accompanied them by request.

The girls did not admire the city, and Belle read from the guide book for Mrs. Stubbs' edification.

"The statistics show that the death rate of Cadiz is forty-four per thousand, owing to an inadequate supply of water and bad drainage."

"Well," that philosophical lady replied, "people die everywhere, don't they?"

"Only eighteen in every thousand in New York," said Tot, "and fourteen in Chicago."

"Yes, of course, in New York, but how about London, England?" said Mrs. Byson.

"Only eighteen in London," said Tot, looking over Belle's shoulder at the guide book, "so it states here."



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"Oh, I think if there are no Art Galleries, we had better move on," said Mr. Jones, sarcastically.

"The drive on the pretty Alameda and the view of the harbor will compensate us at any rate," replied Mrs. Byson.

The next day Mr. Jones guided his party into the great city of Seville. Christmas was near, and there was no way of heating the elaborate hotel. Mrs. Stubbs read aloud from a red-covered guide book: "In winter the marble halls of the grandest hotels will be found to be cold and cheerless in the extreme, owing to the absence of fires."

"Great Caesar," said Jones, buttoning his ulster closely about him, "that's the first absolutely true statement I have heard from a guide book."

"I can't stand this," said Mrs. Stubbs; "I am frozen, I shall die, I know I shall. What is the thermometer?"

"Two below," responded Mr. Jones, with a disgusted expression. He clutched the Spanish porter desperately by the collar.

"Do you understand English?"

The porter wore calico trousers and a frilled shirt, and appeared to enjoy the zero breeze that wafted down the corridor.

"Yessa, me understan', fire, but no fire can have. No chimney. See? No flue."

"Great country," said Mr. Jones, who was as cross as he was cold. "I am going to have this party warmed up or know the reason why."

"Here, Calico! Hear me! I want a fire; a fire must have," imitating the porter. The porter smiled and shook his head. Jones followed him down the chilly corridor.

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"I tell you," he continued, producing a well-filled pocket-book, "there is money in it for you. Understand?"

This proposition seemed reasonable. The porter immediately suggested that they build a fire in the fireplace of a certain sitting-room which had a flue and open the window.

"Why open the window?"

"Flue no draw!"

"Oh, my!" said Jones. "E pluribus unum! Did the former occupant have a fire?"

"Yessa," replied the porter. "Him Mericum." In a few minutes he returned with a bottle of goose oil and three chips.

"Light up!" said Jones.

The oil spluttered and a Lilliputian fire was the result, the smoke pouring first into the room, then gradually out of the lowered window.

"More wood!" ordered Jones. The porter again appeared with three small chips and some roots.

"More!" yelled Jones. "A lot more!"

Looking about the chilly room, Jones discovered an old chair. One leg was broken off and the back was in a dilapidated condition. It was not so green as the wood that spluttered in its attempt to burn.

"Whose chair?" asked Jones, as the porter reappeared with quite an armful of wood and a small scuttle of coal.

"Old man gone away! Chair no good! Me take him out!"

"No," said Jones, "break him up!"

The porter scratched his head and then ran down the hall, returning with a saw and a hatchet. Jones made



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kindling wood out of the chair, while the porter looked on, wondering how big the tip would be for all this.

In a few minutes, by the skillful manipulation of the door and the partially opened window, and poking a broomstick up the flue, a sufficient draught was obtained to make a fairly warm fire, plus plenty of smoke.

"Now," said Jones, proudly, "go and bring all the ladies in here to have a warm. Invite them all in." As they, in a shivering condition, assembled, Jones remarked, "What do you think of this? Do you know this is Christmas eve? A cheerful fire will be just the thing."

"Hurrah for Mr. Jones!" sang the girls.

They all sat looking into the cheerful embers, chatting happily over the day's doings and talking of the land where steam heat and other comfortable inventions abound, but when Jones began to feed the fire with Spanish coal there was trouble in the air. The gas was so strong they must either open the window or beat a retreat. Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson gave up and retired, but the girls made heroic attempts to remain. Holding their handkerchiefs to their noses, they sang in chorus, as Jones held the door wide open:

"Through sunny Spain I dance my way,
I dance and I sing with my light guitar;
When trills the lark at break of day
I dance and I sing with a tra la la."

"Sunny Spain!" said Jones, with a wry face. "Oh, sunny Spain, eh? Well, New York is good enough for me."

When the last sorry wanderer had departed Jones went

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swearing to bed. He dreamed that night of Polar bears, icebergs, and porters with calico pants pointing the North Pole at him and jeering at his discomfiture.

In the morning he had mumps.

In the morning Mrs. Stubbs had sore throat.

In the morning Mrs. Byson lost her voice.

The girls, cold, rosy, noisy and happy, came singing and laughing down to breakfast.

"Listen to those girls," said Jones to himself as they passed his door; "nothing troubles them. They would be happy in Hades." He was in a decidedly bad temper as he shivered along the chilly corridor.

"Spanish idiots," he said, "building a hotel without any kind of heating apparatus."

Flaring posters hanging on the marble walls announced a grand bull-fight, for Christmas is one of the great holidays of the nation.

"Splendid," said Jones, "just the thing. I want to see somebody killed. I want to see blood or anything else that is warm. I can stand having a hundred Spaniards gored to death after spending a night in that cold room."

The bull-fight took place in a building not unlike an immense circus without a roof. The guide accompanied the party. Mrs. Byson was doubtful about being able to stand it. Mrs. Stubbs would stay to see only one man or bull killed. Of course, the girls wanted to see it all. The more accidents the better, and Jones agreed with them.

"You zee," said the guide, "pardon, Señor, de men do seldom get hurt. You must not mind de killing of de bull. Pardon. That's what he's for. The horses also are old and ready to be killed. It is grand fun, Señor."

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The military band played a few selections, and the large audience assembled and appeared eager for the sport to begin. When the President of the bull-fighting society, who acts as chairman, entered his box, which was in the upper tier, far removed from the bull, the audience arose



WHAT JONES AND PARTY SAW

and greeted him with a cheer. The performance began. First a richly dressed man advanced to a point immediately in front of the manager's box. He saluted the President gracefully, who in return tossed him the key of the pen where the bulls were kept.

"Pardon, Señor," said the guide to Mr. Jones, "if dis fellow ketches the key, he getta five dollar more." He

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caught the key in his left hand, while he waved a salute to the audience with his right. The girls joined in the applause. Shortly a large savage bull appeared in the ring, peering about in a bewildered manner, while occasionally he pawed the ground with his fore feet, as if he expected danger. A Spaniard, who appeared to act as chairman of the reception committee to the bull, stood erect in the center of the ring. He was unarmed and watched the glaring bull closely. Quick as a flash the bull charged at him.

"Pardon, Señor," said the guide, "de bull hates all mans, kills any mans, he is man's enemy, Señor."

"Shouldn't wonder," responded Jones, "he knows what they are up to and wants first blood."

"There! There!" said Jones excitedly, expecting to see the committee-man gored to death, while Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson shut their eyes. The girls held each other's hands. When the bull came within two feet of the man he dexterously jumped to one side, but he was not quick enough, for the horn of the animal tore his sleeve and evidently hurt him, but once more he smiled and waved his hand to the audience. The audience yelled and cheered as the man retired quickly from the ring. The bull was assigned to others. Then came the matadors, carrying red sashes. The band played vigorously all the time.

The matadors are tormentors, their policy being to aggravate the bull to white heat. They tormented the animal by running before him like flies. When one matador was in danger another would rush between and attract the bull's attention by flaunting his red sash. The music ceased, a bugle sounded and in came several men on horseback.



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"Pardon, Señor," said the guide to Jones, "these are called Picadors."

The bull, upon seeing the horses, became excited and ferocious, and rushed at them with great force, throwing the riders and goring three of the horses to death in a few minutes.

Mrs. Byson had turned her head away and closed her eyes, but the attention of the girls was riveted upon the cruel scene and they never flinched. Jones grumbled at the kind of sport that permitted defenseless horses to be killed. Again the bugle sounded and the surviving horses were ordered off, while the dead ones were dragged out by a team expressly employed for that purpose.

Then advanced the Chulos, who threw bandarillas or sharp-barbed sticks ornamented with paper and ribbons into the bull's neck. Thus angered, he charged upon everything in sight. In a few minutes he became so excited that he rushed to the fence surrounding the arena, and he cleared it with one remarkable jump. The people screamed and scrambled for the upper seats. For a moment there was a wild panic, but the doomed animal was soon driven back into the ring by spear-men. As he entered the gateway into the arena the bugle sounded for the last time. It was the bull's death-knell. The executioner was summoned. He came, sword in hand, amidst the wild cheering of the audience. A young Spaniard ran forward to drive the bull into position for the executioner's sword. Quick as lightning the savage brute turned on him and gored him severely in the back, pinning him against the wall surrounding the ring. Three men ran to his assistance, covered the bull's head with their sashes, and carried the

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injured man from the arena. They escaped just in time, for the bull charged again, striking the fence or wall heavily with his horns as they were retiring. The audience cheered and yelled again, as if some great act had been accomplished. The man was slowly bleeding to death in the outer passage, but the attention of the audience centered upon the bull. The executioner ran up nimbly in front of the now desperate animal and as he charged at him he drove the steel into a vital part between the shoulder blades up to its hilt. The animal stood a moment, pawed the ground and staggered about a few seconds, and then fell heavily over on his side. The bugle sounded once more and three richly caparisoned horses were driven into the ring and pulled the dead bull out amid the cheers and laughter of the audience, for notwithstanding this bull made a determined fight, he was considered a coward by the audience for having jumped the wall.

"Pardon, Señor," the guide said, "you see they laugh; they are all glad he is dead."

The Jones party had seen enough.

"There are five bulls yet," said the guide.

"How about the man?" asked Mrs. Stubbs.

"Ah, I forgot him," said the guide, "pardon. I think he is also dead."

"That settles bull-fighting," said Mr. Jones, "as far as I am concerned. My blood-thirsty mood has disappeared."

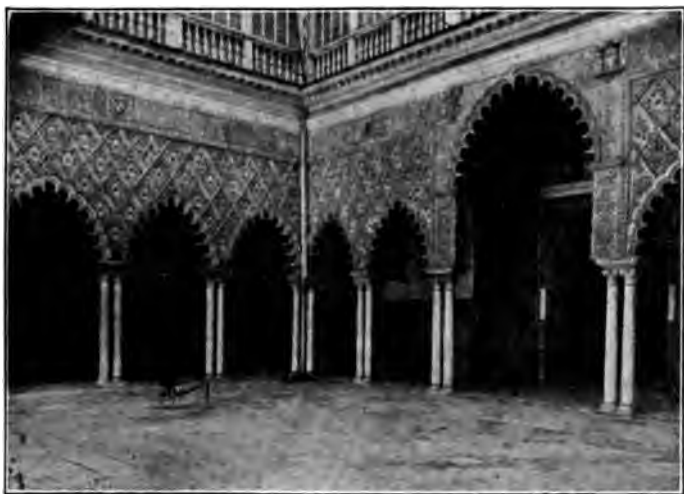
During the balance of the day uncanny thoughts of horns and blood, of dead horses and bleeding and dying men came to their minds and disgusted them with the unnecessary brutality of the entertainment.

"Ah, Señor," said the guide to Mr. Jones as he accom-

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panied them to the hotel, "it is not often this way. For only three men have been killed in Seville in two years. Dat is not much, Señor, for all de sport. It is good for the people, Señor. It is one grand pleasure for the people."

"Well," said Jones, thanking the guide for his attention,



THE ALCAZAR

"I would not have missed it for anything ; at the same time, I would not see another for all the money in Seville."

"Ah, Señor, my dear," replied the guide as he bade good-bye, "this is our great national game. You play football ; we fight bulls. They sometimes kill in football."

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"That is right," said Jones, "it is about the same thing. Good-bye."

After the brutal bull-fight Jones decided he would change the current of the ladies' thoughts, and they visited the beautiful Alcazar.

To walk through these curious halls and see the handiwork of Moorish architects and workmen who centuries ago produced such gorgeous and elaborate designs for inside decorations, that even to copy them seems impossible, is exceedingly interesting. The Alcazar is a marvel of beauty and grace.

The old doors of carved wood and the great beauty of the place is all owing to the original designs of the Moors. Some of the tiling is superior to that of the present day, and the arches and columns are the delight of the modern architect. Strange to say, these designs were the creation of a race of people who lived in tents on the broad sands of the desert. It is a beauty and symmetry which genius alone could have produced.

As they entered the portals of this wonderful palace they read an inscription dedicated to Don Pedro's memory: "The most high, noble and powerful conqueror, Don Pedro, by the grace of God, the King of Castile and Leon ordered these castles and facades to be built in the year of 1402."

Mrs. Stubbs had been reading up the life of Don Pedro, the Cruel.

"No wonder," she said, "they have bull-fights in Spain when such a monster as that once ruled the country. Why, he would just as soon kill a man as a mosquito."

Old Don had an original way of entertaining his guests. He would invite them to dine, and during the evening he



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would have their heads cut off and their jewelry and other valuables confiscated. Mr. Jones remarked that that was a very pleasant and genial temperament; he no doubt had a sort of trust on decapitation.

As they rested after their long walks about the grounds and through the palace, a beggar came up and extended his hands. He was smoking a cigarette.

"What does he want?" asked Jones of the guide.

"Money, Señor."

"Money!" said Jones, "send him away from here. Do you suppose I want to encourage that pernicious habit in this smoked-out country?"

"The man refuses to go, Señor."

"Send him away," Jones demanded again, "or I will call the police."

"No, Señor, they will do nothing. You see, he was a soldier; he has a right to beg. When a Spanish soldier retires from the army, if his record is good, Señor, he is granted the right to beg on the streets."

"Horrible idea," said Mrs. Stubbs, "to treat an old soldier that way."

"Great country," said Jones, handing him a few pesetas, for which he bowed politely.

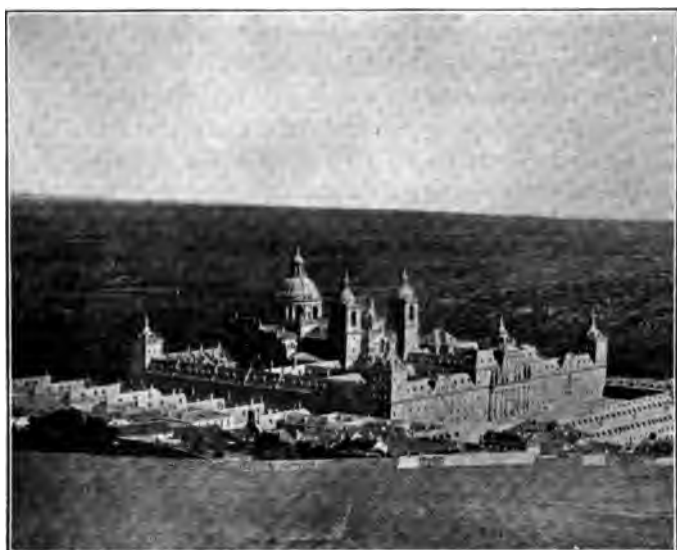
"The more I see of other lands," said Mrs. Stubbs, "the better satisfied I am with——"

"Never mind," interrupted Jones. "We are only visiting!"

He had already decided that the architectural beauty of the old palaces and the works of the old masters did not make up for its disagreeable features to him, but then, he was not an artist.

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"We must visit Madrid," said Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson, for they were both art students. They had anticipated great pleasure in seeing the masterpieces of such artists as Murillo and Velasquez, so they must hurry on to the capital of Spain. Mr. Jones objected strenuously.



THE ESCORIAL, SPAIN

The cold corridors of the hotels had increased his indisposition, and the various assortments of street beggars and frauds had added much to his nervous irritability. But art must have its way, and Mrs. Stubbs arranged for their

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trip to the North. Jones finally consented to go, survive or perish.

Madrid is situated upon a high plain not unlike that portion of Colorado near the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The climate is cold and bracing, and it is said that Charles the Fifth founded the city of Madrid because the location was supposed to be good for his gout. After a brief visit to the Escorial and capital, in which Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson, together with the girls, enjoyed the art galleries and the opera, they returned over the Sierras to visit the Alhambra.

There is no place in Spain that links the past with the present as does the great fortress Alhambra. It is evidence of an age of splendor in early Spain that is hard to conceive. To see these moss-covered palaces and walk through their beautiful courts and halls is a corroboration of the fascinating stories of the Moorish kings, and small wonder that that clever writer and historian, Washington Irving, became so infatuated with the place that he actually took up his abode in a silent room of the old palace, and from the libraries of Grenada gleaned sufficient information to work a basis for his famous story. The Moors held sway in Spain for 700 years prior to 1491, at which time Ferdinand and Isabella captured the Alhambra and fitted it up as their own palace.

Mrs. Stubbs had little faith in being able to interest Jones in the Alhambra, but her lack of faith proved unjustifiable, for the day after, as they were about to make their second trip through the ruins, an Englishman who accompanied them and whom Mr. Jones disliked exceedingly because he sneered at him, remarked that he would

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give considerable to secure an opportunity to see the great palace by moonlight. Mr. Jones astonished them all by admitting that the night before he had secured a guide and had seen the ruins by the light of the moon. Moonlight excursions through the palace are forbidden.

"Pardon, but how did you gain permission?" inquired the Englishman.

"Took it," said Jones.

The Englishman looked incredulous.

"You see," said Jones, "I have become an ideal tourist."

As he said this he cast a mischievous glance at Mrs. Stubbs.

"Yes, I did it, lantern and guide-book in hand, and a patience I never supposed I possessed. I wandered through the old ruins last night for three long hours and saw the most beautiful sights I have ever witnessed in my life. Now, ladies," continued Jones triumphantly, "you may go and see the same thing by daylight."

The Englishman admitted that he had tried every means in his power to arrange for a moonlight visit, and hinted that Mr. Jones might be arrested for breaking the rules, to which that gentleman replied:

"They can arrest and be hanged to them, but they cannot take from me the moonlight view. That beautiful moonlight view!"

The stranger eyed Jones jealously, as a man of marvelous impudence and strategy.

The reason ascribed for prohibiting tourists the privilege of moonlight visits is that souvenir seeking vandals are not so easily detected at night.

"There is an indescribable fascination," said Jones,

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“about this old palace. The Fountain of the Lions, the Hall of the Ambassadors, the Hall of the Sisters, the beautiful chambers, the dressing rooms. Ah, if the furniture was in keeping with the decorations and marble-lined halls, the Alhambra was certainly magnificent beyond description. I must see it again,” he continued enthusiastically, as he led the party through hall after hall.



SCENE FROM THE ALHAMBRA

He was in high glee all that day, probably owing to the fact that he had annoyed the English tourist by his bravado, and to annoy him still further, when they reached the court where King Ferdinand and his queen had received Columbus and examined his charts and maps, he even went so far as to manufacture a suppositious conference between the famous trio.

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"What in the world is the matter with Mr. Jones?" said Mrs. Stubbs. "He's almost beside himself."

The girls were enjoying his hilarity.

"He's got it in him," said Tot. "I thought he was a dry old chip."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Bryson, "he is merely annoying that Englishman, with whom he has had some fierce discussions, but you never know how much genuine humor is hidden in a business man's nature until he is away from his cares and petty worries and finds that, after all, the world is full of enjoyment. Then he displays his real character."

Jones stood upon the very spot where the king was seated when Columbus presented his plan of procedure.

"Now," said Mr. Jones, "I will admit that the following conversation was not taken down in shorthand, but it is true in the main."

The Englishman smiled sarcastically, but listened attentively.

"It was right here," said Mr. Jones, "the great Columbus stood and requested his valet to bring in his charts and maps. The queen, womanlike, became enthusiastic over the proposed trip, but the king gave the explorer little encouragement. After hearing Columbus' theory of the location of a new world in the west, Ferdinand leaned over this little table, so, and remarked, 'Now, this is all very well, but why on earth didn't some of our navigators discover this place before? And suppose I do fit you out, and you go monkeying around the Western Ocean for a year or two to find some one-horse island, where do I come in, and how can I get back my vast outlay?'"

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The Englishman was disgusted, and Mrs. Stubbs chuckled. She saw that Jones was getting even with him, as he had made himself obnoxious by his remarks during his stay.

"Then Isabella straightened herself up like this," said Jones, imitating the stretching out of a queenly neck, "and fanning herself vigorously, said, 'There now, Ferd, that's it. Money, money, money! You are always talking about money. I say Columbus goes.'"

"'I say he does not,' said the king in a stern and haughty voice."

"'Now, see here, Ferd,' replied the queen determinedly, 'I've stood this business long enough. This poor man, Columbus, has been here a dozen times to get our answer, and if you don't help him, I shall.'"

"The king opened his eyes wide and glared at the queen."

"'What, madam, you dare to dictate to me?'"

"'I'll dictate this much, sire. Columbus goes!'"

"'He shall not!' roared the king." (Jones, roaring like a king, caused all the assemblage except the Englishman to laugh heartily.)

"'He shall!' the queen replied. 'I'll pawn every jewel I have. I'll sell my fancy team. I'll tear every diamond from my diadem and raise the amount he needs.' The queen was looking terribly determined. 'I tell you, Ferd,' said Jones in a high-pitched, female voice, 'this thing has gone far enough. Columbus goes!'"

He became exceedingly dramatic in his mimicry.

"'Ferdinand became pale,' Jones continued, "and weakened, made up with his wife and raised the money without Isabella having to soak her jewels."



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The Englishman had taken his departure and Jones' story was ended.

"Let us go back to Gibraltar," said Mrs. Stubbs, "we have seen enough of Spain, and we must remember that we take the 'Normania' at that point for Algeria."

"Shall we see Captain Maitland again?" chorused the girls.

"I'll telegraph him at once," said Mr. Jones. "Of course, I fully intended to do so."

He sat down in the Washington Irving Hotel office and dispatched the following to Maitland: "At Hotel Bristol Thursday. Dine with us at six. Invite friends. Jones."

CHAPTER V

WILL MAITLAND GO?

The dining room of Hotel Bristol, Gibraltar, was decorated with ferns and flowers. At the dinner were several officers with their wives, whom Maitland had invited. The wife of Colonel Broad sat next to Mr. Jones. Colonel Broad only remained a few minutes, as he had duties to perform at the Fort.

"You know, Mrs. Broad," said Jones, "we never fully appreciated your country till we visited it and became thoroughly acquainted with all your admirable traits and noble characteristics." Mrs. Broad smiled sweetly.

"Oh, indeed, I have many friends who were delighted with their visit to America and views of English and Americans are similar in many respects. English dramas are favorably received in your country, and American plays are absorbed with keen interest upon our theatrical stage. This proves we think alike."

"You are becoming more American," Jones continued, "and we, perhaps, are becoming more English. We certainly are becoming closer friends."

Then Colonel Duff commented on the growing friendship between the two great English speaking nations.

"Why not?" asked Jones, "there is probably more capital invested in our country by England than by any other

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European nation. Why, there is hardly a big paying investment that does not in some way represent your money. The probability of any hostile relations between the two countries is, with the increase of reciprocal commercial interest, becoming less and less."

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Colonel Duff, "and in my opinion a union other than merely a sentimental one is quite possible within, say, thirty years, when these two great nations will unite for their own protection."

"It's possible, quite possible," remarked Mrs. Broad, "but England will never become a republic."

"They can be allies," suggested Colonel Duff.

As the evening progressed songs were called for and sweetly sung by the girls, while the officers joined loudly and vehemently in the chorus.

Captain Maitland, who sat next to Belle, was listening attentively to her account of their trip through Spain.

Colonel Duff, who had fought bravely in many a battle for his country, complimented the United States regiments for their quick methods of attack and said that the charge up the San Juan hill was one of the bravest as well as the shrewdest of military tactics on record. It leaked out during the evening that Jones was at the time a member of the Rough Riders.

"Yes, with the marvellous system and resources of the British forces added to the energetic qualities of our men," replied Mr. Jones, "we together could whip the earth!"

"Whip the earth! Let us toast the prevailing sentiment!" said an officer at the lower end of the table. All arose.

"Here is to the union of the two great nations; together

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they can whip the earth!" A cheer followed and a song was called for. Captain Rutledge responded with "On the Road to Mandalay," the familiar chorus to which the ladies present, and especially the girls, joined in with great effect. As the wine passed about, the officers became enthused and all talked at once. Colonel Duff arose and proclaimed, "It is England and America tonight and forever!" which sentiment was again roundly applauded.

Later the banquet developed into a most emphatic and glorious union of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. Quick-witted Tot, foreseeing the probability of such an event, had smuggled into the room flags of both nations, and when, at the request of the officers, she and Bess sang together "God Save the King," and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," using the anthem of both nations, it proved the hit of the evening, and as the girls waved the flags of both countries the applause almost raised the roof off the old Bristol.

"Great girls," said Colonel Duff, "great girls, by Jove! such a clever thing;" and Mrs. Broad waved her handkerchief in Colonel Duff's face and said, "This is the best evening we have had for a long time."

The morning after the dinner, the following conversation took place as Jones and Belle sat together in the small park opposite the Bristol.

"Yes, that is all very good advice sometimes, Mr. Jones, but I need your aid. I admit I have been very impulsive in this matter. I like Captain Maitland very much. I want to know him better. I want to have him travel with us for a few months, or perhaps years, then I will find him out. Do you understand?"

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Jones never moved his grey eyes from the girl's beautiful face.

"Will he go?" asked Jones, meditating over the proposition.

"Yes," she replied.

"How can he leave his regiment?" Jones asked.

Belle nodded her head and cast her eyes to the ground.

"That, also, I must ascertain beyond all possible peradventure," she added.

"What will Mrs. Stubbs say to this?" said Jones.

"That, too, we must ascertain," replied Belle.

"Does your mother like him?"

"Well, you know, mama is so indifferent, but so far she has not raised any objection."

"Belle," said Jones very determinately, "do you really want this young officer to travel with us for a while?"

"I do, indeed."

"Then," said Jones, after hesitating for a long minute, "Maitland goes. As Isabella said of Columbus, 'He goes.'"

The "Normania," on which the Jones party was to sail from Gibraltar, had been reported at the Azores three days late on account of a raging storm.

"Let me see," said Mr. Jones, "we were to sail today, Wednesday."

Mrs. Stubbs and the rest had assembled in the drawing-room of the hotel and were about to take their departure for the steamer.

Jones liked Maitland for several reasons, one, because he was entirely fearless of danger, a characteristic Mr. Jones did not personally possess.

A telegram had been received in due time from the

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Secretary of War. The Duchess had arranged it. Maitland was permitted to retire from his regiment.

"Well," said Jones, "things are coming our way at last. I believe after all I am going to enjoy this trip."

Mr. Jones was aroused from his reverie by Mrs. Stubbs, who wanted to know if his trunk had been packed.

"Of course not," said Jones; "did you ever know a man to pack his trunk till the last minute?"

"Rush it," said Mrs. Stubbs, striking him on the shoulder with her parasol in a friendly way. "The ship is in port and we must take the 'bus at once."

The "Normania" had passed a terrible night in the small harbor of Gibraltar. The winds had blown so fiercely that twice she pulled away from her moorings, breaking the huge chains that secured her anchors. She had been obliged to steam forward and back all night to keep off the rocks. After a long parley with the Minister of the Port, the commander of the great liner had gained permission to "go alongside" what is called "the New Mole," being a strong, stone dock, built only for the protection and security of British men-of-war, but occasionally used by other ships in cases of extreme danger. Here alone was the great "Normania" safe from the increasing hurricane.

After a tedious delay of three hours the wind had partially subsided, and Jones had just received news that they might board the ship, and all were hurrying down to the mole. The Spanish boatmen were ready to row the passengers out to the vessel, which lay a quarter of a mile in the lee of the great rock, but they demanded a double fee, for it might prove sink or swim.



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"It would seem a most dangerous trip in small boats," whispered Mrs. Stubbs, "but say nothing, we will go."

Trunks, boxes and valises were thrown promiscuously into the row boats. The officers in charge thought the ladies had better embark in the small steamer, but after three efforts such an attempt was found impossible, for the little steamer, as it neared the sides of the great ship, would crash against it continually and knock the gangways out of position. The lives of those on board the small tender were in danger, and she returned.

"The small boat is the only plan," the officer said, as the ladies came back, wet with spray and bitterly disappointed.

"Fear not," said Maitland, "we will get you aboard. I'll take a hand at an oar myself. Please get into the boat," he said, beckoning to the Jones party. "Wilkshire, you take the stroke oar and I will get three more boatmen, and we will go. We will get you on board that ship or know the reason why." The boatmen grinned.

Maitland rolled up his sleeves, displaying two brown, muscular arms, for he was a splendid athlete and an unexcelled oarsman. Wilkshire took off his coat, and also rolled up his sleeves, saying "This means business. Maitland's on his nerve."

A Spanish boatman of great experience held the tiller. Jones was pale, but firm; Belle drew hope from her lover's eyes. The elderly ladies were so muffled up that their opinion of the situation could not be ascertained or estimated by facial delincation.

The girls under the tarpaulin cover were singing and laughing as if it were all great sport—merry things, staring fate in the face. Every minute as the huge waves from



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the outside would dash over the great stone dock, the small boat would be literally deluged with spray, and the occupants drenched.

"Let her go," said Maitland, with fire in his eyes, and away the little craft bounded over the waves, keeping close to the lee side of the dock until well under way. Each succeeding gust of wind blew them out of their course, but the rowers were experts and the small boat shot triumphantly along. After a desperate struggle the little boat pulled alongside the great vessel, and cheer after cheer rang out from those on board the "Normania."

"Throw us a line! Lively!" shouted Maitland to the officers standing on the gangway making ready to help them. "Keep her up, boys! Keep her up!" shouted Maitland, "don't let go until she's firmly tied;" and then the trouble commenced.

Every wave would raise the small boat five or six feet up like a rearing horse, knocking its bow hard against the gangway, but so expert were the officers on board that they made firm hold of an anxious pair of hands each time the boat jumped till all had safely sprung upon the gangway. Again the passengers cheered noisily above. It was a most thrilling scene. Tot was the last to leave the small boat and as she was ascending the gangway in charge of an officer, her foot slipped and she fell back, striking her head against an iron stay. She came very near falling back into the sea, but Maitland, quick as thought, seeing her predicament, caught her just in time, and as the girl seemed to have either fainted or lost her presence of mind, Maitland clutched her tightly about the waist, sprang from the small boat and by an apparently almost superhuman effort, held



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her firmly on the steps of the gangway. It was a lucky stroke, for at this minute the rope which held the small boat to the gangway parted, and the wind drove it two hundred feet away on the next wave as if it were shot from a cannon. They could make no headway and the small boat drifted astern of the "Normania" back to the port.

Maitland still held Tot to the wet and slippery gangway, as wave after wave splashed them, Mrs. Stubbs screaming all the time from the deck "Don't let go, don't let go. Oh, Captain Maitland, don't let go!" Mrs. Byson had fainted.

Two officers were climbing carefully down to their rescue. Jones also was making vain attempts to render assistance, but he had been peremptorily ordered back by the officers. Maitland, with a little assistance, carried his charge triumphantly to the deck, amid great excitement among the lookers-on.

The captain had ordered the gangway up, but Maitland, almost dead, protested.

"You must let me off," he said, "I cannot go with you."

"The order has been given," said the first officer, "to proceed. The vessel is in danger here, and we must stay no longer."

Maitland, then remembering he was a citizen again, laughed, saying—

"Oh, I forgot. I, too, am going to Algiers. I am almost used up. I beg your pardon."

CHAPTER VI

ALGIERS

The "Normania," flying with the hurricane, arrived at Algiers four hours ahead of the usual time allowed to make the trip.

The City of Algiers, built upon the side of a steep hill, resembles in nearly every other respect Paris. French omnibuses with three horses abreast, French waiters at the hotels, French clerks in the stores, French cab-drivers who whip their unfortunate horses from sunrise to midnight, French soldiers on the street so thick one might imagine the place besieged, and so many gaily dressed ladies in fashionable carriages that all thought of being in northern Africa, the home of the Arabs and Moors, is dispelled.

"The natives are kept under the strictest subjection here," said Maitland, "and you will notice that the Moors, unlike those we saw in Tangier, are quite on their good behavior. Mr. Jones, you need not call upon 'Cook' here, for the gendarmes will protect you."

Hotel St. George, on the Mustapha Hill, the retired spot chosen by the Jones party, proved a delightful retreat from the noise and bustle of the Franco-Algerian city. The long avenue leading up to the hotel was lined with semi-tropical foliage and dense shade trees; while a large platform paved with cement extending along the entire

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front of the building formed a pleasant resting place when shaded from the warm sun by the white walls of the hotel. Numerous Moorish, Arabian and Indian merchants fre-



BEAUTIFUL ALGERIAN

quently spread their wares on tables and stands upon this platform, inviting and pleading with the guests to buy. Jones was greatly annoyed when approached by these street

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merchants. In the first place he was afraid of them, and the only reason he ever bought an article was for the express purpose of making friends, although at times he would become irritated at their 'excessive demands upon him and would shake his fist in their faces and sing out "No, sir, I tell you I do not want to buy anything! ! !"



ALGIERS (PUBLIC SQUARE)

When the ambitious Arab would come close to Mr. Jones, displaying his pearly teeth and sardonic grin, however, Mr. Jones would weaken and buy from him the most useless articles at fair living prices. One of Mr. Jones' purchases was a poorly constructed Arabian tambourine, elaborated with diabolical cannibalistic hieroglyphics rudely painted

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upon thin parchment. Jones, to please the dangerous-looking merchant, bought this tambourine and promenaded up and down the platform of the hotel, thumping it occa-



WAITING FOR JONES

sionally. He was followed by the merchant. "Berry nice ting. See! It dis way," the merchant explained by rubbing his big, dark thumb around the parchment.

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"Yes, yes, I see," said Jones, eyeing him closely. "I guess I know how to thump the thing just as well as you do."

When the merchant's attention was turned elsewhere Jones banged a hole through the Arabian tambourine, and threw the rim over the garden wall, saying to himself,



AMUSING JONES AND PARTY

"I'll tell the infernal cuss I have put it away in my trunk," but the merchant, noticing the absence of the tambourine, followed Jones around for nearly an hour, trying to sell him another just like it.

The drives about Algiers proved so interesting that a week's longer stay was decided upon. Bess and Tot had

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secured two small ponies and their merry laughter resounded through the valleys and over the hills. They raced and sang and made fun of everything, and usually reached the hotel so tired that an hour's nap before dinner was an essential feature of the day.

In Algiers the architecture of the mosques and Moorish buildings is enhanced in beauty by their high and prominent situation. It is said that before the conquest by the French nearly one hundred mosques existed. At a distance their symmetry and beauty are particularly noticeable. Their domes seem to convey character and lend an oriental magnificence to the general view of the city. Upon a closer inspection the visitor cannot account for this except as an optical illusion. Did the Moorish architects study the effect their marvelous domes and minarets would have upon the city at large? They certainly make it a grand and glorious picture.

A lady tourist at the hotel had distinguished herself by securing the most beautiful views of the city and its environs. One day she desired to take the portrait of a ragged but picturesque old Moor who maintained his almshouse headquarters near the hotel gate. She had arranged the rather large camera so that the focus was correct. She had him look at the camera. She then discovered she had forgotten a part of the instrument. Rushing back to the hotel she met some friends who had just arrived on the ship. For four hours they interchanged greetings, and then she remembered that she had left her camera on the highway. Retracing her steps she found the old Moor still gazing intently into the instrument.

"Long time take picture," he said.

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A coin, however, reimbursed him for his patience.

They will sit curled up for hours at the roadside, apparently unmindful of the doings of those about them.



PLAYING FOR MR. JONES

The Moors submit with grace to the domination of the French, and seem to rather enjoy paying their taxes.

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They are fond of sociability and if they can meet once a week, contribute a small sum for taxes and spend the balance of the day smoking and visiting, they are satisfied.

Time passed tranquilly on Mustapha Superior Hill until one day Bess and Tot failed to return at their accustomed hour. Jones and Maitland, off on one of their long strolls through the city, would not return until dinner time. Mrs. Byson became alarmed and Mrs. Stubbs and Belle engaged a carriage to search for the girls. Belle had accompanied them twice upon their rides and knew the direction they usually selected.

Among the tribes in the Algerian district, besides the Moors and Arabs, are the Kabyles. They are numerous in the city of Algiers. They are distinguished by many traits. The women do not cover their faces, have lines and crosses tattooed on their cheeks and chins. The native language of the Algerians, meaning the Moors, Arabs and Jews, is a corruption from the Arabic, but the Kabyles have in addition to this, in use among themselves, a peculiar language of their own, not unlike thieves' slang adopted by London pickpockets. The greater portion of the tribe inhabits the mountains. They have a population of 200,000 in Algeria, and are supposed to be descended from the Greeks and Romans. Many of them have fair complexions and light or red hair, with blue eyes, features unknown among the Moors or Arabs. Some of them are industrious and cultivate their fields successfully, but in the mountain passes many are bandits and robbers and have committed outrages upon travelers through their sections, and have also frequently made raids upon tourists quite near the city of Algiers. The French are doing all in their

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power to rid the country of them. Areski, their chief, had several years ago been guillotined in Algiers for his murderous offenses and robberies.

As Bess and Tot were riding on a lonely road leading from Babel Oued near the sea, three men and one woman in odd apparel rushed from behind a small grove of bushy trees, stopped their ponies and commanded them to alight. Tot at first defied them and struck one of the men across the face with her riding whip, but the act only caused him to smile.

"Well done, Miss," he said, in broken English.

Bess was greatly alarmed and began crying. The woman approached her and said, "Keep quiet, no harm shall come to you."

The woman resembled a gypsy in appearance. She and one of the men spoke English; the others did not.

Throwing a shawl over their heads the Kabyles pushed Bess and Tot before them down the hill to the shore, then with considerable difficulty, for Bess and Tot struggled furiously to be released, they succeeded in getting them in a boat and pushed along the coast, all the time holding the shawls over the children's heads. Tot implored and offered them what money she had for their release, but the answer was a grin. Then grasping each other's hands the sisters decided to await developments.

Mrs. Stubbs and Belle could find no trace of them and returned disturbed. Mrs. Byson was stricken with apprehension and grief. Upon the return of Jones and Maitland it was decided to acquaint the French Chief of Police with the facts. Several horse-guards were dispatched, Maitland and Jones riding with them. The two ponies were at



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length discovered grazing in a field by the road. It was then dark and the horsemen concluded the bandits had been at work. The ponies were identified as the ones ridden by the girls.

"Had they gone to their haunts by land, they would have stolen the ponies," said one of the French horsemen. "They have taken to the water."

An old woman who lived in a small cottage near the roadside where the ponies were found said she had noticed a sail-boat on the shore near her home for several days, but it had been taken away that afternoon. She had seen no one about there and the water was smooth.

With this slight clue the party of horsemen returned to Algiers. Maitland placed himself in immediate communication with the commander of an English gunboat then anchored in the bay, and one of the small launches was placed at his disposal. Jones, Maitland and two naval officers, one a friend of Maitland's, the Chief of Police, three soldiers and a pilot formed the searching party. It was nine o'clock and quite dark: only the stars lit up dimly the bosom of the peaceful Mediterranean. Jones and Maitland declared they would not return to Mustapha Hill until the whereabouts of the girls had been discovered.

"They have no doubt gone westerly along the coast," said the Chief of Police, "as the woman near the shore said they had only a small sail-boat. They will probably land near Fort Sidi. They cannot go far."

"That doesn't signify," replied Maitland. "The devils would sail all night, and by morning, if a breeze sprung up, would be fifty miles away. Then they would abandon the boat and make for their haunts in the mountains."



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"We have provisions for five days," said the pilot, "and will go till we find the boat, at any rate. I know the coast well."

The launch was provided with every comfort, a few berths, cushions, warm rugs and a gasoline stove for cooking. As the little craft sped along, the pilot turned a scrutinizing searchlight on every passing craft.

"There are also several rifles and a quick-firing gun on board," remarked the Chief, "so we are prepared for any kind of game."

The breeze did spring up and blew off shore.

"It is just the wind for them. They can almost make our time if it keeps up," said the pilot.

Midnight came. They had gone twenty-five miles. Jones and Maitland shivered under heavy rugs, for the wind was blowing cold. Jones thought he overheard a familiar voice in the distance. The pilot ordered the engineer to slow up. All on board the launch kept quiet; not a word was said. Then came over the water: "Oh, pray, let us go home; we will give you all the money we have and will get you more."

The answer was gruff. "No doubt of that. Give it to the woman now."

"It is Bess," said Jones.

The Chief of Police, desiring to capture the robbers, advised caution.

"They have landed," said the pilot, "but the exact spot will be difficult to locate unless——" As he spoke, a fork of flame gave them the desired information, for the Kabyles had decided to camp for supper and had started a fire. The crackling of this fire and the noise of their voices in loud

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dissension aided the pursuers in accomplishing their desire, landing without being heard.

They assembled in a bunch of trees on a slope directly back from the sea, to await their opportunity. The woman in the party was cooking something, as a pot was suspended over the fire. The three men were smoking and talking together, while poor Bess and Tot, trying to be brave, sat close to each other, thoroughly ignorant of their impending fate. A bottle of red wine was taken from the boat and the men drank; the woman also drank and passed the bottle to the girls, who declined.

"Oh, you'll soon get over that, my little birdies," said the English-speaking villain. After supper the three men rested on a blanket taken from the boat, and the Chief of Police thought two of them had fallen asleep. The woman took charge of Bess and Tot and tied their hands and feet with cords; she also laid down on the sand for a rest.

"Now is our time," said the Chief. "Three of us must rush forward and surprise them, the others will be ready to fire if they present their revolvers. Be careful; don't fire unless it is to save life."

Maitland, who was a crack shot, remained behind and watched carefully every movement of the resting men, his rifle well in position. The officers and Chief rushed forward. At the first sound of approaching steps the three Kabyles sprang to their feet and drew revolvers from their belts.

"Surrender or die," called the Chief of Police, in French, as they were covered by the rifles of the officers.

One of the men made a move as if to shoot Tot. A



CAPTURE OF THE KABYLES
(Sketched from memory by Bess and Tot)

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sharp crack followed, and the fellow fell backwards, tripping over a stone and dropping the revolver from his grasp; the others also threw down their pistols and obeyed the Chief's command.

It was a long minute before Bess and Tot realized they were saved. When they were fully convinced that the assailing party was not a new lot of bandits, they stood erect and looked about, as well as their fetters would permit.

Jones and Maitland, after cutting the cords from their arms and feet, told them of the exciting chase they had had after them along the coast.

"More of a picnic than we bargained for," said Tot, "wasn't it?"

Bess agreed.

The Chief was overjoyed at his capture, and determined to take the Kabyles back on the boat with them.

"Did they strike you?" asked Jones, with vengeance in his eyes.

"No, only swore at us," replied Bess. "We were more afraid of the woman than the men. Never mind, it is all over now and we'll forget them."

"The woman is a mean thing," said Tot, "she took my money and Bess's rings away and hurt my hands with the cords."

"She will get worse than cords," said the Chief, passing his hand over his throat, referring to the guillotine. To this remark the woman answered with a bitter glance.

The wounded bandit was shot through the arm. Maitland had fired at the right moment. The Chief bound it



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up and compelled him to walk along the small dock or landing to which the steam launch had come.

"The soup is not bad and we are all jolly hungry," said Maitland. He handed it about, but the Frenchmen declined to partake; the girls had missed their supper and enjoyed a cupful.

On the way home the bandits were securely pinioned and towed behind the launch in their own boat, while one of the soldiers with a rifle and two revolvers sat in the stern of the rear boat to guard them. The bandits slept amid the groans and maledictions of their wounded companion.

A berth in the launch was provided for the girls, who, thoroughly protected from the chilly night air by warm blankets and rugs, were soon sound asleep.

It was daylight when the launch returned to the harbor. The breeze had died down and the sea resembled a mirror.

When Jones and Maitland walked up the foliage-lined avenue leading to the Grand Hotel St. Georges, each holding one of the girls by the arm as if prisoners of war, a cry of joy rang out through the morning air. It was Belle's voice; she was expecting them.

"Bless you both, I knew you would find them," she said, taking Maitland's disengaged arm in a sisterly way. She praised him for his success in finding the girls, which praise so kindly and modestly bestowed, repaid him for all his hard night's experience. Maitland was happy. Jones also came in for his share of commendation for the rescue. Mrs. Byson, nervous from the effects of a sleepless night, wept when Mr. Jones told her of the unfortunate situation of the girls when found. She desired to leave the

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country at once, but Maitland assured her that bandits would in the immediate future keep out of the reach of the French police.

“Will they hang them?” asked Mrs. Stubbs.



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“They never hang anybody, but will guillotine everyone of them if they are of the tribe of bandits known as the Areskis, and I believe they are!”

After breakfast the Chief of Police called upon Maitland,

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requesting him to have the young ladies appear formally at the hearing before the proper tribunal, so that the proof of the bandits' act would be complete. The French magistrate hurried the investigation that the girls might appear before their departure.

"If you can tell me how we could have gotten along without Captain Maitland in these Godless countries, I'll be surprised," said Mrs. Stubbs, addressing Mrs. Byson, who was folding away carefully some handsome Persian embroideries.

"Oh, he will stay with us," answered Mrs. Byson, reassuringly, "because there is nothing on this earth that the Captain enjoys more than adventure, and I think he is getting considerable of it of late. Mr. Jones thinks him a marvel."

"The funniest thing about it is that Jones is becoming brave also," said Mrs. Stubbs, spreading out a camel's hair shawl she had bought from an Indian merchant.

An American man-of-war had just sailed into the harbor and had saluted the Augusta Victoria. The ships were anchored within hailing distance of each other. The band on the Augusta Victoria played "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," for which pleasantry the "middies" on the American returned cheers.

Snugly ensconced in comfortable steamer chairs on the broad clear deck of the Augusta Victoria, Mrs. Stubbs asked a question which no one could answer——

"Whither are we bound?"

"The ship goes north to Genoa first," said Jones. "Our tickets all read to Genoa or Naples."

"Genoa," urged Belle.

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The evening after leaving Algiers was mild and beautiful, and Maitland, according to promise, told the girls the



MAITLAND, SKETCHED BY TOT

story of a lion hunt he had taken part in in Algeria a few years before. With three other officers he left Gibraltar and

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arrived at Algiers, where they made arrangements for a hunt in the Amour Mountains, one hundred miles south of the City of Algiers.

All three had drawn their chairs as close to the Captain as the chairs would go, and listened with breathless attention. If there was anything Tot liked to hear about, it was lions, and even Belle and Bess had not outgrown their interest in the king of animals.

"We had a rather rough trip getting there over the hills and through the valleys," continued Maitland. "A springless wagon drawn by a terrible pair of old horses, one about twice as big as the other, but on the third day we reached the house of a French farmer. We had a letter for him and he treated us cordially.

"After a day's rest, and we needed it, bumping over the rough roads, we arranged with our host for about thirty Arabs, neighbors of the farmer, who live about the foothills, to go with us. These Arabs were more than willing, as they had suffered losses in their herds and flocks. Several huge lions were known to be in the vicinity. The Arabs grinned at the proposition; they were anxious to be led into the hunt.

"Colonel Duff, one of the officers with us, was an experienced lion hunter, having fought them in the jungles of India; but there he had been usually on horseback or on an elephant, not on foot. Six men were selected to undertake the dangerous task of forcing the beasts to quit their lair. The farmers knew the exact location of the lions, for the dogs had been howling and barking in the direction of the rocks for several days. We divided in groups and advanced. We were all well armed. The six selected men,

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with Colonel Duff, now advanced with several dogs, while we closed in quietly watching the proceedings. The Colonel soon located the lions and we were ordered to divide up and surround the lair. It was my first experience, and I must admit I did not feel very brave at that particular minute."

"Oh, yes, you did too," said Tot.

"The Arabs held their qucer-shaped rifles up over their heads. Soon we could hear the brutes roar."

Tot was taking down every word in mental shorthand.

"Gooo! Gooo!" she unconsciously exclaimed, imitating a lion, which made Bess laugh heartily.

"As we closed in upon the ridge of rocks where we supposed they were, up jumped an immense lion, another, then another, then another. There were six in the lair, two old and four young ones; even the young ones were immense cubs.

"The Arabs started to run, but the French farmer called out 'Halt,' in Arabic. The Arabs made some wonderful demonstrations with their rifles, whirling them above their heads. I got near Colonel Duff. He is the crack rifle shot of Gibraltar, and can shoot a penny at a hundred yards.

"The old lion seemed to take in the situation. He stood erect and looked about him, proud and defiant. Occasionally he roared and exhibited his white teeth. We were then not over twenty paces away, and all surrounding the lion. He looked around as if to pick a pathway of escape. Colonel Duff fired first. His majesty for a moment seemed to disregard the shot, but he was hit. He pawed at the rocks a second and then fell over on his side. A dozen shots then riddled him, and the lioness, seeing the down-



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fall of her lord, rushed at the nearest enemy and came near reaching an Arab. Duff fired simultaneously with the officers, and I took a crack also. The lioness would not down; she struggled forward, riddled with bullets, and snarled and growled at the man she had started for, fixing her fierce eyes, filled with hate and revenge, upon him, even as she laid down to die. The four big overgrown cubs we captured. They snarled and fought for a time, but the Arabs placed ropes about them and led them along."

"Like the Kabyles," said Tot, with a wry face.

"I will never forget," continued Maitland, "the time we had getting three of the cubs to Gibraltar. We presented one of them to the French farmer, Monsieur Labeau. We had them done up in a big chicken coop, and when we arrived at Algiers the natives crowded about us so much we had to seek the protection of the police. On the steamer one of the cubs got loose and created a panic; an elderly lady fainted; but they soon became tame and docile and were the pets of our regiment."

"Where are they now, the dear things. I would like to see them?" asked Tot.

"Two died and the third was sent to England. I was going to propose to Mr. Jones to go lion hunting had we remained longer, but the episode of the other day put the idea out of my head."

"I would have gone with you," said Tot.

After a pleasant trip across the Mediterranean, meeting many odd sails and craft, and occasionally passing a huge ship on her way to Australia or the Orient, the Augusta Victoria came into the stately harbor of Genoa.



CHAPTER VII

GENOA AND MONTE CARLO

Surrounding the marble statue of Columbus in the Piazza Acqua Verde, Genoa, Italy, Tot read upon the inscription that Columbus was born in Cogoleto.

"Cogoleto is a suburb of Genoa, fifteen miles out," remarked a bystander.

"The Encyclopedia Britannica says he was born in 1436," remarked Maitland. "I remember looking it up one day at Gibraltar during a discussion."

"Baedeker makes it 1456. If the encyclopedia is right, he was an old man when he discovered America," said Jones, "for every American school boy can tell the story of the day Columbus first sighted land."

"Let us hear it," said Mrs. Byson, who was gaining faith in Jones' ability to quote history.

"You see," said Jones, "on the 7th day of October, 1492, the Nina hoisted a flag and fired a gun, believing she was nearing land. On the 11th the Pinta fished up a log of wood, a stick wrought with iron, and a board."

"It wasn't a bicycle," inquired Maitland.

"No," said Jones, "but the Nina sighted a stake covered with dog roses. You see, I got a prize once at school for reciting this."

"Go on," said Mrs. Stubbs.

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"Well, when the mariners saw the dog roses they breathed easier and pointed out a light ahead, and at two o'clock in the morning, Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, please remember the date, Rodrigo de Triano, a sailor, shouted from the look-out aloft 'Land Ho.'"

"But spoken in Italian," said Belle.

"That name sounds Irish," said Maitland.

"Let Mr. Jones proceed; I am interested," said Mrs. Stubbs, but the girls interrupted Jones by continuous laughter until he gave up.

Securing a guide and carriages they drove up and down the famous palace-lined streets, stopping at every point of interest to hear the guide's description.

"Hundreds of them," remarked Jones amazed.

"All palaces," said the guide, "but now utilized for business purposes. This street, more than any other in Italy, demonstrates the former glory of the country. Every building, every work of art and every public institution tells us that during the era of prosperity through which Italy once passed, there was more extravagance, more magnificence and more money than the people of today can even imagine. This street was filled with the fashion of the time. Nearly every occupant of these buildings had a title and was possessed of immense wealth. They were engaged in commerce, and were recognized as the lords of Genoa and a power in the land."

"We can decide which is the greatest work of art," said Belle next morning, as they all stood at the gate of that most wonderful city of the dead, The Camp to Santo, and viewed the rows of marvelous tombs and pure marble statuary, backed by the distant hills.

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Two sisters, one upon a sick bed, while the other² is pointing to her the way to heaven, attracted the girl's attention.

"All are beautiful," said Belle, "and let us not make comparisons. The figure with the lotus in its hand is my favorite. Bess says that the most expressive is the face of the one resting on the steps at the entrance of the tomb. There is anguish on her face. The figure is also the work of a genuine artist."

"My favorite is the angel guarding the tomb," said Tot.

There were sweet little angels and cherubs and so many interesting sculptures that the party almost forgot they were in a cemetery.

"It at least proves that the Italians possess great faith in their future," remarked Maitland.

"Tomorrow," said Jones, as they returned to the carriages, "we will change to a city of the living, and a decidedly lively place—Monte Carlo."

"How far is it by rail?" inquired Mrs. Stubbs, who had not acquired much affection for railroad traveling in Europe.

"About one hundred miles only," said Jones.

"Five hours and tunnels till you can't rest," whispered Maitland. "Tunnels by the hundred; tunnels every few minutes. The Riviera is the most picturesque region of Italy and France. We shall see frowning cliffs——"

"Frowning cliffs," said Belle, laughing. "Are they angry?"

Maitland nodded. "They look sometimes as if they would like to drop on you. They are washed by the surf



MARBLE STATUE, CAMPO SANTO

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of the Mediterranean, while the summits are crowned with the venerable ruins of towers of bygone ages."

"Why did they build away up on those rocky hills?" inquired Tot.

"To be protected from the pirates. It is in all a charming land. I passed through here once when a boy, but remember it like a dream."

"From the city of the dead let us go to the city of fools."

"Where is that?" asked Mrs. Stubbs of Jones, who had just made the remark.

"Monte Carlo."

Maitland laughed. "A wise remark," he said. "I have numerous friends and acquaintances who will agree with you."

At last, after several delays, the train reached Monte Carlo, and they secured rooms at a convenient hotel.

"Here we shall find," said Maitland, "the most peculiar spot on earth, where human beings hover about gambling tables like moths about a candle, knowing the chances are dead against them, and tragedy is the usual result."

"What limit will we go?" asked Tot, at which remark Mrs. Stubbs looked sternly over her spectacles.

"Only five dollars each," said Jones. "I don't believe in being fleeced by a syndicate."

"We must play something," said Maitland, "for it is the custom. Let it be five dollars. When we lose five dollars each, we will quit."

Mrs. Stubbs objected, but the ambitious girls coaxed her into the scheme, and she finally consented.

"Five hundred thousand come here annually to be

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robbed," said Maitland, "so it is popular. Everyone plays here. We will only consider we are giving away tips. They're thieves; that is all."

The following evening tickets were issued by several pompous individuals at the door of an office near the main hallway of the Casino. These men appeared in elaborate velvet and gold embroidered uniforms.

"A lot of old fakes and frauds," said Maitland. "They make it appear it is difficult to get in."

"Quite easy enough if you have any money to blow away," remarked Jones.

"Yes, if you were known to have money, they would soon set their hounds after you."

In the halls of the beautiful building the visitors were witnesses of many strange sights. Hundreds of well-dressed men and women were crowding about the tables as if their very life depended upon their playing. Demure young women, accompanied by their parents, were trying to understand the method of playing baccarat or roulette, and ushers were explaining the various methods of gambling. Aristocratic old ladies, with well-filled bags of gold and bank notes, assisted by their maids, had secured seats near the tables, and were playing as recklessly as young gamblers. European counts and countesses, dukes and duchesses, titled people, spendthrifts of all sorts and conditions, and a great swarm of promiscuous visitors were all feasting their eyes on the mysterious little balls to see where they would light.

Jones became excited. He saw one elderly lady rake more than two thousand gold francs into her capacious bag.

"Maitland," he said, "did you see that?"

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"Never mind," said Maitland, "the old fool will lose it again, and eventually all she has."

The old lady played a small amount and lost; then played again and lost, and again and lost. Her maid whispered——

"Your luck is over for tonight, let's go." The old lady hesitated.



THE CASINO

"I will play once more."

The maid looked angry. Again she lost. Changing her gold into bank bills to enable her to carry them easily, for she was many thousands of dollars ahead, she left the hall. A bystander said she was a prominent Russian

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countess addicted to playing, and although immensely rich, was losing her fortune gradually.

"I have no sympathy for the old idiot," said Maitland. "I hate to see a woman gamble."

Mrs. Stubbs noticed that there appeared a peculiar sense of anxiety about the place. The very air seemed pregnant with it.

"It is a common robbers' roost, handsomely illuminated and decorated," said Maitland. "They call it square gambling. It is unfair, cold-blooded swindling and low, cunning robbery. The chances are ninety per cent against the victim."

"When shall we play our fives?" demanded Tot, who took no interest in the conversation. "Then we can judge better."

"Let us play a dollar at a time," said Belle. "It will at least extend the fun."

Seeking a table from which several removed at once, Jones caught the attention of one of the croupiers.

"We are visitors and would like to play a little."

The man bowed politely, explaining the method. After all were seated, Jones started for another table. He wanted to go in heavier, but an angry glance from Mrs. Stubbs brought him back.

"You can't do that," she said. "You must stand by us."

Jones apologized. Out went seven silver dollars, and five were raked in by the capitalists who owned the plant. Belle and Tot won. Again, Mrs. Stubbs won, all the others lost. Again, Maitland and Mrs. Byson won, all others lost. In five minutes all had lost their fives but Bess, who won three times in succession.

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"You're in it," said Tot, coaxing her mother to permit her to play again.

"The rule is inflexible," said Maitland. "When all the fives are gone we go to the concert in the adjoining building."

Jones tried to sneak away, but Mrs. Stubbs' eagle eye was on him. He finally consented, after seeing Bess lose three times in succession till all her five dollars had gone to the syndicate, and then he said——

"Captain, you're right. It's a brace game, ninety per cent against the player."

Maitland, who had heard stories about the place from fellow officers, said——

"The syndicate that operates the place makes \$5,000,000 per year out of it, and not over a few thousand dollars are ever taken away. This thriving syndicate pretends that the winnings are a small average percentage. They are a lot of smooth and heartless rascals. They have no mercy on anyone, and I would like to see one of those big guns of Gibraltar trained on the gorgeous Casino and blow it into the sea."

"Well, it opened my eyes," said Jones; "what we saw tonight. I really believe it must be an unfair game. Why, those rascals called croupiers can manipulate the game to suit themselves. The tables are false, and every swindling device known to the common gambler is used to cheat the visitors. Although hundreds claim it is fair, it is simply impossible for it to be a square game."

"The surprising thing about it," remarked Mrs. Byson, "is how many apparently respectable people play."

"Just as they buy trash abroad," said Jones.

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"True," answered Maitland, "but you will find the great majority are tourists who play just as we did, to be able to say 'We saw Monte Carlo.' The steady gamblers are a queer lot. They represent a sort of cheap European aristocracy. Some have inherited money, and others are naturally idle and dissolute, scapegrace sons of fairly decent parents. I have not the least doubt that the syndicate circulates stories of prominent fools having won money here by the ton to encourage others to come, but the truth is that fully ninety per cent who gamble here lose in the end, and not only lose their money, but their better traits, if they ever had any."

"Good," said Jones, "I believe that they would break up the place sooner than expose the methods."

"No," said Maitland, "you can't break it, not to any extent. The fools would continue to come and be fleeced. I know of dozens of young fellows who have been ruined by Monte Carlo. Europe is full of them."

Jones arose early next morning to find Maitland and go on their accustomed stroll. At the doorway he met a striking example of the dangers of gambling. A very pretty young woman, dressed in black, was sobbing. Becoming interested, he asked :

"Madam, I see you are in trouble. Can I be of service?"

"Oh, sir," she said, "I am in dire distress."

"Tell me," said Jones in a fatherly way, inviting her to a seat in the reception room.

"I promised my husband I would avoid Monte Carlo, and I have not obeyed his injunction. I came with some friends. We were on our way to Nice to spend the winter. I played at the tables and have lost all the money I

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had. The lady with me is in the same plight. We dare not telegraph for more."

"No, not from Monte Carlo," said Jones, "but you could from Nice."

"Thank you, I never thought of that. But how could I get there? I have not even a penny. The hotel people hold our trunks; we have been here a week."

"How much is your bill?"

"Here it is."

It was two hundred francs.

"Now, my dear madam, if you will tell me how much that is, I will be obliged. Will you accept this?" said Jones, passing her a bank note.

The lady was astonished. The bank note covered the bill and gave her many francs to spare.

"You can go to Nice, and if you get an answer before we leave, you can pay this back. If not, you can send it to Jones, Gordon & Co., New York. I am not going home for three years."

The woman hesitated.

"Oh, sir, I don't know what to do. It is so embarrassing. You don't know who I am. I hope you will believe I am honest," and she wept again.

"Of course I do, confound it," said Jones. "I can read character enough to know you are perfectly honest but disobedient. Promise me," said Jones sternly, for he had become suddenly interested in the poor little woman, "that you will never play here again!"

"I shall never play again," said the little woman, wiping her tears away, and handing Jones a card, requested him to write his address in Nice upon it.

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"Did you lose much?" asked Jones, as she was about to leave.

"I had four hundred pounds on my letter of credit, and it is all gone."

"You must hurry to catch your train," said Jones. "It leaves in a few minutes."

Jones saw the woman and her friend make for the steps down to the station, followed by the porter wheeling two immense trunks, on the end of one of which he read "Mrs. Henry L. Duddleston, London, Eng."

Maitland had overslept and the sun was high when he joined Jones for their walk.

"While you have been dreaming," said Jones, "I have been committing a slight act of charity," and Jones related the episode of the little woman's dilemma.

"Well, well, well," said Maitland, "I'll bet anything they were sharpers."

"Well, I don't care," said Jones, "the woman was so sad I risked ten pounds on the situation."

"Bless your old soul," said the captain, "I sincerely hope you will get your reward in heaven, if not here."

"I saw the woman's name on her trunk, Duddleston, London."

"That's in your favor, for I know a family named Duddleston in London."

"Henry L.?" asked Jones.

"Yes, Henry L. Duddleston. Why, he is a private banker in the Strand."

"Oh, I knew it was all right," said Jones. "But what an infamous place this is. I am thoroughly out of the notion of spending a dollar more in it. The respectable

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element should avoid it if for no other purpose than to lessen the profits."

"There is a certain young nobleman of England," said Maitland, "who has lost to my knowledge over fifty thousand pounds here, and brought disgrace and ruin upon himself and family. Why, if Henry Duddleston should



NICE

ever hear that his wife, a pure, simple little woman, had lost a lot of money at Monte Carlo, he would never speak to her again. The money is nothing, for he is rich, but the idea would drive him mad. See how many lies and stories she will have to tell to get out of this."

Mrs. Stubbs was anxious to get out of the place.



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"For once, Mr. Jones, you can hurry us away from here as quickly as you like. Let us pack up before noon."

Nice is a beautiful spot, fronting a semi-circular bay, and the winter home of many Europeans and Americans, although the cold winds which come from the north cannot be said to be comfortable, and San Diego, California, or parts of Florida and many others that could be named are far pleasanter as winter resorts. Nice is beautiful and popular, which combination adds to its fame annually.

The girls enjoyed the music and the promenades, and Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson occupied a victoria the greater part of the sunny days, as Mrs. Stubbs had decided that by doing so she could rest and brace up for their proposed trip through Switzerland.

"That man Jones will certainly succeed in making us climb the Alps, or some other foolish thing, and anything he suggests the captain and the girls will surely acquiesce in. Let us enjoy our ease while we may."

Jones, who was something of a yachtsman, initiated Maitland into the mysteries of navigation, although positive instructions were given out that the girls should not sail beyond hailing distance of shore. And so the days passed full of tranquillity. In fact, the south of France suggests repose and quiet, and that is the reason the busy people of the northern countries like to come here and simply rest.

Before leaving the hotel Mr. Jones received a small note bearing a "Coat of Arms," in which was inclosed a ten pound bank note and the words on a card, "Thank you! Thank you!" Jones crumpled the note in his vest pocket and lit a fresh cigar.

CHAPTER VIII

SWITZERLAND

"The kingly Alps," exclaimed Tot, as the train approached that most attractive gateway to the land of the mountains, Interlaken.

"And we shall soon see the loveliest mountain in Switzerland—the Jungfrau," added Bess.

"The Queen of the Alps," remarked Belle, not desiring to be left out of the chorus.

"It looks like a great white cloud anchored," said Jones, as Tot was enthusiastically calling his attention to the scene.

"How glorious!" exclaimed Belle. "As the sun shines on the snow it looks as if covered with a robe of diamonds."

"I would like to climb up there," said Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Stubbs dropped the guide book she was reading and exclaimed:

"There! What did I tell you! He hasn't been here five minutes."

"Oh, we may do a bit of climbing yet," said Maitland, to encourage Jones. "Just to see how it goes."

"You shall not budge out of my sight, girls, to climb, unless you are secured to me by a stout rope," said Mrs. Stubbs. Dozens are maimed and killed here annually."

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"Let us secure good accommodations at Interlaken and take our time, because we have all summer before us, and we can make numerous excursions from this point."

"A wise proposition, Mr. Jones. We need not leave for Egypt until late in the Fall, and I am sure we are going



SWITZERLAND MOUNTAINS

fast enough. Why not adopt this plan? Switzerland ought to occupy our entire summer."

"Mrs. Stubbs, I always agree to whatever you suggest," replied Jones politely. "You will certainly not be afraid to let the girls go sailing with us in these placid, wind-sheltered lakes."

"No," answered Mrs. Byson. "We will all learn to sail

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and fish and climb, if you like. I am not afraid of these lakes."

"I propose to secure an easy chair and do nothing for at least a week but sit on the piazza and rock. Those miserable, chilly cars have brought on my rheumatism," said Mrs. Stubbs. "But the rest of you may sightsee to your heart's content as soon as you like."

But one unhappy day Mrs. Stubbs read from her guide book to Mrs. Byson: "The wind of the lake is apt to change with extraordinary rapidity, and it blows in different directions as each promontory is rounded and is extremely dangerous."

"I heard Captain Maitland tell Jones they were going to secure a steam launch, so that will not be as dangerous as sailing," replied the comfortable Mrs. Byson.

"I'll warrant they will prefer the most dangerous plan," said Mrs. Stubbs. "But, after all, why should we worry? We must be satisfied."

"Certainly," remarked Mrs. Byson, attending strictly to her embroidery.

"What kind of a tub is that?" asked Jones of a Swiss boatman who had taken a small steamer from her moorings and towed it to the wharf for Jones' and Maitland's inspection.

"Nice," said the boatman. "Go fast! Safe!"

"Yes, very safe," said Jones, looking in the hold, which contained about a foot of water. "Leak?"

"No leak; rain!"

"Well, bail her out and we will see."

It was the only available launch to be had.

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"It has a big beam," said Maitland, "and is safe enough if she will float."

Jones thought a moment.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. We will rent that metallic life-boat we saw at the hotel and take it with us. If this old tub sinks we can save the women and perhaps ourselves."

"Jolly," said Maitland, "that lifeboat will carry two dozen."

"Are you anything of an engineer, Maitland?"

"Very little, but I know all about boilers and certain kinds of machinery. I can tell if the engine in the old thing is all right by looking it over carefully."

Maitland asked the man:

"How old engine?"

"New," he said.

"Ten years?"

He shook his head.

"Twenty years?"

He nodded his shaggy head.

"I think it won't blow up."

"No blow up," said the man, producing a dirty certificate of inspection from a small drawer in the cabin.

"All right," said Jones. "You pump her out tonight, and we will call tomorrow. If she doesn't leak we will hire her for a month."

"Make it a fortnight," said Maitland. "We may move away to another lake."

The hotel proprietor was loath to rent the lifeboat, but Jones doubled the amount he first offered, and assured him

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they would not be away many hours each day, and on rainy days not at all.

"Where there are women concerned," said Maitland, as he walked towards the hotel with Jones, "it is better to be careful. Let us order that fellow to fix up his old craft; stop the leak with oakum and tar and clean it up. Give him a few days. In the meantime we can go up Mt. Righi."

On the hotel piazza, in the sun, sat the girls with opera glasses, viewing the mountains. Mrs. Stubbs had gone to sleep in her rocker, and Mrs. Byson continued working assiduously at her embroidery.

Jones proposed a trip to Mt. Righi. At that moment, however, Mrs. Stubbs awoke and answered the proposition:

"Now, dear Mr. Jones, would you just as soon go without me?"

Jones mused.

"Well, no. We want you, but we will await your pleasure. It is not a hard trip. The inclined railway runs right to the hotel, and you can sit up there just as comfortably as here."

"Make it the day after tomorrow, and I will go."

"That will do," he replied. "We can in the meantime make several little trips about to keep busy."

"I have John L. Stoddard's lecture on Switzerland," said Belle. "Let me read what he says":

"I have said that Interlaken was an admirable place from which to make excursions. Shall we not put this to the proof by entering now the charming and romantic vale of Lauterbrunnen, dainty and lovely as a dimple in the cheek of nature? It is only half a mile in width, and is

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bounded on both sides by lofty mountains, over which the winter's sun can hardly climb till mid-day. The bases of these mountains seem to rest on flowers, and we can hardly imagine a more striking picture than that of this peaceful valley, looking smilingly up into the stern and savage



GREEK CHURCH. GENEVA

faces of the monsters which environ it.' He also describes the Fall of the Strubback, or Dust-brook, which here leaps boldly over the brow of the mountain."

"An entertaining chap, that Stoddard," said Maitland. "I heard him in London. I did not know he would permit the publication of his lectures, though."

"Only when he left the platform," replied Belle. "I have all his lectures at home, bound, but brought Switzerland because I fancy his descriptions. I like him because he says just enough, and to the point," said Belle. "He

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inserts in his descriptions occasionally a little verse or two. Hear this":

The sun is low,
Yon peak of snow
Is purpling 'neath the sunset glow,
The rosy light
Makes richly bright
The Jungfrau's veil of snowy white.

"Now, that's not very tiresome, anyway," said Jones. "I usually feel a sort of paralysis coming over me when somebody starts to read poetry."

"Let me read what Goethe says about the Dust-brook":

In clouds of spray,
Like silver dust,
It veils the rock,
In rainbow hues;
And dancing down,
With music soft,
Is lost in air.

Jones could not stand any more. He was thinking of the steamboat, and catching Maitland's eye, he lured him off to see the boatman.

At the appointed time, after a short trip by boat and rail, all were ready for the trip up Righi.

"Wraps and rugs for any kind of weather," said Belle merrily, as they started in the morning.

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Mrs. Stubbs became enthusiastic at Jones' glowing description of Mt. Righi.

"Must have cured my rheumatism," she said, "for I am as anxious as any of the party to make the ascent, and cannot get there too soon."

She had overheard Maitland remark that from the summit of the famous Righi Mountain one hundred and twenty miles of the Alps could be viewed. Her lethargy then disappeared, and she was the most ambitious of all. She would have even undertaken to climb the mountain, if necessary, to get the view.

A mountain railway is not always the safest mode of travel, but Mrs. Stubbs decided that as Maitland had been in the British Army several years and had never been killed, he would be their mascot in the perilous ascent.

"This mountain top," said Maitland, "is one of the most popular in Switzerland and hundreds live up there; so, my dear Mrs. Stubbs, you are perfectly safe; there has never been an accident."

"Now, Belle, you read," said Mrs. Byson, "and tell us all the features as we proceed."

"No need for that," she replied, "because the conductor of the car will announce everything."

Going upward at a slow speed they passed many marvelous views. The day was clear and beautiful. View after view surpassed each other in grandeur and sublimity—nature's marvelous picture.

One of their fellow passengers was a portly person, wearing a greasy coat, who continued smoking a pipe which was particularly strong. As the views increased in splendor he pulled proportionately harder at his terrible pipe.

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"He is smoking garlic, codfish and old boots," said Jones.

Mrs. Byson was nauseated and Jones said:

"Maitland, perhaps we could get the old chap to change his seat, so the smoke will not come this way."

Jones advised with the handsome guard, but he shook his head, declining to interfere. Maitland addressed the greasy, portly person in French. No answer. Belle tried Italian on him; then German. The guard said he was Swiss, and pointing to his own head, shook it.

"Bad temper," he said in low voice.

Maitland eyed the man a minute or two, fancying he might see the consternation he was causing. His pipe went out.

"Ah," said Jones; "it's all right."

He filled it with the combination again and re-lit it, and puffed more furiously than ever. Maitland leaned over and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your smoking, kind sir, annoys the ladies."

No answer. Maitland took a fine Havana from his pocket and tendered it to him. This caused a great laugh from those in the rear of the car. The old fellow merely turned about, smiled and signaled that he preferred the pipe.

Their misery was soon over, however, for in a few minutes, at a station, several got out, including the smoker, and Maitland rushed Mrs. Byson into a front seat.

Reaching the summit, they decided to stay over night to see the sunrise.

"The alpine horn sounds half an hour before sunrise," said Tot, "so up we must jump so as not to miss a minute."

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As they all assembled on time and the sun was coming up, Belle was almost crazy with joy. The morning was clear and perfect. The hotels were deserted and the eager multitude thronged the summit, enveloped in all manner of cloaks, wraps and mantles.

"It is a day of the year," said a young Englishman



LION OF LUCERNE

standing close to Belle. "It is perfect. We will see the most charming view ever placed before the vision of man."

Maitland, recognizing the voice, turned about to find a London acquaintance, Mr. Wilberforce.

"We have been here a week without a single absolutely clear day."

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As the great sun stole up over the distant peaks, turning them into gold, first each lofty peak became tinged with a roseate blush. The shadows between the Righi and the horizon melt away. Forests, lakes, hills, towns and villages reveal themselves as if by magic. At first they are grey and cold. At length the sun bursts from the highest mountains in all its power, and the grand picture is developed into a marvelous golden-tinted landscape, which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

"One hundred and twenty miles!" said Jones. "I believe we saw the whole world!"

After gazing upon the famous "Lion of Lucerne," by Thorwaldson, carved out of solid rock and so pathetic that it brings tears to the eyes of the most "lymphatic person," as Jones expressed it, they returned to their snug quarters at Interlaken.

Jones had hit upon a safe plan of navigation on the lake. He had no faith in the steamer. There was a leak of old standing. The boatman had pattered with it, tarred it and put oakum in the seam, but still it leaked. The lifeboat was all right. It came from England. Maitland examined it and pronounced it perfect. It was built for the life saving service at Dover, but was not large enough, and was sold by the Government to the proprietor of the Hotel Metropole, who heard of it while on a trip home. It had an airtight compartment on each end and along the sides.

"You cannot upset it, and it will stand any weather from a small gale to a typhoon. We will let them see all the mountains they want, and I believe, Maitland, we can pass about three months in this boat, picnicking around

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these pretty lakes. Last night I decided we would rig up the lifeboat with cushions, lounges and all manner of comforts, and use this steamer, or any other steamer, for a tow."

"Capital idea!" said Maitland. "We can easily cart the lifeboat from one lake to another and engage a launch to tow us."

"Yes, we will use it like a houseboat. I ordered our awning this morning."

When the scheme was proposed the girls were delighted, and Mrs. Stubbs said:

"Mr. Jones, that is really the most sensible thing you have done yet. I will not be afraid to go in the lifeboat."

When all was ready, the gorgeously decorated lifeboat, with cushioned seats and backs to lean against, started out from the wharf in tow of the sputtering, leaky, little steamer.

"Let her sputter," said Jones. "Keep a long line and she may blow up sky-high, if she likes, without hurting us."

To tell of all the charming days in happy Switzerland would occupy too much space. Every clear day for months the Star-Spangled Banner and the Union Jack waved from the lifeboat, which Tot had christened the "Anglo-Saxon." The girls were tanned, and Mrs. Stubbs had become so well that she said she had never enjoyed anything quite so much in all her life. On small lakes they had a rowboat tow them; on large lakes they secured the services of tugs or small launches. Every fair day Jones and Maitland planned a new route. They took with them a guitar, violin and banjo. The girls sang, and the usually placid water of

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the lake, surrounded by the superb scenery and the snow-topped mountains, made each day perfect.

Once a middle-aged lady, who had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Stubbs on the hotel piazza, was invited to accompany them. When Bess and Tot sang minstrel songs she appeared intensely interested, and asked to be taught some of them. Her marvelous voice floated across the water, charming the bystanders on the wharves as they passed. The lady had given her name as Mrs. Smith, London. She was, as Jones discovered afterwards, one of the most famous Italian opera singers of the world, an American by birth, who was visiting Interlaken at the time. She sang with Tot, who had a pretty natural contralto voice, and she enjoyed the day so much that Jones requested her to go on the next excursion, which invitation she gladly accepted.

"There is more genuine harmony in some of your simple darkey songs, especially the sentimental ones," she said, "than in all the operas ever written."

To which Jones replied:

"Thank you."

This great singer, in her day, had charmed millions with her marvelous voice. One day young Wilberforce invited them for a sail in his yacht. Jones and Maitland accepted, but the wind died down and they had the pleasure of rowing the rather heavy craft several miles to her moorings.

"Enough of that!" exclaimed Maitland. "The lifeboat and a steam tow is good enough for us."

Young Wilberforce took the trip through the Italian



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lakes with them, and as he had sailed on every one of them, he made a fine guide, acting as escort.

They visited Lake Geneva, saw the Castle of Chillon, Lake of Neuchatel, Bienne, Lake Constance, Lake Zurich, Como, Maggiore, Lucerne, Thein and Brienz, and every lake and navigable river worthy of a visit in Switzerland and Northern Italy. Every day was a delight, and the summer wore happily away, until the cold and chilly nights caused Jones to say one evening:

“I have given back the lifeboat to the proprietor. Let us pack up and go to Naples.”

To which proposition all cordially assented.

CHAPTER IX

NAPLES AND POMPEII

"We shall see Pompeii!" exclaimed Bess.

"Vesuvius," said Tot. "That's best of all. Vesuvius in all its glory!"

So surfeited with beautiful views of Switzerland were the travelers that only occasionally, when attracted by



CAPRI

some noted historical place through which they passed, did they even glance out of the windows of the railway coach as they glided through Central Italy.

"We might stay at Rome a day or two on our way south," suggested Jones, but Mrs. Stubbs thought that pleasure should be deferred until they could devote ample time to the old capital.

"Naples!" shouted the girls. "And then Egypt!" as they arrived at the Grand Hotel in sunny Naples.

There is an indescribable fascination about this romantic old spot unlike any other. In the sunlight the bay is as blue as indigo. Music is everywhere—in the park, along the streets, in the boats which rest lazily upon the tranquil bay, at the docks, on the ferries, in the hotels. Operatic selections are sung by strollers with melodious voices. Boys and girls hum queer Italian airs as they play on the streets. Even the lazy tramps who infest the docks and rest in daylight and sunshine as well as night, sing themselves to sleep; and yet Pompeii was the object of their first attention.

It was a day of education and delight when the Captain, with the guide, followed by Jones and the ladies, led the way through the ruins of old Pompeii, to which all visitors are surely drawn when in Naples.

"Let us all imagine," said Maitland, "we are back in the year A. D. 79, when Pompeii was in its prime."

The guide caught the idea.

"If you do," he said, "it will appear more real. With your permission, I will pretend you are all Romans here on a visit. Let us make it 78, one year prior to the destruction."

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"That's jolly!" exclaimed the girls. "That is something like it! We're all Romans for a day!"

"Are you ready? Come on. I have just received a pass from the master of the Port, and we will enter here the Sea Gate, called Porta della Marina, for at one time the sea came up close to this gate; now it is miles away. On the left there is an old tavern. Do you want a drink? There is nothing stronger than wine sold in Pompeii."

On the right of the gate in the niche is a beautiful work of art in terra cotta. It is Minerva, the guardian diety of the gate of Pompeii, and next is the gold lamp weighing three pounds of pure metal.

"Remember, now, we are Romans, and in the year 78, We will journey up Marina Road to the center of the city. The first store to the left has a picture of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf. In the next house is an iron safe, the property of a wine merchant. On the walls of the next street are two large placards announcing the justification of two politicians for the office of City Treasurer. One reads:

"Vote for Tripolemo the Wise. He is the friend of good government."

The other reads:

"Vote for Silerius. He is the people's candidate. He loves the poor and protects labor."

"Same old hot air," remarked Jones. "No change in eighteen hundred years."

On the next street a procession is coming, led by chariots. Tripolemo and other politicians occupy a gaily decorated chariot; the crowd increases and they run into a drug store to avoid them. A band composed of odd-shaped

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brass instruments and flagecolets is making a noise, and there is great excitement. The visitors find that they are in front of the Basilier, where Justice is administered. Stores are discovered where are sold all manner of carpenter tools, hinges, locks, keys, bolts, jackplanes, monkey-wrenches, doorknobs, muffin molds, screws, nails, hooks to fasten doors back, dog collars and every imaginable thing to be found on a bargain counter in a country store of today. In one part of the city are pottery, leather, soap, bronze and other manufactures; iron foundries, blacksmith forges, stove works. In the front of one store is a bronze stove of excellent workmanship.

Fountains are playing in the square, surrounded by grass plots, with the usual warning to "Keep off the grass." Then we find the theatres. Tragedy is being enacted in one, comedy in another. On tin tickets for aldermen there was engraved a death's head; on the gallery seat tickets a bird.

A sign appears engraven on a wall which indicates the sentiment of the times:

"Quis amat valeat. Percat qui nescit amare. Bis tanto percat quis amare betat", or "May he who loves do well. May he who does not know how to love perish. Twice perish he who forbids to love."

They passed the house of the tragic poet who has before his doors instead of "Salve" (welcome) an inscription "Beware of the dog".

"It seems impossible," said Jones, "that this city was almost wiped from the face of the earth and then after eighteen hundred years resurrected and these hidden things brought to light."

"Window glass, hot and cold water pipes in the baths



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and fountains, lead pipes and all the numerous things we are familiar with and use daily in house-keeping are as old almost as Christendom," said Mrs. Stubbs.

"Perhaps if we searched carefully enough", remarked Jones, "we might find an old bicycle or two, and a telephone wire running from house to house. Lord knows, I never saw anything like it".

It was an eventful and interesting day.

"There is no power in nature that can produce such destruction as the eruption of a volcano," remarked Maitland.

Herculaneum, Pompeii and various other towns in the vicinity were destroyed by being burned in the ashes blown from Vesuvius; but Herculaneum, in addition to ashes, had a stream of lava run over it so that excavations are very difficult, while Pompeii was merely filled with ashes and cinders.

"Yes, when an eruption occurs", said the guide, as they waited for the train to return to Naples, "day is turned into night; the earth trembles; then there is a fearful roar; the sea becomes agitated, vivid lightning appears in the dark clouds overhanging the mountains and terror seizes the heart of all in the vicinity."

Bess and Tot held each other's hands tight as the guide gave this very vivid description and said, "Don't let us imagine any more. We are glad to go back to Naples and the twentieth century".



CHAPTER X

EGYPT

"Vesuvius is a big barometer as well as a big volcano," said an officer. "When the wind blows the smoke southward toward the Island of Capri, the weather will be fair; when back towards the land, rainy. When the smoke settles on the mountain, then look out for squalls, for it



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means a sirocco, in comparison with which an ordinary gale seems a mild breeze."

Out from Naples, passing Capri, the girls took numerous views of fishermen in their boats, of the young officers, of the pet monkey on board, the Bombay-Indian crew, and no



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strange sailed craft that passed them was missed by the energetic photographers. It was a gala day for the girls, a day to dream about, for the trip along the Italian coast through the Straits of Messina with Mt. Aetna on the Sicilian shore and the City of Messina furnished views of beauty unsurpassed.

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Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson, not yet recovered from their excitement at Algiers, were discussing the probabilities of the Nile trip with the Captain of the Hydaspes, whose home was in Ramleh, one of the suburbs of Alexandria.

"Infinitely better people in Egypt than in Algiers, Tangier or Naples," he said. "England's occupation of Egypt makes kidnapping quite impossible, and the Egyptians you meet in your travels you will find to be a peaceful, law-abiding lot, perfectly harmless and docile.

Mr. Jones had met an American on his way to Cairo and had occupied most of the day discussing home affairs.

The ship sped noiselessly through the peaceful sea and no sound disturbed the quiet but the merry laughter of the girls and the officers. Games were played and a dance was organized. On board was a company of Italian musicians on the way to some of the large Italian farms up the Nile, brought over by the wealthy farmers for the amusement of their Italian working people, to whom the absence of their native music would be an unbearable misfortune.

The old sun-tanned Italian with the high straw hat, who sat constantly at the bow of the ship as if watching for the land, was said to be a man of immense wealth, but he always traveled with the steerage passengers.

Belle had waltzed a dozen times around the deck with Maitland, who like most of the English officers was an excellent dancer. Bess and Tot had initiated the doctor and several of the ship's young officers into the intricate twists of the dizzy two-step, which was new to them, until their dancing was up to the average.

"This day," exclaimed Tot, who was something of a



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philosopher, "will even up for the one we spent with the brigands." And Bess acquiesced.

The steerage passengers on the Hydaspes were permitted to occupy the deck at the bow and temporary cabins had been erected for their protection. In good weather they were far more comfortable here than below. They sang and played, as was their custom, far into the night, creating wild melody with their sweet voices, violins, harps and mandolins.

As night set in, Mr. Jones, who had taken little interest in the joys and pleasures of the day, owing to his long confab with his new acquaintance, received his first intimation that a storm was coming up by being suddenly thrown on deck by a lurch of the ship.

The captain informed the passengers who were still promenading the deck that as a severe gale would shortly strike the ship they had better seek their cabins. The captain and several of the officers rushed about giving orders to have the ship in readiness; yardarms were lowered and firmly secured. The lifeboats were more securely fastened. The ship was headed up against the fast approaching sirocco and steam reduced.

The wind howled and screeched through the ropes like noisy demons. The rain and mist flew with the speed of a lightning train. The water resembled an immense field of snow, churned as it was with foam.

The voices of the officers could be heard in the dark and terrible night above, but still in the cabin below there was little motion of the good old ship. The Hydaspes, once engaged in the India service, had been in every form of cyclone, hurricane, sirocco and typhoon known to naviga-



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tion. She seemed to be on friendly terms with the sirocco, for she outrode the storm as gracefully as the situation would permit.

At ten o'clock a tremendous crash came, and amid the crying and wailing of many voices, the captain, covered with tarpaulin, came down into the dining room to announce the fact that the temporary cabins of the Italians had all been washed away into the sea and "might they be permitted to come down and take shelter in the halls opposite the first cabins—the only safe place for them on the ship."

"Poor devils," said the captain, "they are in a sorry plight."

"Bring them all down," said Jones, who, with Maitland, gave them a hand as one by one they crawled down the companionway drenched and frightened.

"Cheer up," said Jones, helping a young girl, who had been injured, to a resting place, "cheer up, you will be all right down here."

There were five women and a dozen men, including the old patriarch who was woefully disturbed fearing he might have to exhibit a large bag of gold and bills he carried. The harp had been blown away half a mile before it struck the sea, and the owner thereof, utterly disconsolate, was shedding real tears over his loss.

"I'll get you another," said Jones, "if you will stop crying."

He did not fully comprehend the generous proposition until it was explained to him by Belle.

After Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Byson and the girls had given the women some dry clothes, it was suggested that the



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orchestra strike up, but the musicians were too badly frightened to respond.

In half an hour the jolly Captain and two of the officers, once more in uniforms and patent leathers, were seen in the sitting room ready for a late supper.

"Now then," exclaimed the Captain, "the little snap's over. The sea is down; we have turned her about and will proceed on our journey. Many of the storms on the Mediterranean are of short duration, but a small craft like ours bids us use a little common sense and caution. I'm never in a hurry in a sirocco."

It was early in the morning of the fourth day after leaving Naples that the eager passengers on board the Hydaspes caught a glimpse of the long, low sandy bar that stretches along the coast of Alexandria.

"Egypt!" they exclaimed.

"Which one of us," said Mrs. Stubbs, "in our childhood's days believed that we should ever see Egypt, ancient and historic Egypt?"

As the Hydaspes came into the harbor Jones insisted that the Italian orchestra should play as they arrived, even though it was minus the harp and several minor instruments.

"Go ahead," said Jones, "you know what I told you. I'll fit you out if there is a music store in Alexandria."

As the ship approached the land, which appeared exceedingly low and could be seen only when about twelve miles from shore, the first objects seen were the Ramleh palace, which is on rising ground, the lighthouse at the extremity of the Ras-et-tin (Cape of Figs) and the palace beyond, Pompey's pillar and the Forts. The range of small



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hills in the background was covered with windmills, then out shot the tall masts of the ships in the harbor against the clear sky.

The girls were busy bidding the young officers good-bye. Tot was taking a farewell view with her camera when she was summoned to leave the ship.

Hotel agents, tourist agents, couriers, guides, cabmen and money brokers of all kinds and color swarmed on board despite the Captain's orders and surrounded the passengers. Jones called to Maitland:

"Let us get rid of this crowd."

"Oh, they're not half as bad as at Tangiers," answered the Captain, "stay right here and I will see that you are safely conveyed to the hotel by an agent of the line."

The Captain of the Hydaspes swore, ordered and threatened, but on they came. The first officers came forward and succeeded in pushing half a dozen of the solicitors down the gangway back into the boats.

The scene before the visitors was most remarkable, Turks, Albanians, Syrians, Greeks, Jews, Arabs, Copts, Armenians and a sprinkling of Europeans swarmed the streets. The various colored turbans, the blue blouses, the extraordinary trousers, the noise and confusion incidental to the arrival of a ship, the Babel of tongues, the supplications and propositions of carriage drivers, donkey-boys and all the other solicitors was so unique and interesting that Mrs. Stubbs, leaning upon Mr. Jones' arm and Mrs. Byson, holding hard to the muscular right of Captain Maitland, decided to see it all, for never had anything in life appeared so bewildering and strange.

"It is like another world," said Mrs. Byson.

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"I have seen so many natives before," replied the Captain, "that they all look alike to me, but Alexandria has the reputation of being singularly mixed as to population."

"Where are the girls?" asked Mrs. Stubbs, at which remark Mrs. Byson changed color.

"No danger here at all," said the Captain.

In a few minutes Belle, Bess and Tot appeared among the surging throng, each upon a donkey, their laughing voices heard above all the clamor, noise and confusion.

"Go it, Cleopatra," said Bess, urging her donkey ahead.

"Here we are," called Tot; "take a carriage and we'll follow you. Best place yet, hurrah!"

As they rode after the carriage a persistent merchant followed on foot. He was a European.

"Get your flickers, young ladies."

"Get what?" said Belle, blushing.

"Your flickers; you can't go far without them."

"What on earth does he mean? Say, girls, what does he mean? What are flickers?"

The donkey-boy shook his hand before his face.

"Scare fly," he said.

"Oh!" said the girls in unison, coming to a dead halt.

"Shake flickers! Scare fly! Very much bothersome! Egyptian fly!"

"How much? Two piastres each! Now you've got us again," said Tot; "how much in American money? Ten cents?"

So Tot closed a bargain; a dozen for a dollar.

When they arrived at the hotel the girls, who had already learned by experience the necessity for their late purchase,



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came in with the various colored flickers sparkling in the breeze.

The harbor of Alexandria is filled with gunboats and all manner of sailing craft. The gunboats belong to the nations most interested in the success of this ancient country, and their presence tells a tale.

"England is always well represented here," said Maitland, as they drove one day along the shore, "because so much of her commerce with India, Australia and her various possessions in the Pacific comes this way."

"Of course, it must all pass through the Suez; I never thought of that," said Jones, "and in case of trouble with foreign nations the canal must be amply guarded."

"Yes, we always keep a lot of gunboats here. Suez is itself a miserable place to stay, and the officers of the ships like the Alexandria harbor better," said Maitland, "and I don't blame them."

Conscious of England's greatness and power were beginning to dawn upon Wilson Jones. Her numerous gunboats and the Rock of Gibraltar literally controlling and defending this immense trade between Europe and the Orient! And Mr. Jones will see farther as he journeys on that nearly all the ports and docks in the entire trip through the oriental world are not only controlled to some extent by England, but are by that great free trading country practically opened to ships flying flags of all other nations.

Jones sat on the shaded veranda enjoying a Turkish cheroot, while Tot was explaining to him some of her recently developed pictures of the crew of the Hydaspes. They had failed to notice three dark-skinned individuals standing immediately in front of them.

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"Get harp?" asked one who had mastered a few English sentences.

"Oh, great Scott!" said Jones, "I had forgotten all about it."

Bess was engaged for the search, and Jones, Bess and Tot started out in company with the three Italians to find a music store.

"What did you lose?" Jones asked the Italian.

"Un— — —"

"Un what?"

The Italian imitated the playing of a flute, which, of course, pleased Tot.

"Yes, one flute, what else?"

"Un harp."

"Yes, I know that. One harp; what else?"

Then he put his hands up as if playing a violin.

"Violin?" asked Jones.

"Si, Signor, un violin."

"Any more?"

He put up two dirty black fingers. "Violins."

"Oh, two violins. They simply want a whole orchestra."

"Found place," said the musician; "gooda place."

"Are you going to buy all for them?" asked Tot, amazed.

"Certainly," said Jones, "always keep faith with this kind of a crowd."

They entered the store; quite a music store.

"I suppose," said Jones to the girls, "they take me for an insurance company. I don't believe they lost anything but the harp, but we will get them everything they want if we can."

Tot could play on the violin, and she tested several, which

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pleased the Italians. After much discussion all lost instruments were restored but the harp. The store was short on harps, as Mr. Jones expressed it.

"Harp no gooda," one said, while all shook their heads.

"A lady who had been studying the harp lived," said one of the store-keepers, "in Ramleh, and had left hers for repairs."

"Find out what she will take."

"She is visiting friends at the Khedivial Hotel, near the railway station. I will send for her."

"Send a carriage for her," said Jones, "at my expense."

In half an hour the lady appeared; the harp was produced from the repair room. The Italians looked it over; one of them ran his fingers rapidly across the strings.

"Gooda harp, lika my own," he said, his dark eyes peering anxiously at Jones.

"It's all right, is it?" asked Jones. They all nodded.

The lady then told a tale of woe; how she was compelled to return to England on account of some misfortune.

"I will sell the instrument for half its worth," she said.

"You need not do that," said Jones. "What did you pay for it?"

"Thirty pounds," she said, "was its original price. I bought it for twenty pounds."

Jones counted out four five-pound English bank notes. Tot nudged him not to be so quick, but Jones, turning to her, said:

"I might as well help the lady out as the Italians; you never thought of that."

"I was going to say I would sell it for half," a tear

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appearing in her eye when she comprehended what Jones was doing.

"Not a bit of it," said Jones. "I am an insurance company. This fellow lost his harp and I had to make it good. Here is your—what do you call this money—"

"One thousand piasters," said the clerk, half bewildered at Jones' generosity.

"He is a snap for these people," said Tot, rather annoyed, to Bess.

The lady brightened up as she took the money and thanked Jones cordially. The Italian hugged the harp as he carried it away.

"Like my own! Like my own!" he kept saying, his black eyes beaming with joy. They smiled and bowed and took off their caps a dozen times as they walked away with their new instruments, as sunny and happy as their own country.

"Why did you give the lady so much?" asked Tot, as they returned to the Abbas. "she would have taken half. What I thought you were sharp."

"I know it," replied Jones. "but she looked so sad, poor thing, and buying harps is out of my line. Oh, I'm not an angel when buying grain, I'll tell you that. I'll get you into a deal some day, young woman, where you'll make this all back, and a balance."

"You had better not promise Tot anything," said Bess; "he'll hold you to it. Tot never forgets a promise: she will be worse than the Italians. Now, remember what I say."

"Are you ready to start for Cairo?" said Maitland.

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"Yes," said Mrs. Stubbs, "the only thing I cared to see in Alexandria was Pompey's Pillar."

"The Obelisks are gone," said Maitland. "They were called Cleopatra's Needles. One had fallen and was taken to England, and the other was taken to America. They once stood at Heliopolis, but were brought here centuries ago."

"The obelisk in Central Park, New York, came from Alexandria, now I remember," said Jones.

"Pompey's Pillar at first sight is disappointing; it appears insignificant," said Mrs. Stubbs.

"It is ninety-eight feet high," said Jones, "but after you have seen the Washington Monument, over five hundred feet high, in comparison it appears small."

Maitland unfolded an odd-looking railroad time table, headed:

ALEXANDRIA to CAIRO—128 miles, five
trains daily, Express at 9:15 A. M. and an-
other Express at 4:30 P. M.

It was then eight o'clock in the morning.

"Let us take the morning train," they all said.

"See this," said Maitland, reading down the folder, "Refreshments at Zagazig or Tantah, whichever you prefer."

"Zagazig, 'riggity Jig,'" sang the girls, laughing, "and away we go."

"The railway between Alexandria and Cairo was the first ever built in the East. It was built in 1855."

Upon arrival at the Cairo Station the visitors were literally besieged with hotel runners, besecchers for backshesh,

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all manner of supplications and demands following thick and fast.

"Clear away," said Maitland, striking a threatening attitude, "you beggars. We go to Shepheard's Hotel. Clear away, do you hear?" and he slashed at one fellow with his cane, missing him by a trifle. They stood back a second and then crowded around again.

The streets of Cairo are probably the most interesting in the world. After a rest the afternoon was employed watching the passers-by from the veranda of the hotel.

"Joy at last," said Tot. "Here we can take pictures all day if we like."

Soldiers on their Arabian horses were passing constantly, mounted police, processions of camels, donkeys, mules and queer conveyances. The omnibuses resembled furniture crates. Everybody was yelling as loud as his lungs would permit.

"The women hide all but their eyes," said Tot.

"It is a dream," said Belle to the Captain, "a vision of an Arabian Night's entertainment."

"It is the most picturesque sight in the world," he replied, "a rare place to visit. I was here when a child, but have forgotten most of it."

Magicians came, wizards displayed their marvelous feats. Mrs. Stubbs did not credit their ability to perform miracles; she was more skeptical than Mrs. Byson. The girls, however, either believed or desired to believe that all the tricks were bona fide miracles or witchcraft. Jones and Maitland reserved their opinions.

"They are exceedingly clever," said Maitland, "and some of them defy detection. They perform without sleeves or

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the paraphernalia incidental to European conjurers. Sometimes I believe our officers really think they possess genuine hoodoo ability."

To Bess and Tot this was a beautiful, long-drawn-out picnic, an earthly paradise. A magician came along leading a donkey two feet high. On the donkey rode a gaily dressed monkey, who in his turn held in his arms a diminutive kitten. They all went through a performance, receiving some piasters from the lookers-on, and then all moved across the street and had lunch together. A party of these fakirs carried with them two monkeys, three large snakes and a dozen lizards; they set the combination to work playing "tag." The monkeys stirred up the snakes by twisting their tails and then the snakes chased the lizards about, the fakirs keeping up a continual cry of "Allah! Gallah! Allah! Gallah!" Then came an elderly wizard who announced himself as "Me bella elevah."

He placed on the veranda before his intensely interested audience three fair sized wooden egg cups.

"See anything in cups?"

"No," the girls said, "nothing."

"Look," he said, turning the cups over, "eggs." And lo and behold! three white eggs appeared on the stone. "Me bella elevah."

Turning the cups over on the eggs, he asked Tot, "Eggs there?"

"Yes," said Tot.

"No eggs," the wizard replied; "gone."

Tot raised the cups; the eggs were gone.

Turning the cups upside down again, "Anything in cups?" he asked.

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"No," said Tot, shaking her head.

"Chicks," the magician said, with a knowing smile, "chicks in cup." Three diminutive, live, chirping chickens appeared from under the cups and ran about the stone platform. The wizard made a peculiar noise with his lips



HOWLING DERVISHES

and the chickens came to him. He then placed one chicken under each cup and turned the cups over again. "Chicks there?" he asked Tot, who by this time was sitting down within a foot of the cups, her brown eyes starting out of their sockets. She placed her hand over two of the cups.

"Chicks there? Sure," she exclaimed.



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The wizard shook his head seriously.

"No chicks, chicks gone," which fact was developed by Tot turning the cups over again.

"What do you say now," said Tot to Mrs. Stubbs, "if he isn't a genuine wizard I will eat those chickens alive."

"Me bella clevalah," said the old wizard, who after making a collection, went on to perform his trick elsewhere. The tall clerk of the hotel explained to Tot that the old wizard had no chickens with him; he had examined him after the performance by thumping him all over.

"You were hypnotized, and merely imagined that you saw the chickens."

"Yes, true enough," said Tot, I might have been; I was so excited I did not know where I was, but how about the others?"

"All were hypnotized. He has performed that trick here for twenty years and no one can ascertain how he does it."

Bess and Tot reasoned it out that night; they could not sleep until after midnight.

"I have it," said Tot, "we will hunt him up and get him to perform in the sun; when he lets the chickens out I'll take their picture."

In three days the wizard called again. Tot took the picture; the egg cups alone were visible.

"No chicks, the clerk's right," said Tot, excitedly; "we were all hypnotized. Why, look at the picture, sister; look at the picture! Where are the chickens? I tell you!"

Day after day passed, each one full of interest and delight. Drives were made to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the ancient palaces and wonderful museums and bazaars.

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One day Abbass, the Khedive, passed in front of the hotel. He was preceded by two runners dressed in white robes with embroidered jackets. They ran in front of his carriage crying out, "Make way!" Far in advance of the runners were mounted soldiers in blue. Following the car-



PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

riages were eight mounted soldiers in black and gold. The Khedive bowed pleasantly to the people who lined the street and saluted him. He frequently touched his hat in a most respectful manner, and his people appeared to be very proud of their young ruler.

Arrangements were in progress for an extended trip up

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the Nile in a dahabeah. Jones and Maitland had visited several boats to secure a suitable one.



TOT AT THE PYRAMIDS

“No more trains if we can help it,” said Jones; “it is too dusty and uncomfortable.”

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"We could take the mail steamer," said Maitland, "but by far the jolliest and most independent way is to sail. However, let the ladies decide."

"Sail! Sail! by all means," the girls said, which decision was acceptable to all.

It was decided to secure the services of a dragoman to accompany them and attend to their wants.

"We start tomorrow morning at nine," said Jones, "from the shore of the Nile above the iron bridge. What is that infernal name, Maitland? Kas something?"

"Kasr en-Nil," said Maitland, who was busily employed in doing up a bundle of steamer rugs in the hallway.

Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson had bought every conceivable thing to make the trip a pleasant one. Playing cards, chess boards, fishing tackle, novels, guide books of all kinds, view maps, histories, all kinds of canned goods, medicine, wine, rat traps and even life preservers. Mrs. Stubbs had tried on several cork jackets, as she had determined as far as she was concerned there should be no fatalities. Musical instruments, too, had not been forgotten. Tot performed on the violin and Maitland was a fair banjo player. Belle was teaching Jones the guitar.

"Don't let us forget plenty of banjo and guitar strings," Mrs. Stubbs said to Mrs. Byson. "These things may not appear essential to us now, but we are going on a long trip and there will be tedious hours on deck. A little music will be very enjoyable. A violin and banjo go well together, and we will bring a lot of other instruments. I used to play the accordion once. Perhaps I'll get one!"

Mrs. Byson laughed and suggested the purchase of a fife, drum and cymbals.



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"The breeze is fair," said the captain of the dahabeah; "the quicker we start the better."

Maitland, Jones, Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson, loaded with packages and candy boxes, appeared at the top of the bank in a carriage, while the girls indulged their popular method of travel by donkeys. A mob of donkey-boys, Egyptians and Arabs had assembled at the brink to see them off.

"Let go the ropes," said the captain of the boat as the Egyptian sailors pulled up the big triangular sail. The vessel strained and creaked a little as she started up the river.



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CHAPTER XI

UP THE NILE

"Away we are," said Maitland, while the girls waved their handkerchiefs to the assembled crowd.

The Sakkarah was one of the best fitted out dahabeahs, although not so large as many. She had been built as a private boat for the use of an officer in the irrigation service. One indispensable luxury it afforded was a small ingenious machine for manufacturing ice.

"Iced claret," said Mrs. Stubbs, as Maitland unfolded to his audience the method of using it. There was also on board a fine water filter.

The girls explored every nook and corner of the boat. They found one captain, one mate, one dragoman, four sailors, one cook and one cabin boy. Five cozy little sleeping apartments for the ladies and two aft for Maitland and Jones, so situated that the tobacco smoke from their cigars would not blow into the ladies' cabins at night. The crew all had apartments in the forward part of the craft.

Two large, heavy anchors, the use for which at that time the girls failed to comprehend. A tiny little dining room for bad weather, but the meals as a rule were served on deck, double canopies to ward off the sun and plenty of comfortable easy chairs, lounges and hammocks. The girls had trimmed the boat with flags and bunting, and the Sakkarah



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created quite a sensation as she sailed quietly up the famous river.

"Now, I call this enjoying life," said Mrs. Stubbs, who was reading a guide book as she rested in a huge canvas easy chair.

At the first stopping place, Zawiych, Maitland went on shore to talk with an English soldier he knew, and he was followed by the usual backsheesh demanders. He then told the dragoman that he must now and forever afterwards stop this wretched annoyance.

"Give them what you think is right," he said, "but keep them away from us."

The dragoman, who was an Assyrian named George Aboud, then proceeded to his cabin and secured a long black whip and a small bag. Jones and Maitland filled the bag with copper coins.

"Yes," said Jones to the dragoman, "give to whom you like and be liberal, but keep them at a distance or your fee will be docked when we return, do you understand?"

The Assyrian nodded knowingly and snapped the long black whip viciously.

"Capital idea," said Maitland, "we have seen the last of this annoyance."

"We anchor at Beni Suef. If the breeze does not go down, we will reach that place at nine tonight."

The commerce of the Nile was a surprise to Mr. Jones. Immense freight dahabeahs were continually passing the Sakkarah. They were on their way to Cairo, the great market-place for all their products. Now and then a mail steamer came in sight, and nearly every day a large new passenger steamer would fly past, on which were many



"SAKKARA" RESTING

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Europeans and Americans. This was always an occasion for Bess and Tot to wave their American flags.

The buffalo oxen, the pelicans and strange birds, the mild atmosphere, the placid river, the numerous little mud villages with their tiny mosques and minarets, the cypress trees and palms, and the fertile valley all made a tranquil scene. The gorgeous sunsets, the clear sky, the wild cadences of the Egyptian sailors on the queer vessels floating by, the melody of their odd hymns always dedicated to Allah, has an indescribable fascination.

"It is Egypt and we are on the Nile, the only Nile," said Mrs. Stubbs.

"Will it be sacrilege to play the banjo here?" asked Maitland, amused at Mrs. Stubbs' honest conclusion.

Tot had tuned her violin to chord with Maitland's banjo and Belle played chords on the guitar. Belle and Bess were accomplished vocalists and many an evening the old plantation melodies familiar to the world at large and many new songs were sung to the infinite amusement of the Egyptian crew and all others within range of their voices.

"It is singular," said Jones, "that the old song we were singing a few minutes ago, 'The Old Kentucky Home,' has stirred the hearts of millions in every land under the sun."

"Yes, and the great Patti could find no better song for an encore," replied Belle, "than 'Down on the Suawnee River,' and I don't suppose half of her audience will ever know the meaning of the words."

The first stop for the night was at Beni Suef, a town of 10,000 population, according to the dragoman, and no ordinary town.

"Let us stay here a day," suggested Mrs. Stubbs.

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"We can mail letters here and take views," said Bess, "and we must not hurry."

Numerous boats lined the shore, tied up and being loaded and unloaded; herds of buffalo oxen stood lazily in the



ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE

water. The native women were at their usual occupation, filling water jars and washing clothes. Intelligent dogs scratched the hot sand away and lay full length along the cool earth.

"We are to have kishtch for breakfast," said Tot.

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"Kishteh? What is it?" asked Bess.

Tot, who had taken an interest of late in cooking, had been informed by the cook that it was made from the milk of the buffalo and was like cottage cheese.

"Pigeons will be our chief diet up here," responded Maitland, "so anything for a change will do."

One night the boat rested at Asiyut, and Maitland and Jones visited one of the English civil engineers in charge of the Irrigation Company and invited him to dine on the Sakkarah.

Night after night the Sakkarah rested along the shores of the Nile. During the day the temples and tombs were visited until the interesting and famous Temple of Denderah was reached.

The dahabcah was moored at the opposite side of the river at the nearest spot to Kench; then the river was crossed by a ferry. This being done, as the dragoman explained, to prevent the nuisance of numerous donkey-boys crowding about them. But this scheme was futile; it had been tried before. The donkey-boys had a raft and crossed the river, donkeys and all, by the dozen. There were eight people to go to Denderah and eighty-one donkeys with one hundred and sixty-four donkey-boys to take them. It was a wrangling swarm of humanity, beseeching, entreating, praying, soliciting, asking, imploring, craving, requesting, supplicating, petitioning, begging, demanding, and finally threatening. If there are any other synonymous words in the English language it would be proper to use them, for their faces indicated in turn all these and other expressions, and there was jealousy, envy and hate depicted on their handsome features.

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The dragoman said, "It will not do to threaten them or strike them; we must make the best of it. Pretend you will not go at all," he whispered.

Jones and Maitland stood peering into the faces of the ravenous multitude. The women were instructed to remain in the boat until a contract could be made. Hundreds of hands were appealing and each donkey-boy advocated the reliability of his particular donkey.

"We are not going," said Maitland. "You may go home."

Maitland and Jones then returned to the small boat with the dragoman, and pushed off for the other shore. In half an hour, after much wrangling, a compromise was effected by the donkey-boys, as they began to fear the determination not to go was genuine, and it was decided that only twenty donkeys and forty boys were to cross the river on the raft.

Then the question came up among them, which twenty donkeys and which forty boys. They could be seen in the distance, evidently drawing cuts. Twenty-five donkeys and fifty boys were finally sent over on the raft, this obviously being a second compromise.

When the raft arrived and its contents had climbed the bank where the visitors sat, Maitland stepped forward and repeated his ultimatum. "We will not go; we will take twelve donkeys and no more, seven of us, one for the dragoman, one for the water carrier and three for an escort. If this is not satisfactory, you may take the raft back."

Then another pow-wow occurred. They talked and pushed each other about, wrangled and threatened for a

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time, until fifteen of the donkeys were returned to the other shore.

"I have never ridden astride and I will not do so now," exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs defiantly.

"This nice donkey," said the boy, "Mrs. Langtry ride him!"

"Well, I don't care for Mrs. Langtry or anybody else. You get me a side saddle or I'll stay right here."

"English?" asked the donkey boy.

"No, American!"

A side saddle was finally produced for Mrs. Stubbs. Mr. Jones, proudly mounted upon Rameses II, the supposed obdurate monarch who refused to accommodate the Israelites by letting them go, associated the donkey-boy bedlam with a scene upon the Board of Trade during an excited market. Maitland was quite at home on "Gran ol' man," evidently intended for Mr. Gladstone, and the girls, always fond of novelty, straddled the situation on Cairo, Karnac and Abydos, all quiet, lazy, careful, and dignified donkeys.

The day was warm but the atmosphere was delightful and a gentle breeze blew over the desert. The water carriers proved invaluable. The peculiar porous water jars, made of clay found on the Nile, kept the water cool upon the hottest day, owing to the rapid evaporation, and the cool, refreshing water was in great demand at the end of the donkey ride.

"That," said the dragoman, pointing to a sculptured stone in the temple, "is Cleopatra and her son."

Jones smiled; Maitland lit another cigar; Mrs. Stubbs was annoyed; Mrs. Byson was silent, and the girls laughed. The dragoman explained as best he could that Cleopatra

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was beautiful, but owing to the Egyptian mode of drawing and lack of skill of the artist, who probably never saw the queen and carved it from imagination or an imperfect portrait, the picture was rather crude.

"You must not laugh, girls," said Mrs. Stubbs, "because remember how interesting it is, and the guide book says it bears some resemblance to the original."

"Did Mark Anthony go wild over that?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Did Julius Caesar marry her, if she resembled this?" asked Maitland.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Stubbs, "did history ever accuse Julius Caesar of marrying Cleopatra?"

"That is right," said the Captain. "Hand me that guide book, please." And he read aloud, "The names of the Caesars are numerous. In the portico may be distinguished those of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. On the former front of the temple, now back of the pronaos or portico, are those of Augustus and Caligula. This was, in fact, the original extent of the building and it was previous to the addition of the portico that it was seen by Strabo. The oldest names are of Ptolemy Caesarion or Neo-Caesar, son of the celebrated Cleopatra by Julius Caesar, and of his mother."

"What Julius Caesar did not do is easily told," said Jones, who could not grow eloquent over the picture of the great Egyptian queen.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Stubbs, "let us see the marvelous columns inside."

Like all Egyptian temples, Denderah stands in the centre of a large, crude, brick enclosure, the height and thickness



CLEOPATRA



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of whose walls prevented anything that occurred inside being seen or heard. On the ceiling was the Zodiac, which led to so much learned controversy. The sculptures and hieroglyphics soon became intensely interesting. Jones studied up his guide book as he had never done before. The marvelous old ruin was growing in interest. The scenes on the wall, when explained, represented the ancient kings consecrating and offering different objects in gold and silver. The small temple on the terrace was devoted to the celebration of the festival of the New Year, marked by the appearance of the Star Sirius. The portrayal of processions and the happenings of a marvelous past bring to light the customs and manners of this remarkable race of people.

The dragoman had provided a large basket of lunch for the visitors. The donkey ride had sharpened their appetites to a thorough appreciation of the same. Upon returning to the boat a larger assemblage of disappointed donkey-boys appeared upon the bank, noisily supplicating and demanding backsheesh. The dragoman advised that no attention be paid to them. The girls were slightly alarmed and remained close to Maitland. Several of the natives held the boat and refused to permit it to leave the landing. The dragoman spoke their language and advised with them. It seemed the difficulty was that there were three rival donkey companies, and donkeys of each had been taken. One company owed several piasters to the other and the latter desired to garnishee the payment. They were not angry; it was only business. Jones had settled once with one company for all the donkeys, but they wanted another settlement because the paid boys refused to turn over the money. The dragoman signaled to the Sakkarah and a



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small boat pushed off containing three of the sailors, but this did not terrify the menacing crowd. The sailors held large, heavy oars. One fellow who had been holding the boat grabbed Tot's camera and tried to take it from her. He succeeded only after Tot had torn his blue smock or loose-fitting blue cotton jacket down the back.

"Stay with the ladies!" shouted Maitland to Jones, as he jumped from the boat and ran after the fellow with the camera. Maitland struck him a heavy blow on the back of the neck and he careened over, but held tightly to the camera. Maitland was about to take the camera from his grasp when he was attacked by several others. The boat containing the sailors had arrived, and they with uplifted oars scattered the crowd. Maitland brought the man and camera down to the river, and giving the instrument a wrench out of his hands, threw him into the river. The fellow came to the surface, gasping and pleading for mercy. One of the sailors was about to strike him on the head, when Jones and the ladies interceded. As the boat was pushed from shore, Jones, in addition to having paid twice the contract price, tossed a couple of Egyptian dollars on the bank. For these they scrambled like a lot of angle worms, writhing and wriggling until the visitors had reached the dahabeah.

"The captain of the Hydaspes said these people were quiet and inoffensive; what do you think about it?" asked Mrs. Stubbs of the dragoman.

"Bad day for them," he said, "they are not usually so disturbed. There has been some trouble between the companies and they are jealous and mad at each other. They would not harm you."



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"Oh, no," said Mrs. Stubbs sarcastically, "mild as wolverines."

"I assure you, madam, we will have no further difficulty on our way."

On the way up the river the odd way of irrigating the land was noticeable. One of the most primitive methods was for two or three men to stand in the water, holding the end of a flat-bottomed structure resembling a boat. This they lowered until it filled with water, then raising their end, the water flowed out of the other end into a small reservoir on the land, from which it flowed on into the irrigating ditches. It was wonderful the amount of water sent over the land in this way. Another method was to have a large wheel, to the rim of which a number of cans were attached. This was worked by oxen. The cans, as they touched the river, filled, and as the wheel went around emptied into the reservoir on the land. Still another was raising the water by means of buckets at the end of a long, weighted pole.

Tot one day got a picture of a team of camels plowing. They were at least eight feet apart, attached to each other by a rude yoke. The plow was simply a crooked stick. Here in this fertile valley for ages these people have lived a happy, lazy life, with no ambition, without care. Along the valley, with few exceptions, from Cairo north, are thrifty farms and pastures. Numberless herds of cattle graze in the recently harvested fields. Along the irrigating ditches the grass is always green. The sheep and goats are nearly all black, like the natives. The camels are tall and stately. The buffalo ox is like the American bison in appearance. It is almost an amphibious animal, and when

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not at work in the fields it makes for the river and remains in cool water until hungry.

The natives reside in mud huts and wear, as a rule, but one garment, and on their heads a linen turban. They are very numerous and instead of passing an existence of ex-



A FREIGHT DAHABEAH

treme poverty, as is generally supposed, they appear fat, lazy and contented. Their huts are usually built of mud with openings for doors and windows. Villages containing a thousand or more inhabitants are often found in the rich farming districts. The large land owners who employ these immense hordes are wealthy and have superior residences with beautiful gardens. The usual wage is two piasters



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or ten cents a day. They work from sunrise to sunset, less three hours at noon for dinner and sleep. This sum supports them in all the luxury they desire. They never complain, but appear to be satisfied with their lot.

Opposite one of the farms the Sakkarah was moored, and the passengers left the boat to enjoy a rest on the bank under some shade trees. An old Egyptian, who was taking his accustomed noonday rest under a tree, was eating his lunch. He held in one hand a piece of dark bread, in the other a large onion. He paid not the slightest attention to the strangers, but with his back braced against the tree he shut his eyes and slept.

"How long will he rest here?" asked Mrs. Stubbs of the dragoman.

"From eleven until two," he replied. "It takes him one hour and a half to eat his lunch."

The girls were warned not to disturb or annoy him, but it was decided that a study should be made of his mode of life. After sleeping for a few minutes the old Egyptian pulled his right hand containing the bread to his mouth and took a bite, following this by raising his left, which contained the onion. He peeled off a section of that exhilarating food, and then after munching for fully ten minutes he took another nap. This intermittent plan, evidently good for digestion, was repeated for nearly two hours. Then the old fellow arose and straightened himself out, bowed very politely to his guests and walked toward the river.

"Glory!" said Jones as he left. "He never asked for backsheesh, and it was worth two dollars." Following the old man, Jones presented him with two new shining Egyp-

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tian dollars. The old laborer, almost struck dumb, bowed and bowed and waved his hand. Reaching the river bank he kissed the earth and offered up a prayer to Allah. He then drank a gallon of Nile water and returned for another sleep.

"And so runs the world," said Maitland.

"That I call genuine contentment," replied Mrs. Byson. "He is certainly the best satisfied man I ever saw."

"He has worked that way," said the dragoman, "all his life. In the evening he returns to his hut and family and sleeps till sunrise. In the morning he goes down to the bank and prays to Allah, eats his breakfast of meal and then goes quietly off to work in the fields."

The dahabeah stopped at a busy landing where a number of native merchants and farmers had assembled. They seemed royally glad to meet each other and the dragoman interpreted their friendly expressions.

Said one, "My good friend, how is your household?" The answer was, "May you live in peace." "Allah be with you." "You are my best and most tried friend." "I may die when you are out of my sight." "My heart leaps with joy when you approach."

These expressions they keep up for a long time.

"Do they really mean them?" asked Mrs. Stubbs of the dragoman.

"Yes, they are very kind hearted," replied the dragoman. "And the better the crops are the more friendly will be their greetings."

"Sailing along the tranquil Nile, the rows of palms, the distant yellow banks of sand, the tiny minarets and domes of the mud villages, the herds of cattle and the strange

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birds, all recall vividly the legends of the Old Testament," exclaimed Jones, who of late had grown eloquent over the picturesque views he had seen.



PASSING TOO NEAR

This sentiment the girls endorsed. "It is the loveliest trip in the world," enthusiastically exclaimed Bess, who was waving an American flag at a passing boat that came



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almost too near the bows of the Sakkarah. Captain Maitland, overhearing the remark, smiled and raised his hat.

During the morning Tot discovered the reason for carrying the big anchors on board. The draft of the dahabeah was only two feet six inches, but the changing eddies and current of the river caused sand and gravel banks to form where least expected and the Sakkarah had struck a bank, and so hard that the usual appeal to Allah by the sailors was unavailing. One of the anchors was then lowered into a small boat and taken out into the deep water and dropped. All hands then manned the capstan, and after a long, hard pull the dahabeah grating along the gravelly bottom was pulled into the deep water and floated along.

"They know everything, those sailors," said Tot. "Who would ever have thought of that!"

CHAPTER XII

LUXOR

They were nearing Luxor. "We are now five hundred miles from Cairo," said Bess. "Tune up the instruments and let us sing."

"Bess, you're all right," said Tot.

In an hour the Sakkarah was securely moored to the small wharf at the foot of the main street and all hastened to the hotel. Who should be sitting before a little table, under a tree in the garden of the hotel, upon which numerous books and maps were strewn and kept down by stones for weights, but the Egyptologist Jones had met on the Atlantic.

"Stand back!" said Jones.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Stubbs. "We are so interested now in ancient history we may need him. Appear to be glad to meet him : please do!"

The professor greeted the newcomers cordially. He had arrived several months before and was studying the tombs of the kings.

"I know you will visit these interesting places with me," he said. Maitland did not like his appearance, but decided to be as sociable as circumstances would permit.

After the ladies had retired the professor desired to engage Jones and Maitland in a discussion respecting ancient

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Egypt. Mr. Jennings' whole being seemed absorbed in his theme. Jones knew more about grain of all kinds and elevator receipts, and the ups and downs of the market and the causes thereof, than of Egypt, and Maitland was indifferent. The professor, however, succeeded in cornering Mr. Jones and placing before him several new questions.

"Are you interested," drawled the attenuated professor, "in the hieroglyphics of Kem—I mean Egypt?"

"Kem," said Jones. "I don't believe I ever heard the country called by such an infernal name as that before."

"Kem," said Maitland with contempt. "Why not call it Ham?"

"Oh, yes, Kem, which became Kemi in Demotic, a form preserved in the Coptic (Sahidic and Memphitic) Egypt, being so called from the blackness of the soil."

"Pshaw! Now we're in for it," said Jones. "Let us get away from the old bore."

"I favor the idea," continued the professor with an air of importance, "that the land of Kem and Ham were identical, but Dr. Brugsch does not."

"Good grain country?" asked Jones, turning the conversation into a more practical channel.

"Yes; Oh, I think so. Wheat, barley, maize and rice grow remarkably well, and tobacco and cotton, and I must not forget sugar cane. Is it not a singular thing that in all the sculpture and paintings of the Egyptian monuments, among the numerous figures of animals, tame and wild, the camel is never represented?"

"How's it about the Red Sea disaster?" asked Jones, becoming slightly interested, but changing the conversation

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again. "Is there any mention of that in the records of Egypt?"

"Strange to say, there is not," replied the professor. "But, then, the Egyptians probably only recorded their successful battles."

"I have heard it said, professor," continued Jones, "that the Red Sea has a tide of seven feet at the north end, and that it was probable the Israelites passed over when the tide was low and they could wade, near Suez, and that the Egyptians, coming from inland, not being aware of the tide, rushed after them and were engulfed by the rising waters."

"Gad! a clever solution," remarked Maitland. "I believe that's the very thing that happened."

"Quite a sensible solution indeed," ejaculated the professor, who then quoted all known theories respecting the catastrophe.

"Another point you might explain," said Jones, who had during the trip on the Atlantic avoided the professor on account of his general antediluvian appearance. "I understood that the mummy of the Pharaoh of the Israelites was discovered in the tomb of the kings five hundred miles up the Nile."

"That is true," replied the professor. "Over there," pointing.

"The old editions of the Bible," continued Jones, "state that Pharaoh and all his hosts were lost in the Red Sea."

"Yes, yes!" replied the professor with an antique smile. "That may have been a slight error in the translation."

"In the later editions," said Jones, "the verse reads 'And

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the hosts of Pharaoh were lost in the Red Sea,' the revisers having heard of the discovery."

"Likely enough," explained the professor. "In hieroglyphic research it is indeed strange that we find no records corroborating the incident; in fact, I am now here in this far-famed country to try and clear up this and several other apparent inconsistencies, a discussion thereof by some of the men of our college having brought to light several important questions."

"Let us take a walk," whispered Maitland. "Let us get away from him. I don't want any more of that!"

The following day, Mrs. Stubbs, followed by the professor, Mrs. Byson, ten donkey-boys and two camels, set out to buy a genuine scarabeus.

The British consul was a brother of the governor of Luxor. They were invited to partake of a cup of coffee in the governor's palace by the consul. His excellency was engaged in having his toes sprinkled by one of his attendants, who used a tin flower sprinkler. When the ceremony was ended the governor came forward and saluted the guests. The palace was not of oriental splendor, as one might imagine by the name. It was a stucco affair, one story.

A great deal of secret confab was indulged in by the governor's brother and another native present. It was finally decided, after sipping some exceedingly strong coffee and eating a small cake for sociability's sake, that they should adjourn to the dwelling place of a native who bore the illustrious name of Mr. Mohammed. Along the streets they trudged, under the shade of large, white umbrellas held over the ladies by the professor and the consul

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Mohammed was at home. "He possesses," said the black Arabian consul, "the most valuable Scarabeus in all Egypt."

"That's what I want," said Mrs. Stubbs; "the very best and the most valuable."

A sign appeared over Mohammed's door in Arabic, with the English words attached, "Antiquities for Sale." Mohammed was very courteous and gracious. He exhibited numerous articles of antiquity found in Luxor in the tombs of Thebes and in Karnak.

Mrs. Stubbs was anxious to see the kingly beetle. At length, after exacting many promises from the ladies that they would not inform the government, the beetle was brought forth.

It was a stone of olive color. The professor looked it over, deciphered the hieroglyphics and pronounced it genuine. The consul was extremely elaborate in his praises.

"It is the very best Scarabeus in all Egypt," he said.

"The price?" asked Mrs. Stubbs.

"One hundred pounds," said Mohammed. "No less."

Even Mrs. Stubbs, with limited experience in dealing with natives in Egypt, knew the man was lying.

"Give you ten," she said.

Mohammed made a wry face as if disgusted with the offer, and folding the stone up carefully in tissue paper, was about to put it away.

"All right," said Mrs. Stubbs. "Show me something else."

Mohammed, after much condescension, reduced the price to fifty pounds. Mrs. Stubbs knew things were coming her way.



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"Oh, I don't care for it. Show me something else," she continued.

All manner of relics were exhibited and a few were bought. As Mrs. Stubbs was about to leave the store the professor whispered to her, "Do you want to raise your offer?"

"Not at all," said the practical woman. "Ten pounds is my price."

After many arguments Mohammed followed the visitors down the street. He had come down to twenty pounds.

"There is my card," said Mrs. Stubbs to him. "If you care to accept my price, send me word." The consul was instructed to deliver the Scarabeus for Mrs. Stubbs' set figure that evening.

The girls, accompanied by Maitland, Jones and the dragoman and a horde of donkeys and boys, visited Thebes that day. It was a hilarious day. Tot and Bess had two racing donkeys, which gave the donkey boys all the exercise they wanted keeping up with them. The absence of the worthy chaperones also may have had an influence, for Belle, Maitland, and even Jones, caught the spirit of the younger girls and made fun of everything. They were like children. The donkey boys enjoyed it, too. Even the sober looking donkeys kept their long ears up, ready for any sally or pun.

The Arabs are cunning traders. Jones may have been well versed as a grain dealer; he had cornered markets and bought "right" and sold "right," but he proved a veritable child in his deal with the old Arab at the ruins of Thebes. The careworn, childlike old fellow had a basket filled with Egyptian relics, consisting of several small stone statuettes,

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three or four wonder bugs, a leg of a child mummy, half a dozen Scarabeii with ancient inscriptions, beads supposed to have been worn by an ancient princess, mummy cloth and glassware taken from the tomb of the kings; also gold rings taken from the fingers of high priests.

"Me poor man, ten pounds."

"An old robber," said Maitland.

"Me no robber, me poor man. Take all eight pounds." Maitland shook his head and walked away with the girls. The old fellow stuck to Jones.

"Me poor man. No sell goods. No travelers." He looked deplorably sad.

"Give you five pounds for the lot," said Jones.

"Me very poor merchant," he wept. "Take it. Me nothing to eat."

Jones gave him five pounds, twenty-five dollars. "It is good for relics of the trip, anyhow," he said. He discovered, when he returned to Luxor and interviewed the hotel proprietor that the stuff was all manufactured at Cairo and was not worth fifty cents.

"What!" said Jones. "Manufactured mummies?"

"Certainly," said the proprietor. "Mummies, glass beads, Scarabeii, and all kinds of relics are manufactured in Cairo. This industry is one of the most lucrative in town. That old fellow you met is very rich. He owns three farms."

Jones left the basket on the steps and sat down and laughed five pounds worth with Maitland and the girls.

"Never mind," said Maitland, "it is far better than paying doctors' bills. I believe our sides will all ache tomorrow."

In the evening, when Mrs. Stubbs displayed her fifty-



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dollar Scarabeus, Jones refrained from making any comments.

"Wait," said Maitland, "until we return to the Gizeh Museum. There we can learn the value of this marvelous stone."

In the outskirts of Luxor, one day, a new scene was presented. In an open space, evidently the accustomed fair ground, was a large number of torn and tattered tents. Under this ragged canvas, but partially protected from the blazing sun, sat merchants lazily offering their wares for sale. Young men and women playing games, while all kept up such a continual jabbering that conversation was impossible.

Mr. Jones refused to dismount from his donkey. He shook his head and said, "This is too much. We have had enough of this. I am determined not to pass through another siege with these miserable backsheesh beggars." The dragoman had taken a day off to visit a friend near Thebes. The governor, however, assured Mr. Jones that he had given positive orders that his guests were not to be annoyed by supplications for money; therefore, after much persuasion on the part of Captain Maitland, Mr. Jones finally accepted the governor's invitation.

Passing the fair grounds the intense heat caused the visitors to seek the comforting shade of a small dwelling, and as they were busily contemplating the odd picture, for a fair five hundred miles up the Nile is certainly unique, a number of Busharees approached the grounds. The sharp eye of the dark-skinned governor had already detected them, and he immediately summoned a servant and gave orders to prevent their further approach.



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"You see," said the governor, addressing Jones, "these people come in from the wild desert entirely nude; therefore we cannot permit them to come too near. If, however, you would like to see them, I will have them dressed for the occasion."

The governor's servant then collected from a neighboring house several gunny sacks, pieces of mummy cloth, remnants of ancient rugs and a ball of home-made twine. In this rather promiscuous attire the Busharees yelled and danced up and down like demons, trying to demonstrate that their Adam and Eve condition was much better adapted to the climate. After tying these rags about themselves in a somewhat artistic fashion, the Busharees were permitted to come near the governor and his guests. One fellow, evidently of some importance in his tribe, had secured a section of an ancient Turkish rug, a reminder of Joseph's traditional coat of many colors. They had long hair, which stood out from their heads in soggy ringlets, induced to do so evidently by the application of a mixture not unlike rancid butter and fish glue. Their faces, though greasy and dirty, exhibited a nobleness of expression not usually seen in the features of savages. Mr. Jones eyed them suspiciously and kept out of their way.

"They are not dangerous in the least," said the governor, to assure Mr. Jones and his companions.

"How on earth do they exist?" inquired Maitland.

"That's about it," replied the English consul, with a slight chuckle; "on earth, for they will eat mud, sand and rock."

"Rock candy, I suppose," added Mr. Jones ironically. At this moment one of the tribe uttered a loud cry and



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threw himself up fully three feet in the air, spreading his arms and legs out in a peculiar manner.

Mr. Jones was startled, and he exclaimed irritably, "What's the matter with that idiot?"

"Oh, that is nothing," smiled the Governor, "he merely wants to dance for your benefit."

"Well, he needn't dance that way before me," said Jones, while Maitland decided that a small contribution would appease the savage's hilarity.

Jones wanted to go back to the hotel. He was not in the best of humor, for the savages had fastened their eyes upon him and seemed to divine his thoughts. Bess and Tot, cameras in hand, had decided first to witness the entire affair from the summit of their camels, but now came trotting up, eager to see what new development was in store. After some difficulty they succeeded in compelling the camels to go down on their knees and let them off.

"Whew!" said Bess, astonished at seeing the Busharees, "look at their corkscrew curls," while Tot scanned their odd-fitting garments.

"They are going to dance," remarked Mrs. Stubbs.

"Yes," replied Jones, "now, girls, watch them and get a snapshot."

An aged member of the tribe then commenced to clap his hands, not unlike the patting adopted by the southern darkey. Whereupon a small, sinewy individual started the ball by jumping continually up and down. He never turned or stopped to rest. This odd dance pleased Maitland and the ladies, but Mr. Jones offered no comment, as he knew all this would end in a direct and persistent demand for backsheesh.



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"Will he ever stop?" asked Jones of the Governor. As the fellow's jumps were fully three feet high, he was photographed by Tot at the summit of his flight.

Maitland and Belle wandered away to the nearest tent, and in a few minutes quite a commotion was heard. Maitland, seeing a diminutive donkey belonging to one of the Arabs, lifted it up bodily and was walking rapidly away with it, while hundreds of Arabs and Egyptians had risen to their feet and were giving chase. Before they could catch the nimble officer Maitland had carried the donkey far out of their reach, much to the amusement of the girls. The demand made by numerous natives for the return of the donkey was readily acceded to at Jones' request, who was glad to have them disperse as quickly as possible. Since his arrival at Luxor, Jones had acquired an intense dislike to the persistent demand for small gratuities without a bona fide consideration. "I don't care a snap for the money," said Jones, "but to be continually hounded is exceedingly annoying."

The Arab who owned the donkey presented a claim at once to Mr. Jones, supposing he was the guilty party who had removed it. Jones at once appealed to the Governor, and was about to denounce his inhospitality. The Governor, with a smile, ordered the man back to his tent.

As the morning passed, throngs from all directions arrived at the fair, the entire square being literally covered with Arabs of all grades of color and sex. They had tired of barter and trade, and were devoting their time to amusement. Some were sipping Turkish coffee and eating roast wild pigeon. The suave consul was interesting the ladies with a description of the assembled natives. There was a

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young woman at the fair who, although wearing that peculiar veil and brass nose gear incidental to the country, displayed such brilliant eyes and beautiful complexion



"LOVELY BLACK EYES"

that she had evidently won the hearts of the young men of Luxor. They had formed a ring around this favorite beauty and were singing with a wild, wierd cadence, a com-

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plimentary ballad, which, being translated by the consul, terminated in the words "Lovely black eyes, you must be mine."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Stubbs to the English consul, "this ancient historic ground, being near the City of Thebes and Karnak, has been traversed by many of the ancient kings and nobles of Egypt."

"Yes," replied the consul. "The avenue which leads from Karnak to Luxor, about one and a half miles in length, was probably in its day the most elaborate and beautiful roadway in the universe. It was lined on both sides by huge granite figures, somewhat resembling the sphinx, polished to a high degree and beautifully ornamented with precious stones."

"The cost to build such a driveway now," replied Mrs. Stubbs, "would astonish the park commissioners of our modern cities."

"No doubt," said the consul; "for the carving alone on the granite figures would cost several millions per mile, to say nothing of the costly and beautiful jewels used in decorating them."

"How magnificent this drive must have been," exclaimed Jones, arousing from his accustomed irritability, and becoming enthusiastic. "Perhaps some day we will reproduce this drive at some of our world's fairs."

"Imagine," said Mrs. Stubbs, "this grand boulevard lined with jewel-bedecked images, the pomp and glory enhanced by the rich and gayly colored raiment of the people. The richly caparisoned horses, camels and donkeys ridden by the attendants, the golden chariots, the magnificence and splendor of that ancient time. How wonderful! It is

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more like a beautiful dream, this marvelous story of ancient Egypt."

"What's the matter with you today?" said Jones to Mrs. Stubbs drily. "You had better write a new guide book." But Mrs. Stubbs replied indifferently, saying, "Oh, nothing. I notice, however, you are more complimentary than usual."

As they rode slowly along the ancient drive a great noise was heard, and in the distance a cloud of dust announced a race. In a few minutes on came a number of camels and donkeys, racing, as Mrs. Stubbs remarked, "for dear life."

"Here they come! Here they come!" said the governor, who rode a very handsome Arabian horse. "Yes, it's a camel and donkey race, and quite funny, too. Let us turn out to the side and see them pass."

Bess and Tot were in the lead. They were astride of their camels, pounding away at their heads unmercifully with their sticks. Tot's long hair was flying in the air, and Bess had lost her hat.

"Go it! Go it!" she yelled, "And get out of my way." Then came Belle sailing along at a rapid pace. Her camel appeared to be gaining on the others. Maitland was having hard luck, for he had failed to make his camel appreciate the situation. Then came a string of donkey boys and children, yelling and screaming in their excitement. Belle's camel had raised his long neck, and as he neared the end of the road his eyes gleamed like fire. He was determined to outrun the others. Tot yelled "Hi! Hi!" like a Comanche Indian, and as Bess' hair had also fallen loose, she too resembled a member of that tribe.

"Keep your old camel away from mine!" Bess shouted.

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"He's crowding mine, I tell you! That's not fair, Belle Byson."

"I can't help it," screamed Belle, who was hanging on to the saddle with a firm grip, as the swaying animal forged along.

"Go it, you wretch!" shouted Tot, who still maintained the lead. Captain Maitland was fifty paces behind, without hope of making a spurt, but was intent upon watching the race. Jones had run ahead of the balance of the camels but was soon overtaken by the rabble which followed behind. Seeing Jones, and supposing he was in the race, Grover Cleveland, Jones' donkey, was prodded by a pointed stick in the hands of a donkey boy, and Grover, believing by that hint he too was to take a part in the race, simply scooted. Away he went like the wind.

"Hello! Hello! Stop! Stop! You miserable fool, stop running that way!" yelled Jones, but all to no purpose. Grover C. had lowered his long ears and struck out for the home stretch at a two-forty gait. Jones, not acquainted with the Egyptian language, soon discovered that "whoa" did not mean to stop, and he was being jumped furiously up and down in the saddle with several narrow escapes from a bad fall. He had decided to drop the reins and hold firmly to the donkey's mane. Grover Cleveland was the fleetest donkey up the Nile, and Mr. Jones was gaining steadily on Maitland, whom he passed with a whizz. As Jones passed Maitland he sang out, "Can't stop the confounded fool! He'll run forever!"

Jones had crouched down on the animal's head, and was kept very busy holding his position. Grover Cleveland was alive to the situation, but his rider was not. After many

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bumps, Mr. Jones decided that he was in a dilemma—a serious donkey dilemma. On, on, raced the fleet little donkey, scampering over the road at a break-neck pace, and passing Belle and Bess.

“Hurrah!” they shouted. “Where did you come from? You mean thing for passing us!” But Jones was busy and did not answer them. At this moment his donkey shied as he passed Tot’s fleeting camel. Not prepared for this sudden jerk, Mr. Jones fell, sprawling on the road. Relieved of his burden, Grover flew like the wind, beating Tot, who still kept ahead in the race, making straight for his stable in Luxor.

Mr. Jones was completely demoralized. He was dust from head to foot; his hat was crushed and his coat split down the back.

“Well, you’ve won, anyway,” shouted Maitland.

“Won he hanged,” said Jones. “I think I will buy that donkey and then shoot him. Say, Maitland, what is the word for ‘whoa’ in this idiotic language? I yelled ‘stop,’ ‘hold on’ ‘whoa,’ and everything else, but the fool donkey kept on running. He didn’t understand a thing.”

“Good exercise,” said Maitland.

“Yes, good exercise,” said Jones, trying to pin the two sides of his coat together, while he laughed with Maitland. “There is nothing the matter with the exercise. I feel better after all. I have been out of sorts all day.”

“One thing I want to see before we leave is the name of Gen. C. G. Gordon on the register at the consul’s. Poor fellow,” continued Maitland: “it was written shortly before he was killed at Kartoum. One of the bravest men in the service. He was a great organizer and tactician. He suc-

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cumbed because the relief promised him failed to arrive. Many condemned Gladstone for it. A brave fellow like Gordon would be sure to come to trouble in such a country."

One evening Maitland and Jones had sauntered down beside the steamboat landing. Dim lights shone from the small windows of the native huts, the air was balmy and a warm breeze wafted down the river. A small dock, used as a landing for the mail steamers, was crowded with a jabbering lot of donkey boys, porters and natives, many of whom expected passengers to arrive, and quite a large percentage was made up of young men and women whom idle curiosity caused to collect upon the arrival of a steamer or dahabeah. *Rameses the Great*, one of the leading Nile steamboats, was expected and all eyes were strained down the river as the lights approached nearer and nearer.

Maitland and Jones had seated themselves upon a large box at the shore end of the dock. They were planning their trip for the following morning. As *Rameses the Great* steamed up to the dock quite a number of tourists disembarked, but Jones paid little attention to them as he did not expect to meet any acquaintances.

Jones suddenly jumped to his feet, and slapping Maitland on the shoulder, exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Maitland, it's Biggs and wife! Thank goodness, we are traveling in our own boat! Biggs is a terrible nuisance from Boston." Maitland laughed heartily, for he knew Mr. Biggs by reputation. "I will take care of him," he said.

Truly enough, gaily bedecked in a white flannel suit and wearing a cork helmet which seemed to overwhelm him came the inquisitive Mr. Biggs they had met on the Atlan-



MRS. BIGGS CALLED THE NILE AN "OLD MUD-PUDDLE"

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tic, loaded with packages and handboxes, for he had acquired an intense aversion to porters, baggage men, donkey boys and others, acting as his own porter and dragoman.

"Dash ahead, Corny, and secure a good room. Rush ahead, I tell you! Scoot! Do you hear?"

Peering through the crowd Jones recognized the impressive Mrs. Biggs. That lady disliked the Nile. "Well," she shouted, in her shrill voice. "I'm glad to get off that old tub. This thing," she mumbled, "of riding in that kind of boat over a long mud puddle for a week ain't my idea of comfort. Historic Nile be hanged! It's a fraud!"

"Oh!" said Jones. "I hope they won't come to the Luxor, but you may be sure they will, for little Biggs is headed in that direction. The Egyptologist is his friend, that is one comfort. He will entertain him." Jones raised his hat as Mrs. Biggs passed, but that lady had been importuned by so many strangers that she never cast a glance at him. She kept on talking in loud tones to herself and the audience collectively.

"I have it," said Maitland. "Let us give the hotel man a tip to send them to the other hotel. It is too late. I'll warrant he has written the Egyptologist to expect him, and old Jennings has secured a room for them."

Biggs and wife registered.

"Break it gently to the family," remarked Jones.

Maitland had heard Mr. Biggs discussed so much that he had become interested in him, and after dinner met him and drew him into conversation, while Jones stood in the background wearing a broad smile.

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"Like it up here?" asked Biggs. Maitland nodded.

"Where did you come from?"

"How long have you been up the river?"

"English or American?"

"Like dogs?"

"Hot place, ain't it? They are all pests—men, children, dogs, fleas, flies and beggars, all of 'em, don't you think? Never was so hounded in all my life. Backsheesh! Backsheesh! Backsheesh!" said Biggs, screwing up his mouth in disgust. "Glad to meet an old friend up here—Jennings, a college professor. Are you married? Got your wife with you? I wish——"

Maitland had not time to answer the first question when Jones laughed out and Biggs, looking nervously about, spied his former fellow passenger.

"Hello!" said Biggs. "Traveling ever since? Had any accidents? Sick? Robbed? Disgusted? Still alive?"

Jones replied good naturedly, "Beautiful time!"

"Call this fun?" asked Biggs, turning to Maitland.

"Well," replied the latter lazily. "Not so bad!"

"Terrible nuisance," added Biggs, "to have these tramps and beggars after you all the time, morning till night."

"Get used to it," said Maitland.

"How does the madam enjoy it?" interrupted Jones. Biggs scratched his chin, stroked his scraggly whiskers and looked up with his little, bead-like eyes, but only deigned to answer by a solemn shake of his head which indicated doubtfulness.

"What Americans can find up here to interest them I'd like to know," continued Biggs. "I always thought I would

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like Egypt, but with a family—I mean, with your wife—it's tough, tough."

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Jones.

"Skipped Spain, went to Paris, did my shopping, sailed back to Boston and made arrangements this year to take a pleasure trip." Biggs repeated, "P-l-e-a-s-u-r-e trip," hissing through his teeth. "Meanest time ever had in my life. Mrs. Biggs is boiling mad most of the time," lowering his voice. "Fleas pursue her, flies annoy her, donkey boys nag her, and those backsheesh nuisances worry her into a lovely temper all day. Oh, I'd like to go home. Boston for me!"

"Nonsense!" said Maitland. "We intend to have a donkey race in the morning before our dahabeah sails, and now invite you to take part in it."

"Donkey race indeed!" said Biggs. "Too slow for me. I ride a horse at home. I like to canter! Gallop! Go!"

Jones, who had taken his seat beside Maitland, nudged him not to give away the running qualities of Mr. Grover Cleveland. Biggs, however, glad to be invited to anything that would separate him from the ever watchful care of Mrs. Biggs, accepted the kind invitation.

The ladies did not take kindly to the proposition, fearing that Mr. Biggs might be killed; but Jones assured them Biggs was probably a good rider, as nearly all Bostonians are.

Mrs. Biggs entertained the girls with reminiscences of her stay in Alexandria and Cairo as they all walked out in the morning to the famous roadway. The donkey boys, suspecting there was another race, surrounded Maitland, who appeared to be master of ceremonies. The girls de-

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clined to take part as they were all packed up and ready for a further trip up the Nile. The race was to be between Maitland and Biggs. Biggs did not like Grover because Mr. Biggs was a Republican, but Mr. Jones argued that Grover was the swiftest footed donkey of the lot.



"GROVER CLEVELAND HE NICE DONKEY"

Maitland mounted "The Grand Old Man," who was not so slow, either.

"Now then," said Jones ironically to Biggs, "when you want him to stop, say 'whoa there!' and he will come to a dead stop in a minute."

It was a mile heat, and away they went, followed by a score of boys who raised as much dust as the donkeys.

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Biggs was light, and Grover had no difficulty in tossing him off after they had run a few seconds. Biggs was not accustomed to the jolting gait of the donkey. Biggs fell in the dust, and the troupe of donkey boys laughed and jeered. This made him mad. Calling on Maitland to stop, he said, shaking his little thin fist, "I say, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a hundred dollars I can beat you in a mile."

"Good boy!" shouted Jones, dusting Mr. Biggs' coat.

"I'll take you," said Maitland, "but I will ask as a favor to be permitted to run myself against your donkey."

"Don't do it," said the boy in charge of Gladstone. "Grover can beat any runner in Luxor. A mile's a long run."

"You are out of trim," whispered Jones, "and he will beat you."

"Never mind that," said Maitland. "I want a little exercise."

The ladies were waiting at the home stretch. Maitland, taking off his coat, started to run a few steps to stretch himself.

"Are you ready?" shouted Biggs.

"All ready!" replied Maitland. "Let go!"

Grover, not seeing any other donkey in the race, suspected something and commenced to shamble from side to side. Maitland spurred ahead.

"Fool! Idiot! Go!" cried Biggs, whipping the donkey, but Grover came to a dead stop and refused to budge. Maitland stopped and returned. Biggs was full of fight. He called for another donkey, a la Richard III. The "Grand Old Man" took Grover's place and the race was



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renewed. After a few hundred feet Biggs saw it was impossible to overtake Maitland's tremendous pace, and pulled his donkey about, yelling at the top of his voice, "Give me any kind of an American horse, and I'll beat you to death! This stupid fool's no good." Maitland afterwards declined to accept the stakes.

Mrs. Biggs, having heard that Mr. Biggs had entered a race, said, "You silly little idiot, do you think that scorched-up donkey could run away from an athlete like that man? You'd better give up trying to be a sport and join the church," to which Mr. Biggs merely answered with a sarcastic smile.

"After all," said Maitland, "I have a better opinion of him. Merely to think he had the nerve to make a bet shows his inclination, anyway."

"If he'd won," said Jones, "I suppose he would have been the proudest American up the Nile."

Mrs. Stubbs regretted having met the Biggs' again. She feared it might destroy their recollection of historic Egypt.

The sun had gone down, its rays tinting the river a beautiful red. Jones and Maitland were taking their accustomed after dinner stroll. They were surprised to hear issuing from a small house, near the Nile bank, the strains of a familiar hymn—"Sweet Hour of Prayer." At the door sat a middle aged man, who explained to the visitors that he and his wife were American missionaries, and his wife was at that time engaged in teaching some of the children in charge to sing. Jones, becoming interested, took a proffered seat with Maitland, and heard the history of the mission. It appeared that an organ factory in Michigan had, by some mistake, shipped two cabinet organs

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to them and they were in a quandary to know what to do with the extra one.

"We can use one all right," said the gentle lady after dismissing her class, "but no one up here will buy an organ, and it would probably cost more than the original price of the instrument to ship it back." Jones thought a minute—"What do they cost?"

"Eighty dollars is the list price, but these were a gift from the manufacturers."

"No doubt they wanted to introduce their organs up the Nile," said Jones.

"I suppose other missions above here are supplied?" inquired Maitland.

"I think likely they are," said the missionary, "because one of the first things they give us, when we succeed, is an organ. The young Arabs and Egyptians like singing our hymns very much."

"I will buy one," said Jones, looking the instrument over, "and then you can use the money for some other purpose."

"Indeed we can," said the delighted lady, "and we will write to the donors explaining the situation. As long as it stays in Egypt I am sure it will be all right."

"I will promise you that when we return to Cairo, I will send it to the Mission there, gratis." Jones arranged to pay the amount on the following morning, had the organ boxed and sent on board the Sakkarah.



CHAPTER XIII

NUBIA AND DOWN THE RIVER

The Sakkarah, well supplied with fresh vegetables and a favorable breeze, headed up the river, her huge sails spreading like a mighty bird. They were speeding away for Wady-Halfah.

"What is this big square box doing on deck?" was the first question Tot asked after the boat was well under way, and when the sailors unpacked the musical instrument, there was great joy.

"Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones!! Mr. Jones!!! What next?"

The Egyptian captain appeared morose and dubious when he heard Belle play an operatic selection. He made a wry face and moved about from one side of the boat to the other. The sailors fell on their faces and repeated, "Allah! Allah! Allah! Make alligator scare!" "Make dogs howl!" they remarked, as they looked with misgivings at the mud huts along the shore. "Make trouble," said the captain of the Sakkarah. Jones assured them that the instrument would bring good luck.

The musical department was now complete. Belle had a selection of all kinds of music with her, ranging from Italian opera to ragtime. The violin and banjo and guitar tuned up, accompanied the cabinet organ and added zest to the occasion. Jones had picked out the chords on the guitar

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and was becoming a musician. One starry evening it was decided to give a grand concert on the deck of the Sakkarah. Stranded on the gravelly ledge nearby were several freight dahabeahs, manned not by Egyptians but Italians. They were carrying products from some of the large farms up the Nile down to market.



UP THE NILE

“We will have an appreciative audience,” said Maitland, “for they love music.”

Mrs. Stubbs astonished everybody by producing from her cabin a large accordeon. After the merriment caused by the appearance of the new instrument ceased, it was discovered that the bass notes of the accordeon fitted in well

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with the organ and other instruments. When Mrs. Stubbs, with compressed lips and defiant air, sat up straight in her arm chair and played to perfection, Mrs. Byson's usually quiet demeanor suddenly disappeared and she temporarily became a boisterous and happy girl. Then Mrs. Stubbs as a soloist, accordeon circling in the air, around and above her head, played one of the liveliest jigs imaginable, to which Mrs. Byson, in her glee, tried to dance, but found it impossible to hold out for any length of time as Mrs. Stubbs played too furiously. The girls were so amazed at the procedure they were speechless.

"One cannot tell," said Jones, "how much talent there really is in a party of this kind until occasion develops it."

"The more the better," said Maitland. "I haven't laughed so much since Jones bought the curios at Luxor."

The sailors' theories proved correct, for every dog within two miles set up an unearthly howl when Belle played the organ, but they did not seem to mind the other instruments. Mr. Jones remarked, "The music together with the howl of the dogs is preferable to being pestered by the natives."

Belle soon picked up some of the weird chants of the sailors, and played them on the organ, thus overcoming their prejudices, and the music became a feature of the long evenings.

"The first stop after leaving Luxor going South up the river," announced Maitland, "is Esna."

"The temple is only a few minutes walk," replied Mrs. Stubbs. "Oh, if we could get there without those donkey boys!"

"At Edfu, where we stop for the night," explained the

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dragoman, "the ruins are under the control of a government officer and the beggars are not allowed to annoy travelers, but after that!" and the guide opened his eyes



THE UPPER NILE

and looked at the black whip hanging to one of the guy ropes—"Must crack whip!"

"Assuan, our next, will be a two days' stop," said Jones, "for it is quite an interesting city. The big dam is there and we must see it thoroughly."

On sped the Sakkarah. Occasionally a fresh breeze

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would send her along at a speed not to be despised until Assuan came in view. One of the girls remarked, "Talk about being towed by a tug! We passed two this morning and are gaining on them still."

After their ride to the granite quarries, Maitland led the way to some small boats, which took them over to the Island of Philae.

"Truly a most enchanting place," exclaimed Mrs. Byson.

"Lunch!" sang out the girls. "Time to eat! We are dreadfully hungry. Mr. Jones woke us out of a sound sleep this morning to see something, and we forgot most of our breakfast.

The cook of the Sakkarah had provided a banquet in a basket, to which all sat down eagerly among the ancient pillars. After exploring the island they visited the marvelous Assuan Dam, constructed for storing the waters for irrigation in the dry season.

"One of the great projects of this century," exclaimed Maitland enthusiastically.

"What do you say," said Jones, "if we leave the Sakkarah here and ride up the river to Khartoum?"

"Thanks to your old friend, Cook," said Maitland, "we can go from here on a regular steamer to Wady-Halfah and thus save a lot of time. Then we can take the Sudan Military Railway to Khartoum, only 560 miles."

"I like the idea," said Tot, "because when we go back to America, some one will be sure to ask 'How far did you go up the Nile?' and I want to be able to say 'The whole thing.'"

"The journey, this circular says, can be made from Wady-Halfah to Khartoum in a 'train de luxe.' What do

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you think of that?" said Jones. "One thousand miles into Africa and riding on a first class train."

"Electric lights and electric fans on the cars, too," said Belle.

"Dining cars!!!" exclaimed Tot and Bess together. "Dinner is now served in the dining car!!! Two cars ahead!"

"Abu Hamid is the fourth cataract. We will pass that point, think of that!" said Tot.

"Not only the second, but the third, fourth, fifth and sixth. We hear much about the first and second. Sixth cataract," said Bess, "why yes, Khartoum is above the sixth. Here, look at the map."

"It's a go!" said Mrs. Stubbs, raising her skirts, and marching through the sand back to the hotel.

Tickets were secured and arrangements made to have the Sakkarah tie up and await their return to Assuan.

"Prince Abbas is a fine boat," said Jones, "and we are once more under the care of Cook. Thank Heaven! Cook's the chap for us!"

On the river, the scenery now became more varied and thousands of palm trees grew and flourished in the fertile soil, while in many places bright green grass, a relief from the never ending sand, sloped like beautiful garden lawns to the water edge.

They had now reached Amana. The view from the roof of the temple here, looking towards Koroski, is one of the prettiest on the Nile. The belt of palms on the right bank, backed by a picturesque ridge of black hills with the river separating them from the golden sands of the left bank, forms a unique and charming landscape, and the sunsets

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have much to do with this beauty. The next place is Derr.

"I don't like those crocodiles on the bank," remarked Mrs. Stubbs as they passed Derr.

"They are as harmless as kittens," said Mr. Jones, bravely, who would not have gone near one for a deed of Africa.



DERR

The girls were busily engaged on the deck securing photographs of the lazy creatures sunning themselves on the sand. Arriving at the Temple of Abu Simbel, the Abbas lay by for a day. Mrs. Stubbs was determined to see everything. The marvel of all Egyptian colossi are the four gigantic statues representing Rameses II. They are

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seated on thrones attached to the rock, and the faces have a beauty of expression not thought possible in such immense figures. The total height is sixty-six feet without the pedestals.

Mrs. Stubbs was fascinated and together with Mrs. Byson read all the books relating to the famous stone images at their command, but Jones, Maitland, the girls and other passengers interested themselves in toilsome climbing through the sand to the top of the cliffs for the gorgeous views, especially at sunset.

"Hurrah for Wady-Halfah!" exclaimed the girls, as they sighted a large village, surrounded by a belt of palms. Wady-Halfah has a poetic sound, but nothing appeared to interest the travelers except the "train de luxe."

The arrival of the steamer was the event of the day and when the Prince Abbas arrived at Wady-Halfah all the inhabitants as well as the animals appeared to welcome the boat.

The girls had talked all morning about alligators, rhinoceroses, hippopotami and other dreaded inhabitants of the Upper Nile, but the Captain of the Prince Abbas assured them that he had never encountered anything worse than the lazy alligators at Derr, and the commerce of the river as far up as Khartoum had long since caused the larger and fiercer animals to seek the tributaries of the river away above in the Uganda region.

"Oh," said Tot, "wouldn't I like to see a real wild rhinoceros!" but Jones quieted her ambitions by assuring her that Khartoum was by all odds far enough away from straight civilization and that would be the limit of their trip.

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"I understand," said the Captain, "that a party has been up the river, securing animals for exhibition and on your way down you may meet the boat or raft containing them. They have left here by this time."

It was not quite as cool as promised on the Sudan Railway, but remarkably comfortable, all things considered. The musical instruments were left behind on the Sakkarah, but the girls had organized a quartette—which might have been worse. Jones' bass was a trifle too high to chord at all times, but Maitland made him practice his lower register until he became a veritable basso profundo.

The trip by rail was a pleasant change and all were delighted when the train pulled into Halfaya, the terminus of the railway, and by the trip by boat to famous Khartoum, and especially when safely lodged in the Grand Hotel, one of the most complete up the river.

Khartoum is noted throughout England and America as the place where General Gordon was killed. A Gordon Memorial College marks the spot where the courageous General fell. The town extends three and a half miles along the bank of the river and is famous for its trade in gum, ivory, and ostrich feathers. Houses of brick and stone surrounded by gardens and lawns have sprung up since the war, and promenades and drives are in keeping with other improvements of this unique city in a far away country, only recently the home of the Khalifs.

"What!" said Bess, on coming out of the hotel. "What do you say to this?"

"The Military Band will play in the Zoological Gardens tomorrow, Sunday. And we will all be there," said Mr. Jones.

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Maitland inquired in vain for acquaintances. None of his former comrades were in Khartoum.

The day following their arrival was delightful. After visiting about all morning and enjoying a long rest at noon, the happy family was ready to hear the music of the military band.

"These military bands are trained to perfection," explained Maitland. "If any criticism can be made, it is that their playing seems automatic."

"The Germans, if you fill them full of lager beer," said Jones, "sometimes become enthusiastic over their music."

"Not so with our military bands," said Maitland. "But occasionally when on the way to a skirmish, or arriving home, they play with more vim."

The programme of the day was as follows:

March	Tannhauser
Largo	Handel
La Rein de Saba.....	Gounod
Serenade	Schubert

With a selection or two from Beethoven and Chopin and ending with a medley or popular airs of ragtime tendencies, such as "The Georgia Camp Meeting," and, for a finale, England's National Anthem, to which Tot and Bess sang "My Country 'tis of Thee," to the infinite amusement of several young girls and soldiers who were within hearing of their voices. All enjoyed the music heartily.

"Familiar tunes heard in a far-away land," said Mrs. Stubbs, "always seem to fill one's soul with greater harmony."

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"A brass band for me," said Tot; and Bess replied, "There are times when a first-class band hits the right spot."

Two officers, who had seen service in the Uganda, made the return trip on the steamer from Wady-Halfah to Assuan, and regaled the girls with marvelous stories of hunting, telling of alligators that ate natives as monkeys demolish peanuts, and Tot and Bess, by manifesting an intense interest, no doubt encouraged the officers to economize slightly in the veracity of their yarns.

Upon their return to Assuan, they found the Captain and the crew of the Sakkarah anxiously awaiting them and apparently delighted to see them.

Mr. Jones stated after breakfast, "We have seen all the points of interest along the Nile, and the pilot says the wind is right. What do you say to a swift sail back to Cairo, stopping only for supplies?" All agreed, and Bess and Tot struck up "Down the Ohio."

"The river is up and flashing like gold,
By the ray of the morning sun;
And old Aunt Dinah's down in the hold,
Getting the hoe-cake done."

"We will make a record trip," answered Tot, who had just bought a darabuka (drum) and several tambourines for the crew. "We are going to have more native music on our way back, she continued, thumping a tambourine. Mr. Jones looked dubious. "That will make us howl," he said, "instead of the dogs."



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It was the time of year when a steady wind blew along the river and the Sakkarah, aided by the increasing current, made daily runs of as high as a hundred miles. She flew past the freight barges and small craft heavily laden. The girls saluted the occupants by singing and waving flags, and the good-natured boatmen were always ready to respond.

"This is more like yachting in Long Island Sound," said Jones. "We are making great time."

The sailors watched carefully the directions of the wind. The pilot informed the girls that many accidents had occurred on the river through carelessness. "These flat-bottomed boats without much keel will turn over very suddenly." Just as he spoke a strong puff of wind struck the sail. The sailors let go the sheet and the danger was over.

"We have to look out all the time," said the pilot. "Especially when passing the mountains."

Bess and Tot were not to be disappointed, for on their way down the river they passed a rhinoceros on a raft fenced about and guarded by numerous natives. The animal appeared to be eating its dinner and paying little attention to its environment.

The sailors noticed a hippopotamus on a raft they had passed in the night just before they had anchored, being no doubt the animals the Captain of the Prince Abbas said they would pass on their trip down the Nile.

The first thing Mrs. Stubbs did after returning to Cairo was to ascertain whether her scarabeus bought at Luxor was genuine or not. Accompanied by Mr. Jones they visited

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the Gizeh Museum, where she found that it was indeed a veritable antique and a rare one. The old dealer Mohammed at Luxor had purloined it probably from the collector for the British Museum.

"No doubt he had as much right to it as the museum," said Jones. "And perhaps my basket of stuff was genuine too." "No," replied the dragoman with a serious face and shaking his head. "All yours, made in Cairo. No good. Never any good! Humbug!"

They had secured rooms at Shepherd's. Mr. Jones remarked next day to Mrs. Stubbs, "I tell you it's that man Biggs again. He has been here twice to see us. He is stopping at another hotel, but has noticed our arrival at Cairo."

"Are we to be annoyed by that terrible little nuisance everywhere we go?" asked Mrs. Stubbs.

"Why, Maitland says it's worth the price of the best seats at a comic opera to hear him talk to his wife; she is nearly out of her senses with Biggs and his purchases," said Jones. "He bought a wooden mummy at Assuan and is going to take it home to Boston, and he has a whole trunk full of the kind of rubbish I bought at Luxor. Speak of the—here he comes." Mrs. Stubbs retired. Maitland had gone shopping with Mrs. Byson and the girls.

Biggs grasped Jones' proffered hand as if he had been a long lost brother. "Got here! Hot time! What do you think of the place anyway? Going home soon? Tough town, ain't it?" Jones replied that he had enjoyed the trip. "I have often congratulated you when thinking what a nice party you have with you," remarked Biggs. "Really,"



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exclaimed Jones. Biggs took a seat and removed his cork hat. "Fool of a looking thing, ain't it?" he said, lifting the hat before Jones' eyes. "Rather," said Jones. I say," said Biggs, in his old familiar way; "do you know that woman (meaning Mrs. Biggs) has scolded everybody up the Nile? She has badgered me for buying a few curios; she says they are bogus, but what's the odds; I've got certificates on everything and my friends in Boston won't know the difference. I tell you if we do get fooled here, we can fool the bunch at home just as well." And his little beadlike eyes twinkled merrily.

"Now the scarabs are probably snide," taking a handful out of the pockets of his linen duster. "I got them cheap—a dollar a dozen—and here are the certificates."

"Why," said Jones, "the certificates are from the Egyptologist; surely he would not do that."

"Oh, no," said Biggs, running his fingers through his scraggly whiskers. "He wrote the certificates for some real ones that cost ten pounds each, which I returned."

"Little insignificant fraud," said Jones to himself. "What next!" "The fun of it is," said Biggs in a whisper, "Mrs. Biggs believes these are genuine and won't let me carry them anywhere but in my pocket for fear I'd lose them."

Mr. Biggs enumerated all the curious things he had bought. A mummy cat. "What!" said Jones. "A mummied cat? Same one I bought." "I have it in a separate box. Don't smell nice." "I should say not," said Jones. "I bought that cat and gave it back; it died less than four months ago. It is merely sun dried." "It doesn't make

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any difference," said Biggs, smiling with his wry mouth. "It will fool old Thompson in our block at home. He will read the fixed-up certificate from the Egyptologist that this cat was one of Cleopatra's pets and when found it had a medal to that effect tied on its neck, and you bet he will give two hundred dollars for it at least!"

"The mercenary little imp," thought Jones.

Biggs had boxes full of all sorts of trash, bogus papyrus writings said to be early copies of the Scriptures translated by the Egyptologist, to which were attached various certificates of genuineness. Numerous figures and statuettes of Egyptian gods, and rings, brooches, chains, and ancient gold coins, all of which Mr. Jones concluded Mr. Biggs would turn into good American money upon his return to Boston.

When Maitland returned and joined them on the veranda, Jones desired to impress Maitland with the wonderful purchases of Biggs. "Here are the certificates," said the latter gentleman, evidently practicing his deception on the Captain. Maitland looked quizzingly at Jones and then at Biggs. "Should the explorers now here, acting for the British Museum, discover these things," said Maitland, picking up a large, green, bogus scarab from the collection, "they will certainly take them away from you."

"I know," said Biggs gravely; "we leave for Alexandria tomorrow."

When Jones informed Maitland of the little man's scheme, they laughed heartily. "Not such an infernal fool after all," said Jones. The last seen of Biggs, he was



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looking for the Alexandria train, loaded with numerous bundles and packages and followed by Mrs. Biggs and an escort of beggars, porters and donkey boys.

“Thank heaven!” exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs, coming forward; “we will not leave here until we know that they have sailed far away! Very far away!!”

CHAPTER XIV

GREECE

When about to leave Alexandria for Athens on the Tewfik Rabbani, a Turkish steamer, an altercation took place. Mrs. Stubbs was belligerent and would not be pacified. The clerk had assigned her to a stateroom with four Persian women.

"No telling what they might do," she said; "and no telling how they may look, their faces hidden from view. No, I will stay right here."

Jones sought the Captain, who spoke English slightly. A deck cabin was secured for the ladies and Mrs. Stubbs became peaceful. Tot preferred to join the Persian ladies, but upon second thought changed her mind. "They smoke cigarettes," said Bess; "and play a game with peculiar cards; I saw them."

Ancient Athens, a mere memory of past glory and splendor! "Why," asked Jones, "did this once grand section of the Old World go to rack and ruin? It makes us ask, will our great cities with their noble public institutions, twenty-story steel buildings, electrical devices and marvelous, modern improvements, all in time go down to nothing; remain hidden through inglorious centuries, and then by the turning of a spade be discovered!"

"Greece has passed through a long period of tribulation,"



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said Maitland, "caused by earthquakes, wars, financial panics and foreign domination, no doubt, but today she is enjoying independence, and the dawn of another age of civilization and enlightenment."

The hotel visited fronted the garden square overlooking the King's palace. During the absence of the royal family, it was customary to permit visitors, on invitation, to see the interior of the palace as well as the gardens.

"We must not all rush through the palace like a lot of tourists," said Mrs. Stubbs. It was therefore proposed by Jones that Belle and Maitland should visit the palace that morning while the others drove about Athens.

They were escorted through the palace. "It is a modest home for a king," said Maitland.

"But beautiful and home-like," replied Belle. "There is little attempt at display. A common sense family. Let us see their library."

On the shelves were many familiar books and on a little center table was one of Bret Harte's novels with a book mark, which signified it was being perused by royal eyes.

"Let us sit down here," said Maitland, "in these comfortable old-fashioned chairs, and fancy we are the king and queen of Greece."

"This visit," said Maitland, "would prove an adventure indeed should we meet the crown prince. I would be welcome, for I met him three years ago upon his yacht at Gibraltar. He is a fine young fellow, and as democratic as anyone could be. I would not be found here though by a member of the royal family for the palace itself."

"How embarrassing it would be," said Belle. "Why do they permit strangers to visit a palace?"



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"It is a custom as old as the hills. Nearly all the royal families of Europe not only permit the custom, but seem to enjoy having their palaces exhibited, especially to Americans."

"It may be to show us what beautiful things they have," said Belle. "How strange it is that nearly all Europe should be ruled by a few families. Here is the King of Greece a son of the King of Denmark."

"Nearly all the kings and queens of Europe are related to each other," continued Maitland, "and this fact, no doubt, helps to maintain peace between the nations."

"Yes," said Belle, "William of Germany is the grandson of Queen Victoria. That makes a close union between those two countries."

"The Danish royal family I consider the most remarkable and interesting in all Europe," continued Maitland. "Their history resembles a beautiful fairy story. In their early days the royal family was poor, and the princesses, now so famous, made their own dresses. When their parents went out riding, the entire family, six children, were all squeezed into the old family carriage. Then the successor to the Danish throne eked out his slender income by giving drawing lessons. A gypsy foretold the marvelous destinies of the princesses, promising one a double crown (remember this was almost a lifetime before the present King Edward was crowned), to another—rule over a large empire, and to another a queenly title without a kingdom."

"The gypsy's prophecies came true?" asked Belle.

"Yes, here is George, the son of the King of Denmark, now King of Greece. Thyra, a daughter, married the Duke of Cumberland, and King of Hanover; then Dagmar is

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Empress of Russia, and Alexandra married the Prince of Wales, now King of England, and she wears two crowns, as foretold by the gypsy, as Queen of England and Empress of India."



PARTHIENON

"Which one became queen without a kingdom?"

"Thyra," said Maitland. "Hanover was formerly an independent kingdom, but about 1866 became a province of Prussia."



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"What a wonderful prophecy," said Belle, deeply interested.

Jones had driven the ladies out to the Parthenon, whose columns, darkened by time, stand as majestically as they did centuries ago. The grand old edifice on the finest site in the world is hallowed by recollections that affect the human heart as no other ever has or will. An American writer says of the Parthenon: "Here is this sanctuaried city on a hill where all is old and nothing new, where life is but the life that is no more and whose memories are its invisible inhabitants; here choosing the time when the conditions of the mind favor such contemplation, man may recognize his own insignificance and rise to higher issues on the stepping stones of history."

Mrs. Byson said Athens conveyed to her mind overwhelming ideas of the regal magnificence of ancient Athens and proved the wonderful attainments in architecture, sculpture, and general knowledge possessed by the Greeks of over two thousand years ago.

"And strange," added Mr. Jones, "seems the dwindling away of that superior wisdom and genius."

The girls preferred the theatre of Dionysius, which contained seats for thirty thousand people and where gladiators fought. "Wait till we get to Rome for that," said Jones. "The Coliseum will give a better idea of gladiators than this."

Happy in each other's presence, it was a long time before the carriages containing Mr. Jones and the ladies came rattling up to the hotel steps, where Maitland and Belle were waiting.

"By the way," Maitland said, "I met the British consul

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yesterday, and he has secured an invitation for us all to attend a reception to be given by the Queen tomorrow afternoon, the day of the return of the royal family. I would be honored should you permit me to escort you, and no doubt the others would be pleased to go. I do not believe," he added, "there will be very much formality. The military men and their wives and the foreign legations will attend. Here they come!" Jones and the others were sighted down the street.

Belle's heart leaped with joy. "Think of it," she said, "to be received by the Queen of Greece." As Jones arrived he said, "You appear to have enjoyed your visit to the palace."

Belle replied, "Positively charming."

Belle was so happy that night it was long before her eyes closed in sleep, and in her prayers, for the first time, she added to her list of those for God to bless, Maitland.

The day came. Mrs. Stubbs was too tired from sight-seeing to attend, and Mrs. Byson was in mourning. Belle must go, while Bess and Tot, almost heartbroken, were requested to remain at the hotel.

Jones said "No!"

"Please," Maitland said. "Jones will take the girls." Consent was finally given, and the British consul, a young widower and a friend of Maitland's, joined them.

As Tot held the arm of the British consul and was about to pass up the steps of the palace, she caught sight of one of the body guards of the queen, a soldier in a ballet costume. This so astonished that mirthful young woman that she had some difficulty in restraining her laughter. The British consul explained to her that the costume was



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thoroughly Greek and that it was worn in honor of an ancient custom.

"The handsomest couple I ever saw," said he to Tot, "Captain Maitland and your sister. What a charming woman she is!"

Belle was beautifully dressed and the ladies of the court, as well as those at the reception, whispered numerous compliments, and the dark eyes of the Greek women seldom left the young American. Queen Olga was sweet and gracious when the Americans were introduced, and Lord Maitland, Mr. Jones and the British consul with the young ladies, were cordially welcomed at the palace.

Next morning as Captain Maitland and Jones sat in the foyer of the hotel, a well dressed man stepped up to Maitland and addressed him.

"Are you Captain Maitland, sir?" asked the man.

"I am," said Maitland.

"I would like to talk to you privately, sir."

"Say what you have to say," said Maitland, coloring slightly and looking towards Mr. Jones. "This gentleman is a friend."

"I have a communication, sir," said the man, who proved to be a member of the secret service of Great Britain. "It is from the Secretary of War." Maitland accepted a document bearing a great seal and the Arms of England, and opened it. Jones stood back a few paces. Maitland perused the communication carefully. The secret service agent remained standing.

"I will thank you, sir, to receipt for this and then my duty ends." Maitland signed the receipt and then the man departed.

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"Anything important?" asked Jones, who was deeply interested.

Maitland bit his lips. "Rather a perplexing predicament, this," he answered. "Means that I must go to South Africa.

"South Africa?" said Jones. "We are on our way to Italy."

"It is a call," said Maitland, "not a demand. It is a request that I go and fight for my country. A demand I might refuse; a call for one's country cannot be ignored. Colonel Broad has worked this around. He has been out with me ever since I resigned from his regiment. The duchess and Broad, who are old friends, have gotten their heads together. They have communicated with the Secretary of War, and I cannot honorably decline to accept."

"It is a trick," said Jones vehemently. "I would decline. Let us write to the Secretary of War. There is a way out of everything. That Boer war—well, what do you really think of the Boer war?"

"As a private citizen of England I have always been opposed to it," said Maitland. "The whole affair is a mistake. This call, if intended, is Lord Kirchnor's determination to end the fight. But what can I do? It is a call to protect, to defend one's country, and we English must respond. It matters not what intrigues were adopted to bring this about."

"I do not understand your aunt, the duchess," said Jones. "If you will pardon me, her letter begging you to resign from the regiment was written while the Boer war was in progress."

"True," said Maitland, "but she expected I would return

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to England and help her manage the estate. The dear old lady is in a tantrum. Broad has put the worst phase of my meeting with the Bysons and you all, and has, no doubt, made out that they are a common, ignorant lot. 'Slangy Americans,' as the old chap usually termed all Americans, whether refined or not. You remember he absented himself from the dinner in Gibraltar."

"He is an old brute. She has been prejudiced, fearfully prejudiced, against these people."

"I know it. Then Day, the civil engineer, whom we met at Asyut, is also in the secret service and he has written a letter. But Gay said so many complimentary things about the family."

"The more complimentary things he said," interrupted Jones, "the worse it would be. For him to say Miss Byson was a beautiful and accomplished young lady would, of course, stir up the duchess and make her accede to any demand that Broad might make to get you home. The duchess is afraid you will marry an American. Let us go to England. Do not decide at present. Go home to the duchess and explain all. Study up the situation, then decide."

Maitland thought a long minute, then said, "Your are always right. I will do as you suggest."

As Bess and Tot were making their last purchase at Athens they noticed a novel method of making change. They handed the merchant ten drachmas in the form of a bill. They had bought five drachmas' worth. The merchant handed out the goods, and then tearing the bill in two parts, handed them back one half, this being the custom of making change in Greece.

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Jones had been greatly worried over Maitland, and experienced relief when in the old-fashioned coach of the Peleponnesus railway they were leaving Athens far behind. The railroad ran in an easterly direction along the north side of the Gulf of Aegina, across which is the fabled golden shore.

"It requires no stretch of the imagination," said Jones to Bess and Tot, "to picture the gods of old as its inhabitants. The serene grove of trees, washed by the rippling waves of the bay, shaded by the cloud-capped mountains, that seem set in the background to protect it, is just the spot for gods to play in. See Tot, there is Hercules showing his muscle by heaving rocks into the clear water. And there, Bess, under the cypress trees Bacchus has passed Venus a sherry cobbler, which she is sipping through a straw, while on the green lawn over there sits Apollo playing a lively air, to which the nine Muses led by Terpsichore are dancing a two-step. Then you can imagine Cupid is firing his arrow at those Greek girls in the garden who have ventured too near. Do you see that big black cloud? Jupiter is resting on that cloud. He is angry because he was not invited to the dance."

"Yes, the two-step," said Bess.

"He shakes his head; the rain falls and the picnic is broken up."

"Good!" said Tot. "Give us some more. That's not at all bad."

After passing the great ship canal at Corinth, which is modern and saves ships bound for the north end of the Aegean sea, or the Sea of Marmora, a trip of over four hundred miles, Patras is reached. A ship is ready; then,



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after touching at the beautiful Island of Corfu, they come in sight of Brindisi, Italy.

Maitland and Jones had conferred respecting the tactics they should adopt to get to London without any apparent haste, when the duchess should be consulted.

Jones used strategy. "It is now spring; we have traveled a long way; Paris will be lovely in May; Maitland has important business in London, and so have I. I must cable to New York for three days at least, to ascertain how my business is." Jones also had posted Tot that when he got to London or Paris he would make her some pocket money in wheat. Tot had not forgotten that promise by any means. Belle was anxious to see Paris, so with this aid Jones proved a winner. Mrs. Stubbs wanted a month's rest; Mrs. Byson was indifferent as to where they went. She was enjoying the trip, and would go anywhere. It was therefore decided to stop at Venice, Florence and Milan, and then visit Paris, where the ladies could find comfortable quarters while Maitland and Jones proceeded to London.

It was a great change from the bright, glaring, sun-dazzled streets of Athens to the sober gray town of old Bologna, Italy.

"We will do nothing here, if you please," said Mrs. Stubbs, "but sleep and drive about. This journeying on the Adriatic Railway may be very interesting, but it is dreadfully severe."

CHAPTER XV

VENICE

The Torre Asinelli, a tower in Bologna, built in 1109, is 321 feet high and 22 feet square at the base, and was the chief attraction of the place. "This demonstrates," said Jones, "that a building could be erected thirty stories high upon one of our twenty-five-foot lots. Have an elevator in the rear and a series of offices running up in front, allowing ten feet in the clear for each story."

These towers were the fads of a certain day. Every family of importance had one. At the same time they also took to building leaning towers. These leaning towers were erected upon plumb foundations, but were carried up as far as safety would permit in a leaning attitude. It is said there were one hundred and eighty towers at one time in Italy, and many of them were leaning towers.

"The statement that the tower of Pisa has dropped to one side is nonsense. The Pisa tower was built that way," said Maitland. "I know it now."

Beautiful Venice, City of Gondolas! Poets have rhapsodized over this romantic old spot; but it was raining and raining hard, when two dozen noisy gondoliers struggled together, begging the late arrivals at the depot to take their particular boats and be propelled across the Grand Canal.

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“Rats!” said Tot. “Where is the romance?” which remark was quickly silenced by Mrs. Stubbs.



TORRE ASINELLI, BOLOGNA

The Grand Canal appeared dreary. The defects in the old buildings were intensified; the black, funereal gondolas

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were uninviting, and Tot said woefully, "Talk about beautiful Venice; this is the worst place we've struck yet."

"All the romance of marvelous Venice seems a myth,"



LEANING TOWER, PISA

said Mrs. Stubbs, "in this miserable weather, I must admit." They were all disappointed over the picture.

"Cheer up," rejoined Maitland. "Wait till the sun comes out and repaints the buildings with their gorgeous tints and lightens up the placid water. It is a dear old

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place, and we will all become wonderfully enthusiastic when we behold it in its proper light—either sunlight or moonlight. But you must have light and clear skies in Venice.”

Amidst the noise and confusion of swearing, struggling and wrangling boatmen, the trunks and belongings were



THE GRAND CANAL

loaded into the gondolas and the hotel was reached. The Venetian landlord was very sorry—rooms were very scarce.

“Liar,” whispered Jones. “Not two dozen people in the hotel, the station man said.”

“Ah, signor, we have turned away many,” he said, addressing Jones. Mrs. Stubbs was anxious, as she feared another tussle with the boatmen.

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"Then turn us away, too," said Maitland; "because we want the best rooms fronting the Grand Canal."

"Ah, I see. Say, Giovanni, has ze princess left?" he



VENICE — ST. MARK'S

sang out. Giovanni was the professional prevaricator of the establishment.

"Si, signor."

"Then show these lucky people to zee rooms occupied by ze princess."

"Make a contract," said Jones. The princess evidently had a dozen rooms, for all on that floor was vacant.

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Jones, who acted as treasurer, discovered that the bill for the gondolas was twice the price, but considered that near enough, and said, "Twice! . I'm not going to kick if it's only twice!"

He had ordered an elaborate dinner, for the entire party was in a state of semi-starvation owing to the delayed arrival of the train. Belle in the meantime entertained them by reading a selection from Charles Dickens' description of St. Marks. "It is a great piazza anchored, like all the rest, in the deep ocean. On its broad bosom is a palace, more majestic and magnificent in its old age than all the buildings of the earth in the high prime and fullness of their youth. Cloisters and galleries so light they might be the work of fairy hands; so strong that centuries have battered them in vain. Not far from there again, a tower, richest of the rich in all its decorations, even here where all is rich, sustains aloft a great orb, gleaming with gold and deepest blue, the twelve signs of the Zodiac painted on it and a mimic sun revolving in its course around them, while above two bronze giants hammer out the hours upon a sounding bell."

"Bravo," said Maitland. "Dickens was a great observer."

"Wait until we hear Mr. Jones' description," said Tot.

"The waiter has arrived at last," was all the criticism Mrs. Stubbs cared to express at that particular moment.

The following day the rain and mist disappeared and the sun shone out warm and radiant.

"What a difference the weather makes in Venice," said the girls, who occupied the rooms abandoned by the fair princess three years ago. Then they opened their wide



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windows and peering out at the Grand Canal beheld numerous boats with brightly decorated sails, excursion steamers gliding swiftly by, gondolas by the hundreds moving about in all directions, for it was Sunday and many were off to attend early mass. Music was heard from boats starting out to other isles, loaded with gay picnickers. Adjectives qualifying the beauty of Venice flew thick and fast. The enthusiastic Tot had her camera out immediately and succeeded in getting the excursion boat that had just landed in front of the hotel.

"Say, Bess, this is immense. Think of it! No rattling noise of horses' hoofs, no cable cars, no omnibuses, no banging of wagons over the pavements, no electric cars, nothing but the splash"—just at that particular instant Belle, who occupied the alcove, and who desired to sleep, fired a pillow, which knocked Tot completely off her feet—"of an oar," Tot continued undismayed.

"Miss Tot, you go to bed at once; do you hear? It is only five-thirty and we were not to be called until seven." Tot retired and Bess followed suit, knowing the determination of their elder sister.

Maitland had received another message. "How on earth did they know you were here?" asked Jones, as they walked together down the Square of St. Marks.

"Secret service," said Maitland. "The duchess is on my trail. She has great influence, and during war England has a coterie of secret agents in the employ of the government. A record of my whereabouts is kept, and every move we have proposed and every conversation we have had is in her possession. There may be valid reasons why



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the worthy old dame should worry herself so much about me, but I really do not know what they are."

"Are you the sole heir to the estates you mentioned?" inquired Jones.

"I never thought of that. Perhaps I am. I had three cousins, all of whom are dead; one, a dissipated chap, died recently. He was a favorite of the duchess', too. Gad! I never thought of that!" exclaimed Maitland excitedly, as they turned the corner leading down to the Grand Canal. "There is some mystery about this matter!"

"Why did they not send you to South Africa before? The war is practically over now."

"You are right, Jones; why did they not? I have begged and implored Colonel Broad to have us transferred. When the Boer war broke out I wanted to go so badly I was willing to change to any regiment. He was as impregnable as the big old rock itself. 'Nay, my boy,' he would reply; 'the duchess.'"

"I see it all," said Jones. "They desire to get you away from the Byson family, believing you may become entangled in a matrimonial affair, and——"

"And what?" asked Maitland, looking at Jones sternly. "I was going to say, disgrace the family name. But I don't think they intended to go so far as that—that you might marry beneath you, or what is still more plausible, not marry the woman the duchess has selected for you."

"Ah! There you have it! Now you are right, and I know the very girl. She lives in Northhampton, about sixty miles from London. Lord help me!"

"That puts a new phase on the case," said Jones.

"Sh-h-h!" said Maitland, pressing Jones' arm to be

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silent. "Let us take a gondola and sail about and discuss this matter. Do you see that fellow standing there? He has been following us, and I noticed him at the door of the hotel early this morning. We can easily get rid of him."

"Can you speak English?" asked Jones of a sleepy gondolier. He grinned a sun-burnt grin. His face was tanned to a fine morocco-leather color.

"No speaka mucha. Some speaka."

"It will not make any difference," said Maitland. "We will sit in the prow and he will propel the gondola from the stern end. He will not understand what we are talking about."

"Two men wanta?"

"No; one man" said Jones.

"Onea man nuffa. Onea man too mucha," said Maitland.

"That explains much," said Jones, sitting close to Maitland in order that he could not be overheard.

"If I wanted to stay," said Maitland, "I might go out to that dreary old place—castle, you might call it—near Bedford, and hobnob a while with the old lady and discuss war and other news with the old bores in the neighborhood."

"The War Secretary would notify you that the volunteer corps was complete and your services would not be needed," added Jones.

"About it!" said Maitland. "Estates! Estates! Pshaw! I want to see life. I want to be engaged in some exciting business. I don't want to be a drone, merely dragging out an existence in Bedford, wining and dining with a lot of bothersome old fossils. See what I have endured in Gibralt-

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tar! That was done to give me a military career. Why, Jones, I have already become a sort of fossil.

Jones smiled. "Well, if you are, the entire world will soon move, for you are a lively antique when you get your back up and your biceps working."

"Our meeting has been a happy one, anyway," said Maitland.

"I know enough about the happy meeting," said Jones, chuckling, "to aver that no power on earth, not even the Duchess, a Secretary of War, or any other vast and fearful obstacle will ever separate you!"

"Yes," said Maitland. "We are not engaged, but I love the ground she walks on. Belle Byson is an angel, as well as a woman. A beautiful, pure, sweet woman. The most adorable creature—a pure, sweet woman," he continued.

Jones said nothing in response for a long minute.

"I know," continued Jones, breaking the silence, "you will hate to leave us, and I really believe I had better go with you."

"Will you?" said Maitland joyfully. Jones nodded.

"Then we will go to the Duchess and the Secretary of War. We will be diplomatic and wait the result. This conversation has cheered me. I do not desire to go to South Africa now, but if it is necessary I shall go."

"And no one," exclaimed Jones, "in this world, if your honor is at stake, would more gladly see you go than the sweet little woman you love."

"Mrs. Stubbs is anxious to have the girls remain at Florence to learn painting and study art," said Jones. "Perhaps they will stay here a month or two and go to Florence.

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Should Dame Fortune smile on us we will meet them here or in Paris in less than a month."

"It is now March, and the latter part of May is delightful in Paris," said Maitland.

"Wherever they are pleased to go will answer," said Jones.

A long argument in the parlor of the hotel was required to reconcile the family to its abrupt breaking up, and the departure of Maitland and Jones for London. Belle was pale and reticent all the evening, while Bess and Tot sat and talked together in whispered tones. They were planning a trip in a gondola to a distant island to assuage their grief. Good-byes were in order as Jones and Maitland took a gondola to go over to the railway station, the girls answering the waving of their handkerchiefs until they were out of sight.

There was a three weeks' stay in Venice. Bess and Tot had visited every point reached by excursion steamers and gondolas, and had taken photographs of nearly everything from pigeons up to a grand bird's-eye view of Venice as seen from the highest point available, the Campanile in St. Mark's Square having fallen down. Belle had assiduously sketched and painted nearly every gondola and odd-colored sail that floated past the piazza of the hotel. Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson had strolled through the churches examining frescoes and paintings to their hearts' content. It was a lonesome three weeks, however. "Wonder how Mr. Jones and Captain Maitland are today," was becoming a daily, almost hourly, question.

"There are many thousand Americans residing in Italy," said the American guide, himself quite an artist, who had

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been engaged to escort the visitors through the labyrinthine galleries of Florence, Italy, home of art.

"What are they doing?" asked Mrs. Stubbs.

"They are living here. They sometimes go home to America to visit, but they have their pews in churches, their circles of society, their houses, their villas, and their automobiles here; they are really Italian citizens. It may be said they have lost interest in their own country. They have adopted Italy as their home, their children are being educated, as they can acquire accomplishments here, which, pardon me, they might not acquire at home."

"I suppose," added Mrs. Byson, "hundreds of sightseers visit Italy who care little or nothing for art."

"Yes," continued the artist, standing before a picture, the merits of which he was about to expound. "They would not even look at this. They arrive in droves, hustle through Pompeii, rush through Rome, bustle through the Forum, gaze on the Coliseum, break into the Catacombs, ogle a Venus or two, do the churches, splash along the Appian Way and wind up in a month with headaches, backaches and stiff necks."

"Why do they do this?" asked Mrs. Stubbs.

"There has been of late implanted in every American woman's heart," continued the artist guide, "a desire to outdo her neighbor in 'acquiring art.' Traveling has become a fad. Men hate art galleries, as a rule, also the inside of churches." The girls laughed. "To the usual man the story of a picture has no genuine interest; women realize this fact, and say that most men are lacking in artistic instinct. It is not that; they do not care to study. I confess I was bored at first, but now to walk through the

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Uffizi is to me like a pleasant dream. I see beauty and art everywhere. The walls are covered with significant and happy thoughts. Ah, ladies," continued the gray-haired artist, "I, too, could not leave Florence."

As they spoke, in rushed, pellmell, a dozen women of all shapes and sizes. It proved to be the "Boston Art Class." They crowded in front of Mrs. Stubbs, who requested the guide to permit them to pass before he resumed his remarks.

"Let us hear what they have to say," whispered Mrs. Byson.

"Whose is it?" asked a hungry art female of the Boston class. "Why Titian's of course," answered another. To these women who had been studying two months in Italy it made no material difference whether the subject was a seraph or a wash tub; the main question was, "Whose is it?" One stout, elderly lady of the class remarked, "For coloring, give me Mickle." She had stopped calling him Michael Angelo three days after her arrival in Florence. When she came to an Angelo, she pouted her lips, blew out her already too fat cheeks, and said with a giddy expression intended for adoration, "It's a Mickle; ain't it lovely?" Wash tub or seraph, Mickle was in it. The Boston Art Class had gone so far that even authors were treated in the same way.

"What did you do with my Ruskin?" asked a bright-eyed, little woman of a tall, angular female with an ancient art expression.

"Why, I didn't like him," was the answer. "I picked him up this morning, turned him over three or four times and then flung him down." Bess and Tot, although on

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their good behavior, laughed outright at this remark. The art student, of course, referred to 'Mr. Ruskin's book, "Stones of Venice," and not to the author personally.

The great Titian, as is very generally known, painted a very naked young lady called Venus. The Boston Art Class had moved over en masse to survey that picture.

"Oh! Ain't he lovely!" said one. Then a maiden lady of the class, who had a sore throat, around which was a piece of white flannel saturated with goose oil, remarked in a hoarse whisper, "Oh! I could fairly worship Titian! Whenever I see his skin I feel as if I should like to pinch it; it is so natural!" and here she pinched at the air. It may not be necessary to explain to the reader that the art lady meant the skin of Venus and not of the deceased artist.

"Now, isn't it too lovely for anything?"

"Oh! I think Titian is such a dream!"

"I hear this chat frequently," said the old artist, smiling. "It is entertaining, at least. Let us follow."

Then they came to a picture by Raphael. One of the class holding the guide book before her eyes exclaimed, as if in the presence of some divine being, "Oh, dear, I fairly dote on Raphael!" Another said, "Oh, dear!" And then the entire class sighed. "How simply superb he is! I always know him when I see him." "I am crazy after him!" said another. "He is a dove!" said the lady with the sore throat, in a hoarse voice. There was not a single "he" in the picture; they meant Raphael.

Neither Mrs. Stubbs nor Mrs. Byson had arrived at that stage in art where they were so personally interested. As the class walked out into another room the fat lady stopped



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long enough to catch a glimpse of a Correggio. "It's his eyebrow!" she said. "Bless him, it's his eyebrow!" The eyebrow was on a soldier in the picture painted by Correggio.

Before a sublime work of Raphael they stood aghast for a moment with lips sealed, their hearts palpitating with excitement. The fat lady was the first to break the silence. "Divine!" she said. Then at the signal the entire club uttered a storm of adjectives. "True grace!" said one. "Exquisite!" roared the member with the sore throat, which effort caused her to sneeze, thus momentarily diverting the club's thoughts from the work of art.

"A very ambitious set," remarked the old artist. "They are great students! In your perigrinations should you, however, meet the art class from Missouri, I am sure you will be even more highly entertained."



CHAPTER XVI

A SIDE TRIP

After a long drive from the station, Maitland and Jones arrived at the gate of the Castle of Bedford. The avenue leading from the gate to the ivy clad stone house was lined with venerable trees whose branches reached over the roadway and formed a shady arch.

"Romantic old spot!" said Jones. "Rather gloomy," replied Maitland. "Good place to visit for a week or two only."

Nearing the house the dense foliage along the roadway disappeared and occasionally bright beds of geraniums and roses peeped out between rich, well-trimmed lawns and hedges.

As they drove around a circling roadway and came in front of the building, a wide lawn with beautiful, flower-lined walks stretching out in all directions, informed them that skilful gardeners were in charge. They dismissed the cab and immediately encountered on the steps of the castle a very austere person in a gorgeous livery of red, yellow and gilt.

"The new footman!" said Maitland. "Old Henry was eighty when I was here last; he must have died or perhaps he has been pensioned off."

"Where is Henry?" inquired Maitland.



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"E died, me lord," answered the buttoned individual, who stood exceedingly erect and held his head as far back as possible without breaking his neck. "Last Michaelmas, sir," continued the flunkey. He then turned about automatically, and opened the heavy oak door.

"There's a lot of red tape here," whispered Maitland. "Don't get discouraged." Jones laughed and said, "Oh, I am not afraid if you stand pat."

They were ushered into a large reception room; it was gloomy and dark but richly furnished. In a few minutes a maid appeared and announced that the duchess would see them in a few minutes.

Jones said dryly, "I can understand why a young man with a lively temperament might desire to leave this place after a year or two."

The duchess appeared. She was a well preserved old lady whose strong, bright face indicated perfect health. As she entered the room, upon seeing Maitland she placed her arm about his neck and affectionately leaned on his shoulder, exclaiming with emotion, "God bless my boy; I knew he would come back to me; I knew he would!"

The duchess looked Mr. Jones over carefully upon his being introduced to her. "This gentleman is Mr. Wilson Jones, a friend," said Maitland. She bowed coldly but courteously. "Ah, the Mr. Jones with whom you have traveled up the Nile?" she said quietly.

Maitland nodded assent and added, "Yes, the best and most generous traveling companion I have ever met." The duchess bowed condescendingly. Jones decided to make the best of it. He complimented the old lady upon the beauty of the country, her home, and flattered her slightly upon

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her personal appearance. "You know, duchess," he said, "this is my first visit to England, and I assure you it fulfills more than all the descriptions I have ever read. I admire the country of England and the people. The Captain has frequently spoken to me of your affection for him, and I now know why he has been such a dutiful nephew—he has such an admirable and lovely aunt."

The old lady, quite susceptible to pleasantries, was commencing to warm up a little. After a temporary luncheon of cake and port wine, the duchess and Jones enjoyed an interesting conversation about the Boer war, travels in Egypt and other topics, also about America. When the duchess left the room, Maitland complimented Jones. "It is far better than I anticipated," said Maitland. "As soon as I saw that searching look she gave you, I feared the worst. She is certainly becoming interested, to say the least. She has seldom met an American before. This is great sport, isn't it?"

It eked out during Jones' after-dinner conversation with the duchess that Colonel Broad had visited the war office in England twice during the past four months, and that he had called at Bedford and told the duchess of the Bysons and Mrs. Stubbs, whom he had met at Gibraltar, and the colonel had also laid great stress upon the vulgarity of the Americans in general, and how "horrid" it would be for young Lord Maitland to be captured by some common, ignorant, vulgar and irresponsible young American adventuress, who probably sings or acts upon the variety stage in tights. Jones was incensed, and was determined he would make himself clear.

"The young lady referred to," said Jones, "is the eldest

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daughter of one of the most successful men in America. She is exceedingly refined, has an excellent education, speaks several languages fluently, is accomplished in many ways, and is now in Florence studying art, accompanied by her mother and sisters. I wonder what they would say to such a nonsensical criticism?"

"I hope I have not offended you," said the duchess. "I only repeated the conjectured statement of Colonel Broad."

"He did not know the people, and should not have so expressed himself," said Jones, exhibiting a little American.

One more glass of hot port wine of rare quality, and the elderly duchess became more confidential. "Lucile Amelia, the eldest daughter of Lady Watkins, my dear old friend of Northampton, is Frederick's choice," said the duchess. "Frederick Belleville Maitland, sole heir of—," and the duchess took three consecutive sips of negus (hot port). "Sole heir of Bedford estate will never marry an American, no matter what the inducements might be."

Mr. Jones agreed with her temporarily and tried to change the conversation. He was shown the photograph of Miss Watkins, as the duchess went on enumerating her many good qualities. Miss Watkins was anything but beautiful. Maitland questioned Jones afterwards: "Did she say I was engaged to Miss Watkins?"

"Not quite that; she hinted that she was your choice for a wife."

"Oh, Cæsar's ghost!" said Maitland. "You ought to see her. A frumpy old maid, with a parrot and a canary. Why, she is ten years my senior, and has a kittenish way of coming up to you that makes you sick, and a smile that would knock the spots off the sun. My choice! Never

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spoke a word of affection to her in my life. I know how this has come about. Lady Watkins calls here regularly and she and the duchess hobnob and chat together. Once I drove Lady Watkins over to the station, and on the way she asked me if I had any thought of marrying and settling down. That was a year or more before I entered the army. I may have said that I had, to please her, for she is a very odd and bothersome person. 'Lucile would make you a good wife,' she said, and I replied that Lucile would be my choice if I had any. I'll bet a hundred pounds she has talked it all over the neighborhood ever since."

When Maitland heard that Colonel Broad had caused all the trouble, he was furious. He ventured the conjecture that Broad had arranged with the war secretary to call him in without the knowledge or request of the duchess. The following day at breakfast Maitland informed the duchess of his proposed trip to South Africa. To this she was decidedly opposed. He must remain at home. She would write immediately to the war secretary.

"What do you think of our diplomacy so far as we have gone?" said Maitland to Jones, after breakfast.

Jones replied with a puzzled expression, "We are accomplishing something, at any rate. You may not have to go to South Africa, but," continued Jones, after a short pause, "you may have to stay at home, a proposition equally as upsetting to our plans."

Maitland took Jones hunting, and for days they enjoyed their visit at Bedford Castle. Few visitors came, and life at the old place was becoming uneventful and monotonous. Jones became anxious to pursue his travels. Maitland



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deemed it expedient for them to remain a few days longer, at least until the Secretary of War had been heard from.

A letter came, and it was addressed to the duchess, and simply said: "My Dear Duchess: As Lord Maitland and two of your nephews lost their lives for their country, your request is cordially and respectfully granted. The call is canceled and Lord Frederick is under no obligation to serve, although I understand his perfect willingness to do so. Furthermore, owing to recent victories on the part of our forces, it will be unnecessary to forward any additional troops at present. The war is practically over—"

"Good!" said Jones. "So far so good."

But good news is often followed by bad. "What do you think," said Maitland, "the Watkins are coming here to-morrow night to a tea party."

"Let them come," said Jones, with an air of bravado.

"Let us go shooting and get lost in the woods," said Maitland.

"No," replied Jones. "Stand your ground; I know a way out of it."

Several guests arrived. Fat old gentlemen with their wives, all hearty and robust, enjoying the good things of life—odd people such as Jones had read about in Dickens' stories. Lady This and Lady That; Mr. Browne, the champion whist player of Bedford, and his niece, a very pretty young woman who had visited America; the lawyer for the estate, a tall, angular man with heavy eyebrows; and the Church of England minister with his dumpy wife, both good whist players. Jones was somewhat of an expert himself.

Jones watched for the Watkins to appear. They were



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late. All the company expressed themselves delighted to meet Mr. Jones from America. Lady Watkins, very elaborately costumed in a dress not quite Parisian, but very richly decorated with lace, appeared with her son and Lucile. Lucile Amelia came in smiling and happy. Jones sought an early introduction and almost monopolized the young woman. He told her stories, and was very agreeable. She reciprocated, smiled at him and coquetted with him. Maitland caught Jones' eye several times, and went out into the hallway and laughed heartily. Jones was after information. Miss Watkins admitted many things that satisfied Jones that her being "promised" to Maitland was not a fact. She talked frequently of the young curate in Northampton, with whom she rode about almost daily.

After the game of whist, in which Jones and Miss Watkins defeated Mr. Browne and niece, the guests retired. Maitland and Jones decided that their visit to Bedford Castle was occasioned by a misapprehension of facts.

"The whole thing is a comedy of errors, a tete-a-tete between the two old ladies. When can we steal away and return to Venice?" asked Jones.

After promising the duchess not to remain away for a long time, Maitland and Jones left the gloomy old place and went to London. Here they found letters from Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Byson and the girls awaiting them, which gladdened their hearts and Maitland sang out, "Hurrah for America!"

Jones heaved a sigh. "Maitland, oh, Maitland, think of marrying Lucile! Why, she is almost old enough to be your mother, and doesn't love you one particle," added Jones.

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"I sincerely hope not," said Maitland, lighting a cigar.

"Why," said Jones facetiously, "she is in love with the curate at Northampton. Lucile gave the snap away."

"Heaven be praised for all its mercies," said Maitland.

Tot wrote to Jones, "Don't stay any longer than is abso-



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lutely necessary to complete your business affairs, because we are all dreadfully lonesome without you both. P. S.—Don't forget that grain purchase." Bess wrote a postscript hoping they would soon return, and Belle wrote a long and interesting letter about Venice to Maitland.

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Jones suggested to Maitland that they investigate the condition of the grain market.

"You know, my dear fellow," said Maitland, "that I am as ignorant of business as a man who has been out of the world."

Jones studied the market for the quotations. They were at the Metropole Hotel. "Wheat will rise," said Jones. "The crop is not what it should be in Russia and other countries. Let us take a flyer—nothing large."

"Two hundred pounds?" asked Maitland. "I don't think I could risk any more."

"You will not risk a penny," said Jones. "I will."

Jones, who had anticipated a wheat deal, had a letter of credit for \$100,000 on the Union Bank of London. After carefully examining a list of prominent brokers on the London chamber of commerce he caught the name of a firm with which his New York house had transacted business, Tappan & Wilkins. In the morning at breakfast Jones slightly initiated Maitland into the mysteries of selling short and buying long, bulling the market, and bearing the same. "Wheat," he explained, "owing to conditions in America, Russia, India, Australia, Canada, the Argentine Republic and other wheat centers, is liable to make a sudden and rapid advance. The crop is not quite up. I have been watching for this time for a year past, and it has come."

Jones quoted the number of bushels necessary to supply the world, the crops usually raised in the different countries, the prices of wheat in England, demonstrating that the slightest shortage in any of the great wheat producing



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countries would send the price up ten to twenty-five cents a bushel.

"Now," continued Jones, "this is my game, it is not yours. I know what I am doing. I don't propose you shall lose a penny. I will, however, take your two hundred pounds and invest it."

The second postscript of Tot's letter read as follows: "I have six hundred dollars of my own. Invest it in grain. I will not take any profits except on my own money—remember that! If successful, write your information to me on a separate piece of paper inclosed in your letter."

"I will play with the market to the extent of fifty thousand dollars," said Jones. "If I lose, it will not worry me. If I win, I will give you one-fourth and Tot one-eighth of the profits for your interest."

Maitland looked bewildered. "It is all Greek to me," he answered. "I fancy the excitement of the thing will be amusing."

"We open the ball," said Jones, "at eleven this morning. Keep your eyes on the market and see whether I am right or not."

At ten that morning Jones and Maitland took a cab for the offices of Tappan & Wilkins near the chamber of commerce, and Jones presented Mr. Wilkins, one of the members of the firm, with his card and introduced Lord Maitland.

"I would like to transact a little business," said Jones. "I believe the name of my firm is on your books."

"Oh," said Wilkins, "I remember. Jones, Gordon & Co., New York. Delighted to meet you."

"Now," continued Jones, "as I will be here a few days

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I would like the privilege of having a little room, some cable blanks and an office boy. I will open business immediately, as I have done nothing for several months. I may buy some wheat and wire many dispatches to New York and elsewhere."

Jones took from his pocket a little black book, a cipher code, and sat down. Maitland fell into an easy chair and read the Times.

"I may want to use some credit here," said Jones, writing out a draft for five thousand pounds and handing it to Wilkins. Wilkins opened his eyes, smiled, and handed the draft to the cashier, saying, "Credit Mr. Wilson Jones of New York with this sum sterling, and send his letter of credit over to the Union Bank and have same charged to his account."

"Confound this pounds, shillings and pence business," said Jones; "it makes me wild."

"Now, Maitland, I want you to do one thing," said Jones, his eyes full of fire. "When this ticker tells the price of wheat on the market, you translate it immediately into dollars and cents."

"I am good at that," replied Maitland, laughing.

"Wheat closed at — at —."

"Never mind," said Maitland, eyeing the paper, "61½."

"You are worth your weight in gold," said Jones.

"It is off ¼," said Maitland.

"You're right. It will increase by noon. Tell Wilkins to buy 100,000 bushels at 61½ at once."

"It is done," said Wilkins. "Hard to get it."

"Got?" asked Jones.

"Yes."

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"Buy another."

"Another what?" asked Wilkins.

"Hundred thousand at 61½." Jones had just then received an answer to a cablegram sent to his partner in New York. "Buy still another," he said.

Wilkins looked anxious. "Why, it is off a bit. Last quotation is 61."

At noon, as Jones had predicted, wheat was 62. A rally came one hour after his dispatch was read.

Maitland kept his eyes on the quotations. "We've made enough for lunch," said Jones with his peculiar smile. Maitland did not know for a certainty whether they had or not. Jones may have run away from Mr. Bigga, or avoided the Moors, or dreaded the backsheesh nuisances up the Nile, but in a wheat deal he was perfectly serene, brave and self-possessed. Wilkins knew he was not mistaken in the man when he heard the orders. He had met Mr. Jones before, but only on the other end of the great trans-Atlantic cable, three thousand miles away.

"Take on another, please," said Jones, "at 62. If you want more money I will give you another draft for five."

"Not unless the market is against you," answered Wilkins.

Even the little buying by Jones had affected the market slightly, and it went up an eighth in the afternoon. Jones lit a cigar and accompanied Maitland to the hotel. "It will go up a cent in the morning," he said. "I did not intend to do anything here but make a little pocket money for us and for Tot, but you see how I like it."

"Four hundred thousand bushels in a day," said Maitland. "Oh, is that nothing?"

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"If it is not up by noon I will take on one more," said Jones. "That is my limit in this deal."

Maitland was becoming nervous. He was afraid Jones might be making some big mistake. They passed the evening at the theatre and discussed plays and actors they had seen.

"How a man can transact that amount of business in a day and not worry over it is marvelous," said Maitland. "I believe it would kill me."

Upon the following morning the battle was resumed. Wheat went up half a cent and then back half a cent, closing firm at 62. Jones bought another 100,00 bushels at 62.

"Let it rest today, Saturday," said Jones. "We will knock about and see London."

Monday morning Jones and Maitland arose early and visited the brokers. "I will cut this short if I receive the cable I am looking for," said Jones.

At noon it came—a private cipher. "Hoodlum, magnificent, Brooklyn, ocean."

"What on earth is that?" asked Maitland. "It must be going up higher than a kite."

"That's a cipher," answered Jones, smiling.

Wheat had advanced to 62 $\frac{3}{4}$, 63, 63 $\frac{1}{4}$, 63 $\frac{3}{4}$, 64, 64 $\frac{3}{4}$, 65. The ticker rolled out the news from the great wheat pit, 65 $\frac{1}{4}$, 66, 66 $\frac{1}{2}$, 66 $\frac{3}{4}$, 67.

"What is the row with wheat?" asked a tall man with red side whiskers, standing at the door opposite Jones' small office. "I am short on it."

Tick-tick. Great excitement in the pit. It has gone to

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68-70. "I'll take my chances at 70," said Jones. "Where is Wilkins?"

Wilkins had just returned from the pit, his face flushed with excitement.

"What will I do?" he asked of Jones. "It is the craziest we have had for a twelvemonth."

Jones quite unconcernedly lit his cigar, and said, "Close it at 70."

"I believe," said Wilkins, "it will go higher."

"Close it at 70." Wilkins rushed back. It had gone to 71½. He closed it in parcels of 50,000 bushels to various brokers at 70, and the market fell back.

"Now, my boy," said Jones to Maitland, "let us go home and after a good dinner I will tell you how we stand."

"I hope you are out of it," said Maitland. "That is too much for me. I have a headache. There is too much excitement for any cool-headed person. That's a whirlwind."

"It was fortunate that we came here just now," said Jones. "We struck it just right. I believe, however, that it will go to 80."

"Let it go to 90," said Maitland, "but for heaven's sake don't buy any more. I thought at first you would lose every pound you put into the thing. I have been so worked up. I am not sure you haven't yet."

"I will promise you," said Jones, "smiling at his friend's discomfiture, "I will not touch wheat again for a year, no matter how it goes. Now, let us arrange to return to Italy. That little deal did me lots of good. I feel quite invigorated."

Maitland smiled apprehensively. "I hope it did."

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The account received from the brokers, rendered in dollars, as per request, showed Jones \$42,000 ahead.

"You receive," said Jones to Maitland, "about \$10,000, and Tot receives about \$5,000. I receive back the margins I put up, \$25,000, less brokerage, and profits, \$26,568. Not such a bad little deal, was it?"

"I am afraid it's not right to take it," said Maitland.

"That red-whiskered chap who kept looking into our door would have kept it had the market gone his way, Don't worry about that."

Maitland looked up into Jones' face, and then remarked: "I have never met such a man before in all my life." Maitland was slightly pale with excitement.

"It is rather tame," said Maitland, "this traveling alone."

"Quite," answered Jones. "I believe I would soon be induced to return to America if it were not for the ladies. The dear women! I never in all my life became so thoroughly interested in a family. I sincerely feel as if I were a lifelong member of it, and, remember, my sentiment is simply one of friendship—nothing more."

"They suit me," said Maitland, handing Jones a fresh cigar. They were making the trip in the smoking compartment of the day train, from London to Paris.

"Suppose we go to Venice and see if they are there," suggested Jones, "and if not, it is only a short run to Florence. Tot said in her letter they would leave word at the hotel in Venice where we might find them."

"Say, Jones," replied Maitland. "we will have to brush up a bit in our art, won't we?"

"Art!" said Jones. "Art! Why, I must confess I



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am as ignorant about art as I am about Chinese, but I have always been considered apt and quick to catch anything."

"We might study some," said Maitland, leaning lazily upon the seat and throwing rings of smoke at the ceiling of the car.

"Sure," said Jones. "Let us get a couple of works on art and cram up the few days we are in Paris."

"When a youngster, my aunt, the duchess, took me on a trip through Italy," said Maitland. "But art is soon forgotten and a soldier's life is not usually one for the development of that kind of skill, although Rutledge, at Gibraltar, was a natural artist, and some of his views around the old fort created favorable comment among the best art circles in London."

"First thing I must do," said Jones, "is to commit to memory the names of the old masters."

"Let us," said Maitland. "For, by George, we will make some terrible breaks, for Mrs. Stubbs knows more about them than Baedeker. "Those women can tell whose work it is before they even get a focus on the picture itself," replied Jones.

"I know it," said Maitland. "We will get a good guide and spend a couple of days in the Louvre, post up, don't you know, and be somewhat prepared."

"Good scheme," replied Jones. "Let's do it."

"We can at least talk knowingly about the Venus of Milo and the Winged Victory and a few other affairs, and that will please Mrs. Stubbs," said Maitland. "She said she had been in the Louvre."

It was a mild, beautiful day when Jones and Maitland,



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after their arrival at Venice, seated in a gondola, made their way to the hotel. A hurried glance about the office and Jones spied the guide they had employed. "Gone," he said with a smile. "Ladies gone." A letter containing a notification of the departure for Florence was soon handed them, and they decided to leave for Florence the following day.



CHAPTER XVII

THE OLD MASTERS

"Ah, what's this?" said Jones, opening a package. "Good! Look, Maitland, it is a photograph of our departure for England! See, we are getting in a gondola and the others are waving their handkerchiefs! Isn't it well done? Tot took it. What a bright girl she is. She



FLORENCE, ITALY

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has named it 'Gone, but not forgotten.' That Tot is the sweetest thing on this earth."

"She's your favorite," replied Maitland.

Next day they were on their way to Florence. The scenery along the route had no charms for them. "We are literally up to our necks in art," said Jones, laughing. "This is a new business for me." He had purchased "Schools and Masters of Painting" by Radcliffe, Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," Hare's "Florence," Baedeker's "Northern Italy," and numerous other works on art. It took a strong leather trunk strap to lug the various volumes to the train.

"I've got a lot here," said Maitland, "about old Angelo," interrupting Jones, who was in the depths of Mrs. Oliphant's description of the Raphaellesque Style of Composition." "He must have been an American." Jones listened. "Let me write it down," he said, producing a memorandum book.

"Angelo frescoed churches," continued Maitland, "painted pictures by the yard, carved statuary by the ton. He was a politician, a statesman, a general, an architect. He went to Seville, Naples, Rome and nearly every town in Italy. He had contracts for frescoing cathedrals everywhere and for painting portraits of members of every well-known wealthy family, and no wonder he stands today the pride of Italy and of the students of the great art clubs and institutions of England and America. Hurrah for old Mickle!"

"Raphael's Galatea is a live picture, isn't it?" asked Jones, with his nose buried in Radcliffe.

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"Not more so than Angelo's 'Creation of Eve.' Lord! We're getting full of art!"

"'Raphael's School of Athens' is a busy scene," said Jones, looking up for the first time in ten minutes. "Do you know, Maitland, I am beginning to enjoy this crazy thing. It grows on one. I'd like to run an art gallery for an hour and a half."

"We will be so up in art by the time we reach Florence," said Maitland, laughing at Jones, "that the women will be fairly astounded. Oh, we will be in Mrs. Stubbs' good graces all right."

In the mail the following morning Jones received a short letter: "At the Hotel Paoli. Tot."

"That child never forgets anything," said Jones, showing the note to Maitland.

"It is too late to find them at the hotel. They are now doing the galleries."

"At this hour?" inquired Jones.

"Yes; they left the hotel at eight," said the clerk with a smile.

"They are in the Galleria degli Uffizi," said Jones, who had proudly mastered the pronounciation of the greatest home of art in the world.

They had decided to walk. It was a clear and beautiful morning, evidently a gala day, for passing along the streets were processions and bands of music, and the ever-present street gamins were indulging their love for noise with horns and shouting.

"Oh, it is some saint's day!" said Maitland. "The good-for-nothing lot would far sooner celebrate than work!"

As they sauntered along the corridors they met the

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Missouri Art Club. The party consisted of a dozen women of assorted ages and one man, who acted as guide.

"Say, Matilda, he's a hummer," said a tall, young woman wearing an extraordinarily wide hat, gorgeously decorated with numerous plumes.

Jones caught Maitland's arm. "Listen," he said. "I'll bet they are from a western state in America. Let us hear what they have to say. We may get some pointers. You never have heard anything like this before."

One of the club remarked: "Throw me down again, if you like, but give me Correggio. He's the boss of 'em all. I tell you I've seen his Magdalen in Dresden. Talk about your fine coloring; it's exquisite! Why, this coloring isn't in it, I tell you!"

"All right then, you may have Correggio, but as for me, give me Raphael. Have you seen Raphael's St. Margaret in the Louvre robed in blue and carrying the palm? Why, you can bet it's the sweetest, purest and most heavenly face in the whole art collection of the world! Jiminy, it's good!"

On they went, discussing the martyrs and the saints. "Now you're talking," said a third. "But what's the matter with Domenichino? Did you ever see his representation of St. Agnes?"

"Now, Jen, give it straight." They all crowded about "Jen." She was from a town near St. Joseph, Missouri.

"You see," said Jen, "St. Agnes was a Roman maiden, and the son of the heathen prefect of the city sought her for his bride. She wouldn't yield because she was affianced to the Lord. Sempronius the Prefect said if she didn't marry his son she should become a vestal virgin. She

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kicked, I mean she objected, and he dragged her to a place of infamy and stripped her, but in answer to her prayer her hair grew long and shining and fell around her like a golden veil, and she saw a white and radiant garment which she put on."

"Well, what do you think of that?" said an elderly member of the club.

"Go ahead, Jen, that isn't all, is it?" cried out several others, deeply interested.

"Gosh! They burnt her, didn't they?" asked one.

"No. Shucks! The flames refused to burn her, though the heat killed her executioners; one finally ascended the blazing pile and slew her with his sword!"

A young member of the class remarked, "Say, ma, there's a picture in there of a girl who ain't got a single rag on!"

"Sh!!! My dear, don't talk that way."

"Well, it's true, ma! I heard that woman there say it!"

"Oh, she means Venus; it's lovely. Have you seen it?"

The mother of the child discussed the question with the other members of the class whether it would be prudent to show Mollie, the child alluded to, the nude in art.

"The old masters never painted nothing vulgar," said another member.

"Say, I like them marble statues best for young 'uns, without the coloring; no one ever thinks of anything wrong of them."

"Sugar! If we stopped to consider that kind of foolishness our country'd never amount to a hill of beans. Look at that Samson family to home. They're so mighty prudish.

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Their young ones are growing up like sapheads. They don't know any more about art than a squash."

"I'm afraid that's where we come in," laughed Jones.

"Golly!" said a matronly lady with half a dozen cork-screw curls. "How interesting this all is. I wish Henry had come."

As they passed on, Jones said, "They are from my country."

"What I wonder at," said Maitland, "is the fondness these people have for art. By Jove, Jones, do you know, I admire them."

After passing through several long, cold corridors and visiting many rooms in the Uffizi, Jones and Maitland, turning a corner abruptly, came face to face with the dearly beloved family. There was a joyous and happy meeting; a vigorous shaking of hands, and they all talked at once.

Jones and Maitland joined Mrs. Stubbs' art class. She was overjoyed at their interest and was frequently obliged to call Mrs. Byson to her rescue in her arguments with Mr. Jones upon some important art question.

The time spent in Florence had been very profitable, especially to the girls. They had ceased to employ their cameras and could sketch everything available with wonderful aptitude. Belle had upon several occasions won unstinted praise from her teacher, the old American artist.

CHAPTER XVIII

ROME

"Here we are," said Jones, peering out of the window at the dome of St. Peter's, which can be seen for many miles as one approaches.

"Think of it," said Bess, "we shall see the Coliseum and all the wonderful ruins."



ST. PETER'S, ROME

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"Strange old place," remarked Mrs. Stubbs. "I remember the lines—

"While stands the Coliseum Rome shall stand.

When falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall,

And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

We shall see the very spot where thousands of human beings were sacrificed to please the audiences."

"Booh!" said Tot. "Perhaps their ghosts will appear and haunt us."

"No danger," replied Maitland, "for we will find it lit by electricity at night, and that would scare the ghosts away if anything would."

The next day after their arrival in the ancient city, a walk down the Corso or Via Babuino showed new Rome with modern carriages, modern buildings and stores, well paved streets and ladies' dresses and hats of the very latest Parisian style.

Rome was crowded with visitors, but through the foresight of Jones, sunny rooms had been engaged which looked out upon the palace garden.

"That," remarked the guide as they drove in the park, "is a Roman senator."

"What," said Jones, "that dressy, little, short-legged fellow with a cigarette and a poodle? A senator!"

"Dear me, how the great Romans have degenerated," exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs. "That a senator! It destroys all the hallucination of youth. Fancy a Roman senator wearing a high hat and lugging a poodle about with a string. Famous actors like Keene, Booth, Barrett and others impersonated Antony, Cæsar or Brutus as muscular giants. What would they think of him?"

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The Coliseum and the Forum interested the girls so much that they talked of nothing else. The story of the gladiators was uppermost in Tot's mind and Jones was obliged to secure the services of a lecturer to repeat the marvelous tragedies that haunt the ruins of the old arena. Tot and Bess could listen for hours without saying a word.



FORUM, RESTORED

The lecturer said: "The ancient Romans believed that the dead still lived in their graves, and when a prominent citizen died they killed several of his slaves that they might wait upon him. Homer says that Achilles ordered that twelve noble Trojan prisoners should be slaughtered and

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thrown upon the funeral pyre of Patroclus and when young Pallantes died, Aeneas, a friend of the family, sent a couple of dozen slaves to be buried with him so they could attend him."

"Terrible to relate," said Maitland, sarcastically.

"During one period it was quite a fad," continued the professor (as Jones called him), "to assign as many as a hundred prisoners, men, women and children, to be eaten by wild beasts such as lions and panthers."

"These performances, I suppose, were witnessed by the philosophers and philanthropists of the age?" inquired Jones.

"A lot of cowards," said Maitland.

"Yes," said the old guide, sadly, "and no doubt they at that time enjoyed the shrieks and piteous moanings of the victims."

"Let us hear no more," said Mrs. Byson. "This is fearful."

"Don't believe it," asserted Maitland. "More falsehoods have been told about this old ruin than would fill a volume."

The guide, seated upon a ruined wall in the center of the vast building, continued, while a boy brought seats for the visitors.

"I should think you would be ashamed of your ancestors," remarked Jones to the professor.

"I move," said Mrs. Stubbs, "that no one interrupt again."

The guide smiled and continued his lecture.

"Pardon me, but it is difficult to refrain," said Maitland.

"These so-called sacrifices were offered as religious cere-

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monies, and it was rather a happy idea that brought forward the gladiatorial combats, because the sacrifice of women and children was then omitted, and it soon pleased the managers that in case one gladiator should kill another, the



IN THE COLISEUM

survivor should be permitted to live and serve another time. Therefore, to insure good sport and make the religious ceremony an unqualified success, they commenced to fatten the gladiators and exercise them so they became strong, and finally the amusement thus created became so satisfactory that the religious part of it was dropped and it became all sport.

“The first public show of fighting recorded was given in

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the Forum Boarium, 260 B. C., but did not satisfy the demand for gore, because wooden swords were used. Later, the short sword, called gladius, came in, hence the name gladiator." The professor then told a long story about the fights in the arena. Mrs. Stubbs went to sleep.

When a gladiator was wounded, he said, the spectators, on noticing the first streak of blood, all shouted, "He is wounded." If the unsuccessful gladiator agreed upon his defeat, he lowered his arms, but the audience always decided whether he should live or not. If he had fought bravely he was usually permitted to live; if not, he was doomed.

The spectators were the real judges of the arena and answered the wounded man's request by signs with their thumbs.

Julius Cæsar was a shrewd man and had a hand in every scheme in the dominion of Rome. He used to please the people by extraordinary contests, in one of which six hundred gladiators took part. But of all the monsters who ever afflicted humanity, Commodus was the worst. Commodus was a gladiator. He conquered in one day 1,000 retiarii; this means they threw themselves at his feet and thus saved their lives and pleased him. He also killed wild beasts and elephants by the thousand. He entered the amphitheatre wearing the royal purple on his naked shoulders, ready for a fight. Once, believing himself laughed at by the audience, he ordered a general massacre of the people. He used to kill gladiators by the dozen. He got so obnoxious, however, that the gladiators one day clubbed together and assassinated him after his day's sport. On that day, history claims, he killed 100 lions, five hippopotami, two elephants and several rhinoceroses.

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During the reign of Commodus the profession of gladiator, considered infamous by law, became the most noble occupation.

Constantine tried to put an end to gladiatorial combats, but found the custom so deep-rooted that legislation had



"LIVE OR DIE?"

little effect. Christianity at last brought about what legislation failed to do, and in the abolition of slavery by the mild but certain process of education the gladiatorial exhibitions of Rome were abolished about A. D. 405."

"I would like to remark," said Maitland, as the lecturer

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concluded, "that no doubt the Romans at the time mentioned were precisely the same as the Italians appear today. The bravery attributed to them, and the impossible gladiatorial combats ascribed to men like Commodus are no doubt gross exaggerations. Historians and great playwrights like Shakespeare have created the noble ancient Roman, and famous actors have instilled in our minds a bogus adoration of these gigantic heroes, but I doubt if the noble Roman ever existed to any extent. I don't believe one-tenth of the yarns about the horrors of the Coliseum. No doubt at the time some of the bandy-legged little cowards killed a few starved, wild animals for the amusement of the people, and no doubt a few cowardly assassinations of helpless men, women and children took place, but one can see the entire Roman race today in the streets of Rome, Naples, Venice and other parts of Italy. Many of the wonderful stories attributed to those great warriors are fairy stories. If cowardly curs like Commodus could order a massacre as stated, then they could throttle the press and cause history to lie."

"Good!" said Jones, "I fully agree with you." Mrs. Stubbs said nothing.

A few days in the Vatican Art Galleries and the various haunts of the art admirer, a pleasant drive out on the Appian way, and Jones was about to order tickets direct to Paris.

"Spring is advancing," he said, "let us start for Paris, and, as the warm weather comes, go north into the Scandinavian countries."

So the proposition was submitted, as usual, to Mrs. Stubbs, but it was learned that she and Mrs. Byson had

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decided to see the great cathedral of Milan before leaving Italy.

"All right," said Jones, "it is on our way; we will stop at Milan."

After Jones and Maitland had had their necks dislocated several times looking up at the 2,000 marble statues surrounding the famous cathedral building, to please the ladies, they begged a furlough, and, leaving Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson to enjoy the marvelous adornments, escorted the girls to another attraction.

A crowd of people came running along the sidewalk, all apparently intent upon going somewhere.

"What is going on?" asked Jones of a cabman.

He replied, "Concorso ippico, grand race! jumps! grand! grand!" and raised both hands to express the magnitude of the entertainment.

"That's it," said Jones, "we'll see it. I don't know what sort of a thing it is, but we will go. Ippico something or other."

The old fashioned double-seated victoria carried them all to the gate of the concorso ippico. Tickets were secured and they entered an immense enclosure with terraced seats surrounding an area one-third of a mile in circumference. A large military band was playing and fully twenty thousand people were seated in the sun. The bugler at the gate blew a blast which announced the arrival of the nobility, and as the gate swung open sixteen handsome coaches, each drawn by four fine horses, entered the arena. Each seat on top of the coaches was filled with ladies and gentlemen, the former wearing light dresses and holding bright colored parasols, which added to the beauty of the scene. As the

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coaches drove around the track, another bugle call brought them abreast and the judges took points to enable them to decide which coach and four was the prize winner. After this ceremony the occupants of the coaches alighted and took seats in the grandstand.

At this point in the entertainment another gate opened and at the side of the enclosure opposite the grandstand about two thousand soldiers entered and sat down on the grassy terraces, being admitted free. Programmes were passed about among the audience and the hurdle jumping began. In the center of the area, where the judges stood, a large placard with numbers on it raised as the respective horses entered. These numbers corresponded with the numbers on the programme.

"A capital idea," said Maitland; "look at the names on the list."

"All Counts," said Jones, "Counts till you can't rest."

Tot tried to pronounce one name and failed.

Belle was the only one who could come near it. She read: "Sig. Amerigo Ponti, Conte Negroni Prato-Morosini, Marchese Caspare Corti, Conte Adolfo Mestiatiss, Conte Alfredo Solino, Conte Emilio Tusati, Cov. Guiseppe Lattuada, Nobl. Guido Colnola, Sig. Giavonni Perreti Trivalzio, Cov. Felice Scheibler, Conte Ferdinando Resto Pallavicino, Regimento Lodi Cavalleria."

Jones shook his head, Maitland heaved a sigh, and the girls made fun by suggesting Macaroni, Ypsilanti, Kalamazooi, Gingerbreadi, and numerous other irrelevant additions.

Twenty-eight horses were entered for the hurdle prizes. The first hurdle was three feet high, the second four, the

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third five, and the windup was a ditch about twelve feet across filled with water. Maitland became intensely interested, being a good rider himself. The first horse appeared far too heavy for a jumper, but he cleared the hurdles in fine shape; he didn't fancy the ditch, but made a brave attack at it and cleared it all but one foot. The audience went wild.

Next came an officer in regimentals, evidently a man of prominence, because the soldiers rose to do him honor as he rode proudly around the area outside the hurdles on his tall, white horse. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and many applauded. The officer was proud of his reception. He made for the hurdles and cleared magnificently; but at the ditch the white horse shook his head and came to a standstill. The soldiers gave a dismal howl, at which the officer looked daggers. He buried the spurs deep in the horse's side. The horse again refused to jump. Then he went back two hundred feet and tried it again, but the horse refused and floundered through the ditch. The soldiers groaned and many in the audience hissed. The officer was furious. Turning the white horse around he made another start. The judges shouted "back," but it was too late, the white horse had his mettle and shot ahead. Away he went, like a big bird, clear away over the ditch, with several feet to spare. Then the soldiers threw up their hats and vociferous applause rained from all around the arena.

Tot was so excited that she almost pushed Bess off the seat; she was waving her hat in cowboy style, much to the delight of Maitland and Jones.

Next came a fine black horse mounted by a swell young



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fellow. He seemed a great favorite; as his horse jumped all the hurdles and the ditch without a mishap he proudly retired waving his whip in response to the cheering.

"After all this excitement," said Jones, "we must go to the hotel and pack up, for tomorrow early we leave for Paris."

CHAPTER XIX.

PARIS

"Now for gay old Paris! Here we are! We can enjoy two months to our hearts' content."

As they rested at the Grand Hotel, Mrs. Byson remarked, "This is the first enjoyable breakfast we have had for a long time. Girls, think of having excellent meals for two straight months." And Tot smacked her lips and replied, "I'll be hungry all the time!"

One day seated at a table in a fashionable restaurant, where they had gone to test the skill of its famous chef, they saw the ruddy, austere face of the Philadelphia fossil, a peculiar individual they had met crossing the Atlantic. He was busily scanning the bill of fare. He paid not the slightest attention to those who had lately entered.

"I will ask him to join us," said Jones, and, stepping up to the fossil with extended hand, he ventured a "Glad to see you; you are well, I hope."

The fossil, as his fellow passengers had named him because of his extreme reticence, arose and looked Jones over.

"Ah," he drawled, "I see, I met you on the way over from New York."

"We are at another table," said Jones, "and would be delighted to have your company."

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The fossil replied, "Very kind, very kind. These, I presume, are the ladies whom I saw on the ship. Ah, with pleasure."

The fossil had been in Paris since leaving the ship. He became talkative when Mrs. Stubbs told him about the visit to Egypt. He had been up and down the Nile numerous times and was quite familiar with all the principal stopping places; but of all cities he said Paris was his favorite. He had his hotel for the various seasons of the year, his favorite Turkish bath house, his favorite place for luncheon on certain days, and his favorite smoking rooms, and loafing places at certain hours of the day.

"How long shall you remain?" asked Mrs. Byson, timidly, for she did not quite relish such a concise and punctual individual.

"I shall be here," he drawled, "till January nineteenth of next year, 7 p. m."

The girls cast many glances at the fossil to ascertain whether he was amusing or not.

"I like system," he said to Jones, who sat next to him. "I have dined here at this hour and on this day for three consecutive months. If you will permit me, I will do the ordering."

"Certainly," said Jones.

The fossil took the bill of fare in his right hand and held it before him a minute. The waiter paid strict attention. He ordered the best of everything; the choicest of wines and viands in all Paris, for it was the Lion d'Or. The fossil left at the conclusion of the dinner. Before he departed he whispered to Jones, "The bill has been ordered

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charged to my yearly account and all tips have been paid."

"You should not have done that," said Jones.

The Battle of Flowers takes place annually in Paris, in a part of the Bois de Boulogne which is fenced across and



THE LOUVRE

an admission charged. The receipts go to support a society organized to protect the wives and families of those who die in the attempt to save the lives of others. A noble charity, and all Paris adjourns for a day to do honor to the cause.

"Here is where we come in," said Tot, her face beaming with genuine enjoyment.

Thousands of carriages, filled and decorated with flow-

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ers, were passing up and down the avenue four abreast, and each occupant was striving to hit the passersby with a rose, peony and any other flower available, while all laughed heartily and cheered the successful throwers.

The rich old invalid, propped up in his carriage, smiled at the giddy girl who had just hit him on the nose with a peony. The aristocratic lady with two liveried servants on the box received with the utmost composure a blooming rose thrown straight from a three francs per hour fiacre. Old and young, gay and sedate joined in the fun, and fragrant flowers flew through the air, perfuming the avenue.

The scene was so novel and the girls at first were so completely astonished that even Tot could not muster up sufficient courage to pelt a flower at a passing stranger. After having been hit several times, however, she regained her assurance and the beautiful peonies Maitland had provided for them issued from Bess and Tot's carriage like live shells from a man-of-war.

Maitland, Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson occupied one carriage and in the other immediately in front were the girls and Mr. Jones, who dealt out the fair missiles when an attack was on.

As Jones watched the passing carriages to see if he could recognize anyone, a little pale person, accompanied by a stout and angry woman, his wife, riding in a dilapidated old cab, came in view. Jones touched Tot's arm.

"Do you see anything?" he whispered.

Tot, peering about as the carriage passed, caught a glimpse.

"Whew!" she exclaimed, "it is old Biggs."

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"Biggs, Biggs!" shouted Bess, "where is he?"

Belle insisted that they must not hit him, but it was too late. Tot had sent a large red peony straight for the little man's head, knocking his old fashioned hat off into the carriage. Mrs. Biggs looked about scornfully, grabbed the hat, stuck it back on Mr. Bigg's head, scowled again at the wrong carriage, and then passed on out of sight. Jones signaled the rear carriage, and they, too, saw Biggs.

"They didn't have a single flower," said Bess.

Mrs. Stubbs was hit on the cheek twice, and Maitland received a dozen or more thumps to the infinite delight of the girls, who stood up most of the time, firing right and left.

Probably no city in the world is so thoroughly a place of amusement as Paris. Nearly all Paris is supported by sight-seeing visitors, shoppers, art students and tourists. In its boulevards, cafes, theatres, restaurants, banks, stores and brokers' offices will be found strangers of all nationalities, and especially Americans.

"Let us first see Paris thoroughly," said Mrs. Stubbs. "I have been here three times, but never could induce Mr. Stubbs to go anywhere except to the theatres and gardens. He draws the line at art. He used to walk about the Louvre and other galleries and places with the resigned air of a condemned martyr."

One day a visit was planned to the Jardin d'Acclimation, an enclosed part of the Bois de Boulogne, one of the most attractive promenades in the environs of Paris. Tot had sprained her foot slightly getting off a tramway, and Jones had consented to wait with her near the entrance,

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while the others explored the garden ; then all would drive together to a restaurant. Bess wanted to remain also, but Tot said, "Go on and see the elephants, dromedaries, and everything and tell me about them. I'm all right, Bess."

"Now, then, Miss Tot, I'm a sort of doctor," said Jones, taking from his coat pocket a little case. It contained a small vial filled with an extract. Jones poured the liquid into the top of Tot's shoe until her stocking at the ankle was thoroughly saturated.

"There, now," he said, "you will be well in ten minutes."

"Oh, it's cold but feels good. You're sure it will make it well?"

"And I'm going to tell you a story," continued Jones, "that will make you forget all about your foot."

Tot smiled ; she always loved to hear Mr. Jones' stories.

"You see, when Maitland and I were in London we became acquainted with a firm of brokers there."

"You did?"

"Yes, and we speculated a little."

"What, in wheat?"

Tot twisted around in her seat and looked Jones in the eye.

"Yes, a little."

"Did you remember me?" asked Tot.

"A little," said Jones.

"Good. Oh, I knew you would."

"I have really never had a chance until now to tell you about it, Tot."

"What a dear old fellow you are. Did you lose?" asked Tot, bewildered.

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"Not very much," said Jones.

"All I have?"

Jones then related their entire experience at Tappan & Wilkins'.

"Gee! That was business," exclaimed Tot. "You're a brick, Mr. Jones. Did you really put my money in it?"

"Every dollar of it," said Jones. That is, I charged it up to you, and here is what I made. It was a fair deal. Your money, Maitland's money and my money all invested in wheat at 61 to 62 which sold for 70."

"Well, well!" said Tot with a sigh of excitement, "you struck the market just at the right time. Your theory was right."

"That was one reason why I wanted to go to London, and here is your draft in pounds, shillings and pence on the Union Bank of London."

Tot laughed and stood on her well'foot and exclaimed:

"Oh, you're just like papa; no wonder I'm fond of you. How could I help it? You are a dear."

"I did it, Tot, because you are royal, true blue speculator and you're my kind of a girl. I'm a dreary old bachelor and it has been the joy of my life to have met you and your mother and sisters and Mrs. Stubbs, too. If I had a little girl like you I'd be perfectly happy. You will have to be my little girl until you grow up to be a woman, anyway, won't you?"

"Of course, I will," said Tot in her impulsive way. "I don't see how we could have had half such a good time without you and Captain Maitland. I don't know what they will say about the big draft."

Jones handed Tot the draft for £1,000, nearly \$5,000.

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"It's a lot of money, isn't it?"

"Not much," said Jones, "nowadays."

Tot thought a moment.

"Keep it for me until we get to India, and then buy me a big diamond, won't you, my new papa?" and Tot leaned over in her seat and kissed him, just as she would have kissed her father under similar circumstances. It was the innocent kiss of a child. A tear stole into the steely eye of the grain dealer.

"Bless your little heart: of course, I will. I will get you a whopping big diamond, one that will make a light like the evening star."

"What a time we will have in India, China, Japan and Australia," said Tot.

"I never believed it possible to enjoy traveling so much. I am fairly crazy now to go to the North Cape to see the Midnight Sun."

"Of course," said Jones.

"Mr. Jones, do you really love art? Now, tell me truly."

Jones laughed.

"Well, to be candid, Tot, I am not quite as enthusiastic as I ought to be, but I like to see you take an interest in it. You know Maitland really enjoys Belle's sketching."

"I know he does."

"Now, I want you and Bess to become just as proficient as Belle is. I will tell you a secret. We are going to give you all prizes for sketching a picture of the Venus of Milo restored complete, and I want you to win it."

"Good," said Tot, "and I will beat them all. I like a contest; that suits me. Oh, I'm ready for it."

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It may be remarked here that Mr. Jones' education had not been altogether neglected, for at college he was reputed to be the artist of his class.

"I will give you some fine points to work out," said Jones.

"Ah, here they come, and I am glad of it, for I am so hungry. See, mamma, I can walk again nearly all right. Mr. Jones has been telling me some nice stories and they have made me well."

"I fancy," said Maitland, as they sat before a small table in Jones' room at the Grand the following evening, "that the Venus of Milo is the most celebrated treasure of the Louvre."

The time had arrived for the contest. Belle drew first privilege of selection and decided to adopt the shield theory. Bess had second choice and decided on Diana, the huntress. Maitland changed his mind and was permitted to enter. Tot told Mr. Jones that Belle could help Captain Maitland, and consequently it would be fair for Mr. Jones to assist her. Tot was to place a cupid in the arms of Venus. This Mrs. Stubbs declared to be absolute nonsense, because the Venus of Milo was not the Venus who was supposed to be the mother of Cupid.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Stubbs," continued Mr. Jones, "it is the work of a school which forms a transition from the school of Phidias to that of Praxiteles."

"Dear me," replied Mrs. Stubbs, slightly sarcastic, "what progress these men have made."

It took a day's rather laborious work to complete the task. All were to cease drawing at 5 p. m. Belle rubbed out the shield a dozen times before she was satisfied. Bess

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could not reconcile the peaceful expression to the hunter goddess, but concluded after hours of patient work that Diana might possibly have looked that way after having sent an arrow at a poor little faun and missed it. Tot found it very difficult to place Cupid in a position where



FIRST PRIZE



SECOND PRIZE

he would appear natural. Maitland's boxing-glove theory was ruled out.

"Maitland, I don't like distinctions; let us get them presents all alike."

They entered a great American jewelry house, and Jones found three diminutive Swiss watches, not much larger than a franc piece. Maitland was pleased with them and said:

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"They will be so useful traveling, and are so easily carried in cuff, pocketbook or chatelaine. I know they are perfect if made by the Swiss firm mentioned."

"One nice thing about a prize is the case," said Jones,



THIRD PRIZE



RULED OUT

who selected cases of different colors. "Blue, that will suit Belle's complexion; pink will do for Bess, and this red one will harmonize with Tot's red cheeks."

The time came for the judges to decide the merits of the sketches. Mrs. Stubbs at first favored Belle's because she had read in a work of art that the general supposition by the ancient masters was in favor of the shield. Mrs. Byson did not agree with the theory; she sided with Jones



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and insisted that there was no sign of either past or contemplated victory in the expression of this Venus. Bess was complimented upon her Diana version, but the committee concluded that it was going too far to imagine that she had shot at a faun and missed it. Diana was too good a shot for that. Tot's sketch came under the scrutiny of the critics last. Mrs. Byson stood firmly for Tot's theory. She argued that the calm, serene expression on the face of the supposed goddess meant love and affection, and that Cupid's presence rather added than detracted from the hypothesis that the statue represented Venus, the Goddess of Love, and her supposed infant Cupid.

Tot was awarded first prize, Belle second and Bess third. All laughed heartily at Jones' scheme for making them all equally happy, and the tiny watches were thoroughly appreciated by the girls.

Time ran on, and day by day brought some new pleasures in the great city. The suburbs were visited, Versailles, where all the numerous mementoes and reminiscences of the days of Louis XIV were discussed, and automobile and coaching parties made up from the hotel, and jaunts to the country, until June was drawing near and it was time to arrange for the northern trip.

CHAPTER XX.

LONDON.

Maitland had promised the duchess to spend a few days in London with her, as it was time for the old lady to do her shopping for the year and to arrange affairs with her barristers in Lincoln's Inn.

"This is not a superlatively enjoyable trip," Maitland informed Jones, after the ladies had retired one evening. "The duchess becomes exceedingly nervous over her finances and she detests the noise of the city. Of course, she will not commission anyone to transact her affairs, and I understand Lady and Miss Watkins usually accompany her, so you can see what joy is in store for me."

"We may all go up to London before we run up to Newcastle to take the boat to Stavanger, Norway. Tot has the trip all laid out. She spent all the morning at the agent's office to learn the names of the boats we sail on, and the days we leave port and the expense of the trip. That girl has a head. If we go to London we will see you now and then."

"Certainly," replied Maitland.

"And we will leave together for Newcastle."

"Agreed," replied Maitland.

"How would it do to ask the duchess to dine with us at the Metropole?" asked Jones.

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Maitland looked dubious.

"If alone it would be well enough, but she will have that old Lady Watkins with her."

"Never mind," said Jones, "Mrs. Stubbs will entertain her and talk art to her."

Maitland thought a long moment.

"The Watkins are full of art; their walls are so covered with paintings you can scarcely see them. Not a bad idea. Mrs. Stubbs will prove very interesting. You know I hate to displease the old aunt, Jones. She is becoming crochetty, and if we can have her meet the family, perhaps she would not be so deucedly prejudiced. Half the trouble in life is from headstrong prejudice."

"Well, we will go to London together and plan a meeting at the Metropole. It will be better not to inform the duchess beforehand, but merely have her accept my invitation, and then we will invite the others in," proposed Jones.

Maitland was considering the matter.

"Yes," he said at length. "Lady Watkins will go anywhere. She likes to talk and prattle, see London and everybody in it. She will induce the duchess to go."

"We go by the Calais Route," said Tot. "A big steamer will cross today, as it is fair."

"We are all packed and ready," chimed in Bess. "Let the caravan proceed."

When on the steamer which crosses the Channel from Calais to Dover the spirits of the girls were high on a warm day.

"We've had enough of art; let's go to the theatre," said Tot; and with Bess linked arm and arm they chattered about

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the deck talking to the purser, sailors and everyone available.

The dinner at the Metropole initiated Lady Watkins and the duchess into the American mysteries. Jones had so planned the meeting that it appeared almost a chance occurrence that they should dine together. He had engaged a private dining room and Maitland had suggested the duchess' favorite dishes. Lady Watkins become so interested in Mrs. Stubbs' talk on Venice and Florence that she almost ignored the balance of the company. Belle entertained the duchess and Miss Watkins with a recital of her experiences up the Nile, and proved herself a close student of Egyptology.

"How jolly to travel about in this way," exclaimed Miss Watkins.

And the duchess replied, "Are you not afraid?"

"Oh, dear no," said Belle; "we always have guides and dragomen, and we frequently meet others going in the same direction."

Belle spoke of the large number of Americans studying art in Italy, and the art clubs which took annual trips to Europe.

"Wonderful people, wonderful people," replied the duchess. "How they desire to absorb knowledge. That accounts for the rapid progress made by Americans. Foremost in everything—wonderful people. There is a great common interest developing between England and America, is there not?"

"Yes," replied Belle, "I was in a large auditorium many years ago in a western city in America upon the occasion of the Queen's birthday. To see the interblending of the

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Stars and Stripes with the Union Jack, and to hear the cheering and applause which welcomed the speakers who eulogized the late good queen, would have pleased you."

"What a lovely dinner!" said the duchess. "Mr. Jones, our host, is a man of excellent taste. He seems to appreciate every new brand of wine."

After dinner Jones invited the party to attend the theatre and witness a popular play, where a pleasant evening was spent.

The duchess and Lady Watkins also discovered that American women were not only versed in art but were quite well informed respecting the opera and drama.

"You made quite an impression," said Maitland to Belle the next day. "The duchess thought you were some Indian barbarian, who scalped people or danced jigs on the stage or ran pell mell after young lords and caught them in a fly net like the gladiators."

Belle was amused.

"I fancy Lady Watkins' knowledge of America is rather limited, because she asked me if we had any good railroad trains where we lived. I suppose she would open her eyes if she saw the difference between the 'Calais Special' and the 'Century Limited,' with electric lights, libraries, bathrooms, barber shops and hotel dining cars."

Maitland explained that the two old ladies hobnobbed together, and entertained old prejudiced antediluvians like Colonel Broad, and gained their information from such sources.

A cordial invitation was extended by both the duchess and Lady Watkins upon their return from Norway, lack

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of time preventing the acceptance of the proffered immediate one.

It had evidently cropped out that the duchess had been made aware of the intimacy between the curate of Northampton and Miss Watkins. Rumor had it they were engaged. This at first annoyed the duchess. Since Lord Maitland's absence another incident had occurred which had a relenting effect upon the silly animosity the duchess had conceived for the Byson family. His majesty had visited at the house of a mutual friend and the duchess had met him, Admiral Maitland being in some way related to his majesty. In conversation King Edward had expressed his admiration for American women to the duchess, saying:

"Those whom I have met appear to be exceedingly intelligent. It is the ambition of the American woman to excel in everything she undertakes. I must say they possess many admirable qualities. It is a pleasure to meet them."

This little speech from the king had a marvelous effect upon the duchess.

Jones and Maitland now saw a chance for a long trip uninterrupted by members of the secret service or urgent calls to South Africa, and after escorting the duchess and the Watkins, with one of the barristers and his secretary, to the train and bidding the duchess an affectionate good-bye, they returned to the Metropole.

"Now, for a long jaunt," exclaimed Jones. "Maitland can stay away for two years or more."

"One year," said Maitland.

The girls were delighted with the very thought of the



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coming trip, and Mrs. Stubbs, already tired of London, was ready to go.

Jones was likely before leaving, as he expressed it, to take another shy at wheat, but upon examining the conditions was easily persuaded not to do so by Tot, who was becoming more conservative as she advanced in years, and was gaining a sort of grandmotherly control over Mr. Jones' actions.

"Don't do it," she said to Jones, "you will get excited and worry as papa used to, and I won't have it. Let us keep our minds off business until we get back. Traveling is cheap in Norway, and we all have plenty."

"You are a dear little philosopher," said Jones, "and I will obey you."

"You had better," she replied, as if she owned Mr. Jones.

Tot was much pleased with the presents. She saw the wisdom of Jones in treating them all alike.

"I look at my little watch several times a day," she informed him, "and it keeps perfect time. It was clever to give one to each, and when the sun shines always, as it does in Norway in summer, we can easily read the time, day or night. You are a nice old dear!"

CHAPTER XXI.

NORWAY

The steamer plying between Newcastle, England, and Stavanger, Norway, was crowded. It left Newcastle in the evening. After a restless night, for it was foggy and numerous steam whistles had kept up a continual noise, Jones, noticing from the porthole that the sun was shining brightly and the fog had cleared away, decided to dress and go down and hold seats at the table. Maitland also arose and dressed.

"It must be time for breakfast." They went into the dining saloon and found no one. "No one appears to be up in this blooming ship," said Maitland. Jones looked around. Not a waiter; no one in the dining room; the tables were not even set. Looking up at a clock at the end of the cabin Jones noticed it was 2:20 a. m. Maitland saw the joke.

"We are in Norway."

Jones smiled grimly.

"Let us go back to bed," he said. "Won't they laugh at us in the morning? Two-twenty! We have to sleep five hours and a half yet before breakfast," and Maitland sank into a chair, amused at Jones' astonishment.

The visitors were amazed at the beauty of the fjords (pronounced feeords). Before leaving on the Sigurd Jarl

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for their long trip to North Cape it was proposed to visit Odde. The scenery along the route was particularly fascinating, and even Bess and Tot were charmed into quietness by the superb views and admitted that photographs,



TYPICAL SCENE IN NORWAY

owing to the strong shadows, would fail to convey any idea of the marvelous grandeur of the Hardanger Fjord.

At times the steamer Hardangeren, which plies between Bergen and Odde, passed through narrow straits not over one hundred yards wide, confronted with steep rocks sev-



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eral thousand feet high. The melting snow on the top of these mountains forms into numerous cascades, that in some places rush into the water below with such force that their roar can be heard a long distance. Every niche or oasis in these immense hills of rock where grass and trees can grow develops a fishing hut or two, and here and there a church and small settlement.

Jones was undeceived in his belief that a majority of the Norwegians had light hair; there were more dark-haired maidens in this vicinity than light, and the girls were exceedingly pretty. In the fields many young women helped the men make hay, and their bright red jackets were picturesque additions to the fair landscape.

High up in the mountains were numerous level spots where rich grass grows, and the sturdy climb up to them, cut the grass and bale it. One day, while driving near Bergen, Maitland called the attention of the others to a peculiar bundle of hay apparently floating in the air. In a cyclonic country this might be explained, but the air was still and the atmosphere clear. On it came, an oblong bundle sailing along as if on wings; the bale finally struck the top of a barn and entered an opening in the roof. On driving nearer they saw that these bales were sent down upon wires that may run a mile or more up the hills to a fertile place where the hay was made.

The peasant girls are happy and thoroughly enjoy life. When a wedding occurs all work is suspended for miles about, and the ceremony usually lasts six days. The bride is rigged out gorgeously, wearing a sort of crown, and dancing and feasting becomes the order of the day. As the Hardangeren steamed back along the deep and shadowy

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fjord, after leaving Vikingness, a beautiful snow white yacht glided into view without a sound to break the enchanted stillness or a ripple to disturb the dark calm of the element on which it rode, graceful beyond anything else in nature.

"Lohengrin's Swan," whispered Belle with glistening eyes. "It is almost too beautiful to be real." A nearer view proved it to be very real, however, for it was the German emperor's yacht, "The Hohenzollern." The royal coat of arms was painted on the cream colored smokestacks; a large band was playing on the deck. The girls were entranced with the view.

"The passing of this magnificent vessel in this fairy-like spot," exclaimed Belle, "is a strong reminder of the Viking days of old Norway."

The ship passed near enough for all to recognize the royal family seated under a canvas canopy enjoying the scenery.

"Oh," said Jones, enthusiastically, "we must remember these glorious views were made by nature for royal as well as for plebeian eyes, and are as free as air to all the world."

"That was a rare sight," said Maitland, as the ship disappeared round a bend in the fjord. "Such a great white ship in this narrow place seems almost supernatural. Its appearing and disappearing among the gray rocks was singularly unique."

On the twelfth day of July they crossed the Arctic Circle. Two shots from the ship's cannon were fired to celebrate the event.



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"As far as latitude is concerned," said the captain, "you are now two thousand miles north of New York."

The water was warm and no signs of snow appeared on the hills or rocks.

"The sun is busy up here," remarked Tot, "works twenty-four hours per day."

"At the Arctic Circle at this date," the captain explained, "the sun went down at 11:30 p. m. and rose again at 12:30 a. m."

"One hour's absence, but he will not disappear for the next five days. You may see him for twenty-four hours a day, and, if fair, every minute of the time."

Mrs. Stubbs thought it was uncanny. The girls were up every night until midnight.

When the sun was shining bright and warm one night, Bess and Tot sought the wheel house and were entertained by the jolly captain, who told them of the strange superstitions of the ancient Norsemen, and of the belief of the people in the various mythological deities, of the ancient warriors and vikings and of Mundilfare, the father of the sun and moon.

Mundilfare had two children, a son and daughter, so lovely and graceful that they called the boy "Maane" (Moon) and the girl "Sol" (Sun). The latter he gave in marriage to Glener (the shining one).

But the gods being incensed at Mundilfare's presumption, took his children and placed them in the heavens, and let Sol drive the horses that draw the car of the sun; these horses are called Aarvak (the ever wakeful) and Alsvinn (the rapid one); they are gentle and beautiful.

A shield named Svalin (cool) stands before the sun, the

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shining god. The mountains and ocean would burn up if the shield should fall away.

A giant named Norve, who dwelt in Jotunheim, had a



MIDNIGHT AT NORTH CAPE

daughter called Night, who, like all her race, had a swarthy complexion. He told them of witches, giants and mermaids, and the girls became so interested that time was forgotten.



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"What time is it?" asked Tot.

"Twelve midnight," and the watch sounded the bell. The sun was up in the heavens shining away and all was calm and serene.

"This being the first night of the midnight sun, the photographer will take the picture of all who assemble on deck. Please be ready at the hour of midnight," had been announced by an officer, and Bess and Tot soon witnessed an intensely novel sight, night changed to day.

On the summit of the famous North Cape, which rises one thousand feet above the sea level, the visitors found it as dry and warm as the climate of California. The ascent is made up a rough, steep path. The thermometer registered 80 degrees the day the Sigurd Jarl arrived. Mrs. Stubbs declined to make the ascent at first, but Jones and Maitland promised their united efforts, and she succeeded. The girls and two sailors assisted Mrs. Byson. Ropes and chains are stretched over dangerous places in order that those who become dizzy may hold on. It is the custom to have champagne brought to the little summer house at the summit of the cape to refresh passengers upon their arrival at the top. Drinking champagne in this rarefied atmosphere is liable to cause dizziness, and the utmost caution must be used in descending the path. Mrs. Stubbs started a slight roll twice, but was caught by Maitland. Several in the party received bruises and sprains.

Returning from North Cape a novel scene was witnessed; a small steamer towing a mighty whale. Bess sketched it and added an interesting picture to her collection. Tot wanted the captain to stop and let her row out close to it.

The jolly Norwegian laughed.

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"It might not be thoroughly dead;" he replied, "one slap of its tail would break a small boat to atoms."

The captain explained how they were caught.

"The whaling companies," he said, "employ steamers now instead of sailing vessels. They have headquarters up in



PROJECTILE FOR WHALE

this vicinity, and send out their steamboats well equipped. There is a small cannon on deck and when the whale is sighted they steal up to within about 400 feet and fire a projectile into him. This complicated harpoon explodes a shell inside the whale, which usually kills him. At the same time four large hooks or grappling irons shoot out

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from the projectile and take a firm grip of the leviathan and he has to come along."

"Jonah would not have liked that kind of a boarding house," interrupted Jones.

"No," said Maitland, "but it is not sport; it is whale slaughter."



HAMMERFEST, NORWAY

The captain said it did away with all excitement of whale fishing in the old way, for then a dozen or more boats were sometimes upset in securing a large prize.

The Sigurd Jarl anchored in front of a whaling station, but the presence of the decaying carcasses of twenty or more huge sea monsters took all the romance away.

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"One blue whale," the captain said, "caught a few years ago, measured ninety feet, but they are usually from twenty to fifty feet in length." They visited Hammerfest.

At Tromsø, on the return trip, a settlement of Laplanders near the city was visited. They live in rude huts covered with sticks and sod and are clothed in leather



LAPLANDERS NEAR TROMSØ

made from reindeer. They are a small race of people and the women appear to be sewed up in their leather suits. The question of a bath seemed formidable. As they knew the Sigurd Jarl was coming, they corralled several hundred reindeer for exhibition. Tot secured a fine photograph of a Lapland maiden milking a reindeer.

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When the visitors had seen the reindeer the movable fence surrounding them was taken away, and at a signal the fleet little fellows flew away to the grassy hills like the wind.

"What a shot," said Maitland as they disappeared.

"Let us leave the steamer at Trondhjem," said Jones. "We have now been many days on board and a little land will do us all good."

"It is by no means lonesome up here," added Maitland, "for we have met hundreds of fishing boats and the channels among the islands are as busy as the entrance to Liverpool."

"Yes," said Belle, "and the thousands of duck, sea gulls and various birds make it lively enough."

"Did you ever see anything like the birds, and the porpoises, dolphins and whales," sang out Tot. "I like it; I could stay up here all summer."

"But think of riding through Norway! The beautiful hills and vales and the pine trees! The cascades, falling down thousands of feet over the rocks. Do you remember Odde?"

"What I want to do, really," said Maitland, "is to walk about twenty miles a day for a week, to make up for this long rest."

Bidding farewell to the captain, the crew and passengers on the Sigurd Jarl, it was decided to remain several days at Trondhjem before commencing the long ride through Norway.

"That is the reason," said Jones, "we are going to see this entire little world, and we must not forget if we are

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to reach Iceland before the cold weather sets in we must continue our journey with remarkable dispatch."

"Iceland?" said Mrs. Stubbs. "Who said we were going to Iceland?"

Maitland smiled.

"Let me see," said Jones, taking a memorandum from his pocket. "Iceland is only 600 miles from Norway and we can get a reliable steamer in Christiania. The climate is said to be as clear and lovely as Italy."

"Let us see Norway first," remarked Mrs. Stubbs.

"No one can see Norway except by taking a slow drive through the country," said the proprietor of the Britannia. "Take your time and drive through to Christiania; you will never regret it. The manners and customs of the people and their original methods of earning a living will become exceedingly interesting."

The journey continued, after crossing a fjord, and landing at a skyds station, a place where horses, meals and lodgings are furnished, Jones found out that all Norway was literally connected with a telephone system; meals could be ordered from one station to another and lodgings made ready on demand by a simple call through the phone.

"We will hire rigs," said Jones.

"Not rigs," corrected Maitland, "kariol and stolkjaerre."

"Lord," what a jawbreaker," said Jones. "What is the difference?"

"A kariol is for one, and a stolkjaerre is for two."

"It is lonesome enough going through these mountains; say we double up as far as we can," said Jones.

"All right," said Maitland, "we will order s——, let us call them two-seated rigs."

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"A rig, a rig," said Jones, "and there is no better name for them."

An early start was made the next morning. Mrs. Stubbs had decided to have Mrs. Byson for a companion on the first stretch. The drivers sit behind and the little drab horses trot along at a fair gait. Jones and Bess were next, and then Maitland and Tot, while Belle followed behind, as she wanted to sketch some mountain scenery. When a high hill was reached Jones and Maitland and often one or more of the girls walked behind, enjoying the pure air of the mountains.

Maitland walked most of the time. They halted at a little rivulet on the roadway and watched the operation of a small mill. Nearly every Norwegian farmer owns a grist mill. It is not much larger than a hen house and is constructed of logs. He builds his small structure over a foaming cataract, which rushes down the mountain. A portion of this rapid current is caught by means of a series of hollow logs, which direct a powerful stream to the water mill.

By the side of the mill sat an old farmer, who seemed happy; he was whistling "After the Ball."

"How on earth," said Jones, "did he get that tune?"

One of the drivers explained that his sons and daughters, who lived in America, sent the music home and he probably played the violin. Many of the farmers in the mountain retreats spend the long winter evenings with music and singing. The old man had carried a sack of grain down on his back to the mill, started the wheel, and waited for the flour which was coming out from the bottom of this mill and falling into the sack arranged to catch it.

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"Great scheme," said Jones, who was always interested in grain. "This is crude, but does away with elevators, boards of trade, corners, bulls and bears, and all the other peculiarities of the grain business in America."

And the old Norwegian in answer, through the driver as an interpreter, knew not the price of barley in Norway. To him the price was immaterial. He sowed and reaped and ground and consumed. To him the quiet life was the great consideration. Boards of trade or milling trusts were strange to him, and he was independent so long as his crops were good and his family had food and shelter.

A saeter is a small rough house built away up on the mountains where the grass grows thick and rich, and where young women live in summer while tending their cattle. They start for the saeters on St. John's day, June 24th of each year, remaining until September 10th. They make butter and cheese and send it down to market. Men seldom accompany the women, but remain at home to attend to the crops.

The saeter girls address each cow by such names as Maieros, Helgros or Lekros, the syllable ros being a term of endearment. The cows recognize the voices of their owners and come at their call.

"What a lonely life," said Belle to the driver.

"No," he said, shaking his head, "they are happy up in the saeters, the girls like it. They read and educate themselves, and frequently pass the time embroidering jackets for the winter months."

It was a joyous trip for the girls. They sang, laughed and made fun; their merry voices rang through the peaceful valleys.

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The Norwegians became more talkative as they journeyed south. It is supposed that the long winter causes the reticence and apparently sullen moods of those in the north. They are not, however, sullen; they are quiet and peaceful; they sit for hours thinking over some little project which might be of small interest to us.

Jones and Tot had for their driver one day a very talkative individual. He said his name was Swenson; he was learning to speak English and was superlatively inquisitive. He talked a blue streak. He asked four hundred questions a mile during the entire morning.

"I've answered all I am going to," said Tot, who had explained to him three times what "good night," "good morning," "yesterday," "day before yesterday," "tomorrow," and "day after tomorrow" meant in English.

Then he asked Jones to explain the meaning of a "bad boy," "a very bad boy," "a good boy," and "a pretty good boy." These nice distinctions seemed to puzzle Mr. Swenson. He had evidently studied some primer which did not give the proper interpretation of the words.

"Oh, I'll stand this for a few minutes longer, and then I'll either kill him or walk to the next station," said Jones, emphatically.

Swenson rattled on, however, and there was no end to it. Then Tot thought of a way to circumvent him. She commenced asking him his name, what his father's name was, his mother's, his aunt's, his cousins', and that stopped him for a while.

Swenson was not popular on the road. One man refused to answer a question about opening a gate they desired to pass through, and several threatened him with personal



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violence when he passed them. When they all met at the next stopping place, Tot declared, much to the amusement of Bess, that their driver had literally talked them to death.

At a small out-of-the-way place in the mountains a rest was agreed upon, for Mrs. Stubbs had taken a slight cold and was unable to proceed.

It is a custom in the hotels and stations to keep a register of the visitors' names and in addition a column to describe their habitation, their destination and their occupation, also one for remarks, the intention being to permit the guest to pay some compliment to the hotel if he wishes to do so.

A nervous little man, who was classed by Maitland as a second grade Englishman, always criticised the food. In the present skyd station he had written on the register after his name: "It is absolutely impossible to get anything to eat within three hours of the time it is ordered. Meat like leather, fish boiled to rags and pancakes like cheese omelettes, eggs that explode like cannon when touched. I caught some good trout in the river near the stone bridge." Signed George Augustus Anthony Brodye. Occupation, gentleman. Nativity, England. Destination, my own affair.

When Maitland saw this he immediately added a note of interrogation on the register after the word "gentleman." In the evening the "gentleman" returned. He saw the register; then he swaggered about the place, asking the mild-eyed landlady very sharply, "Who made that mark?"

Maitland replied, "I did."

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"Do you mean to question my station, sir?" inquired the tourist, hotly.

"Well," said Maitland, quite serene, "I do not believe a genuine gentleman from England would insult this poor old lady by writing such trash in her register. We have had a very good luncheon, and I hope you will reconsider your unjust criticism."

"Who are you, pray, that you dare to dictate to me what I should do?"

"I am an Englishman," said Maitland, "and I don't want my country misrepresented."

Mr. Brodye stalked up and down the road in front of the station, muttering to himself, then cooled down as Jones said he would.

The mountain air being so pure and bracing, the girls usually upon arriving at a station retired immediately after dinner and slept until the breakfast bell awoke them in the morning. The older members of the party sat up and chatted over the day's jaunt. Arriving at Lake Loen, they had a novel experience; they saw an avalanche. As they were walking slowly along the lake, on the side opposite the mountain, huge sections of ice gave away and fell over the rocks four thousand feet down into the deep water. The noise resembled thunder, and Tot thought she felt the earth tremble.

The view through the Naerodal valley was so entrancing and all were so busy watching cataracts that few words were spoken.

The Kilefos, a waterfall of 1,840 feet, begins with a single leap of 500 feet before striking the rocks. It is said that when a strong wind blows up the valley this falling

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water is converted into spray and blown away, but gathers in the bottom land and resumes its journey to the fjord.

"This," exclaimed Jones, who had just interviewed a native cottager who spoke English, "is considered the grandest scene in all the country."

After numerous rides up and down the grand old hills of



OSCAR'S HALL, CHRISTIANIA

Norway, in stolkjaerre or kariols, or floating down the shadowy fjords, fishing along the way in the deep trout streams, stopping to rest in the quaint little skyd stations, viewing the magnificent cascades and mountain scenery, and sailing down streams in beautiful steamers, the delightful journey came to an end. Maitland had tramped to his heart's content, and Belle had filled two sketch



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books. The trip had been a novel one, a marvel and delight.

Christiania, the beautiful capital of Norway, is situated at the foot of the pine-clad hills, at the north end of Christiania fjord. The streets in summer are alive with visitors, the red coated British marines, whose man-of-war lies in the harbor, the Spanish sailor, the French midshipman and the German "navvies" throng the streets at night flirting with the fair-skinned girls and sipping beer in gardens and cafes. Thousands of men and women promenade in the parks at all hours, and bright colors and happy faces predominate on the busy thoroughfares.

After being comfortably located at the Grand Hotel, and enjoying a night's rest, all the heavy baggage and trunks, which had been forwarded from Bergen, were opened for the benefit of the ladies, and Jones and Maitland started out to find a ship en route for Iceland.



CHAPTER XXII.

ICELAND.

The next morning early Jones and Maitland visited the Jokul (ice hill), a ship about to leave for Iceland, and found a young lady in charge of the cabin. She proved to be Miss Bergeson, the captain's daughter, who informed them that she was anxious to make the trip with them if agreeable. To this Jones readily consented, as she appeared to be bright and intelligent, and no doubt would prove excellent company for Bess and Tot, as she spoke English fluently.

"Miss Lena Bergeson" is my name," she said, sweetly, "and if you will suggest any changes in the cabins I will attend to them. I have often visited Iceland with my father."

At noon all assembled to see the Jokul. The girls, anxious to go anywhere, were, of course, delighted. Mrs. Stubbs looked a little dubious, but Jones assured her Miss Bergeson, the captain's daughter, was going and it would be pleasant enough.

"Oh, I will go," said Mrs. Stubbs, shaking her head. "No one can stop me! The only thing to consider is—shall we be satisfied with such a small ship?"

"The Jokul is a fine sailer," added Miss Bergeson. "I've been out in her in all kinds of weather."

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The trunks were all overhauled and musical instruments and rugs were laid out on the table and Jones called to see if all were ready.

Captain Bergeson had given orders and everything was done to add to the comfort of the travelers.

"The thought of seeing a new country overbalances many



CAPTURING WHALES IN ICELAND

inconveniences," said Jones, who had offered Mrs. Stubbe his arm, as they walked up to the end of the dock. Mrs. Stubbs delayed her endorsement.

It was a beautiful day in August. Captain Bergeson assured them the weather at that time of year was usually fine and he added, speaking to Mrs. Stubbs directly, "After your long drives through the mountains you will feel the quiet life aboard ship a relief."

Several friends of the Bergesons came down to bid them

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"good-bye" as the Jokul steamed out of the beautiful harbor down the long fjord and finally along the Skaga Rock around the south coast of Norway.

"Have we land in sight much of the way?" Mrs. Byson asked the captain.

"Yes," he replied, "after 200 miles along the coast of Norway we have only a short trip to the Shetland Islands, and then another day or so to the Faroe Islands, and after the third day we will probably be in sight of the mountains of Iceland all the way to Reykjavik, on the westerly coast of the island."

As Maitland and Jones suspected, Lena proved an enjoyable companion for the girls. They talked of cities in the United States of which Lena had heard so much, sang songs, told stories and asked conundrums until late into the night. The Jokul sped along over the smooth sea, for the breeze was off shore and the high rocks offered a complete protection. At night the breeze died down and the ship plowed its way through smooth water, the stars shining above and the little cabin merry with the voices of the girls.

"Not so bad after all," said Mrs. Stubbs, who had just come from the deck. "I wouldn't mind crossing the ocean if all the way could be like this."

Maitland winked at Jones, and whispered, "If we have a gale this thing will roll over."

"Say nothing," said Jones, cautiously. "I've arranged it with the captain that in case of a blow he is to head the old tub into the wind and let her stay there as the captain of the Hydaspes did. We will take no chances in the 'trough of the sea' at this stage of the game."

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"You are becoming quite a sailor," replied Maitland, "but I don't fear any trouble except for a day."

The following morning, after leaving the coast of Norway, the ship sighted Sumburgh Head, the southern end of the Shetland Islands.

"This is where my pony came from," sang out Tot to Bess as they strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of some habitation beside the lighthouse. Nothing could be seen for miles but red sandstone and metamorphic rocks. Captain Bergeson told them that most of the inhabitants were comparatively poor people. Although there are a few arable farms in the inland districts, nearly all are what they call crofts, held by tenants who are mostly fishermen.

"These cottages," said the captain, "are merely cabins. There is a fireplace, and formerly calves, pigs and other animals shared the apartments with the family. The croft usually contains five to ten acres."

"The ponies," asked Tot.

"The ponies," said the captain, "are very small and are becoming very scarce. I tried to buy one when I visited the island last trip, but could not. These islands are a county of Scotland; the Orkney Islands to the south of us are separated from Scotland by Pentland Firth. Tomorrow we will pass the Faroes and then you will see some remarkable scenery."

The captain was right; the coast of the Faroe Islands consisted of rocks and hills separated from each other by narrow valleys or ravines, the hills rising abruptly, and the perpendicular cliffs, broken into a thousand fantastic forms, afforded the delighted passengers sailing along the most picturesque and varied scenery.



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All had assembled on the deck with wraps and furs, but they soon found them unnecessary, for the air was balmy and warm.

"What a bracing, delightful air," said Mrs. Stubbs. "Why, Iceland is as warm as Rhode Island."

"It is the name that made you believe it was cold," said the captain. "In summer it is the most beautiful place to visit, and even in winter I don't believe it is ever as cold as some more southern countries."

"The little island you see off from the mainland over there is Dyrholar, and there in the distance you can see Hecla, the famous volcano of Iceland. There are many other volcanoes."

Jones and Maitland were having a lazy time in two old fashioned chairs, when Belle came up and insisted they should hear the captain's story of Iceland. Bess, Tot and Lena were so busy telling their own stories that they could not be induced to come.

The captain was talking about the eruption of Hecla. "In the year 1766 a column of ashes arose from Hecla," he said, "to a height of 16,000 feet and some of the volcanic dust was borne by upper air currents to the Faroe Islands and even to Norway and North Scotland."

"Why the climate here is like Italy," exclaimed Mrs. Byson.

"Yes," said the captain, "the climate in summer averages 53 Fahrenheit, and in the southern part of the island it is still warmer. For weeks it is quite warm day and night, and, strange to say, thunderstorms occur here in winter. No cereal is grown in Iceland."

"What kind of clothes do they wear?" asked Belle.

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"A sort of tweed, called 'vaomal.' The spinning of the yarn is done by the women in the winter and every farmhouse has an old fashioned loom. They knit and export jackets and stockings."

It was a charming day, and about four o'clock the Jokul steamed up Faxa fjord into the quaint and interesting city of Reykjavik.

"Not such a bad looking town," said Jones. "Court



REYKJAVIK

house, churches, schools, colleges; what more do you want?"

"A pretty place," said Belle. "I shall enjoy sketching it."

"Photographs," said the captain, smiling, "everything you want but automobiles and bicycles."

"What," said Maitland, "no bicycles! Look up the street." Two boys were coming towards them on wheels.

"Late arrivals," said the captain. "Tourists often come here with wheels, but the paths are usually impassable for them."

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A brass band was playing in a small square in front of the court house and a number of comely young men and women paraded up and down, enjoying the music.

"The musicians are selected from the colleges," said the captain, "and play all the latest airs from England and America."

Lena escorted the girls about, as she was quite well acquainted, and the visits were made enjoyable by the kindness of the people.

"It will take several days," said the captain, "to load the wool on board and the noise will not be pleasant; therefore the ladies are invited to stay with the Olafsons, one of my partners in the business. They have a commodious home and the ladies will enjoy the change. The gentlemen may remain on board."

Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson were greatly interested in the cathedral, museum, and library, and the queer relics of ancient Iceland. Maitland and Jones, however, preferred sauntering about the town and seeing the people.

"I hope they have no paintings or sculptures in town," said Jones, looking with dread at Maitland.

"I have found out what lad and lass are," said Tot. "Piltroo and stulka. Lena's friend, Miss Olafson, showed me a book with that on the cover. And she has the Arabian Nights translated into Icelandic."

"Hjem!" (home) the mate shouted on the fourth day, for the Jokul was ready to return to Christiania. The weather became unsettled after leaving Iceland and an ugly head wind sprang up from the northeast. Jones bargained with Bergeson, but the old Norwegian was obstinate. Jones wanted him to head the Jokul for Scot-



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land. They had discussed the matter, and Jones thought with Mrs. Stubbs, that they had seen Norway pretty thoroughly and if bad weather were to set in they would have a very uncomfortable time on the Jokul.

Jones had seated himself in the pilot house and watched the ship pound all morning against the heavy sea.

"How far along are we on our trip, captain?" asked Jones in a calm and subdued tone of voice.

"At noon we will sight the Faroes; then we will have a quiet time under the shelter of the islands."

"Oh, I don't mind the sea," said Jones, "but don't you think it will pay us to see the Orkneys. They are south of this, are they not?"

"South and a little east," said Bergeson, "about two hundred and twenty miles."

"A day's trip?" asked Jones.

"Not in this sea," replied the captain. "It would take a little over a day."

"How much do you expect to make on this cargo?" asked Jones, after musing a minute. Bergeson thought a while and figured it up honestly.

"About 2,000 kroner net."

"How many dollars is that?" asked Jones. "I guess I know" (figuring on a card) "a kroner is about a shilling and a shilling is a quarter—four kroner to a dollar—five hundred dollars net, and you go to all this trouble to make that?"

"I make several trips a year," replied the captain. "Sometimes I carry fish and other freight and make a thousand dollars."

"You take us to the nearest railway station in Scotland

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and I will give you twelve hundred kroner and pay for the extra time of sailors and for extra coal."

"You have already been too liberal with me," said Bergeson, his brawny hand grasping the wheel with a vice-like grip. "I would go for nothing, but I am not acquainted with the Orkney Island region. There are dangerous reefs and shoals and the chart I have is old and not reliable."

"We are going to have a bad storm, are we not?" asked Jones.

"I am afraid it will last until we get under shelter of the Norway coast."

"If we struck southward we would have the wind almost with us, as it is veering to the north."

"The first port where we could secure a pilot would be Pierowall, in the North Sound, on one of the northernmost islands. With a pilot we could make our way through the firths and keep along under the islands down to Thurso, where you could take a train. I don't like to charge you anything extra," said the big, red-faced captain.

"Now look here," said Jones, "we are traveling for pleasure and this is the cheapest trip I ever made in my life. Say nothing more. Is it a bargain?"

Bergeson looked back and, seeing Lena so happy with the girls, who were singing, nodded his head affirmatively.

"All right," said Jones. And the captain, taking a musty chart from a little drawer in the pilot house, gave instructions to his assistant at the wheel to head southeast by south instead of southeast by east.

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"Good!" said Jones, who went to inform Mrs. Stubbs, who was not at all well, of the captain's decision.

When they went with the wind "she eased up a bit," to use a seafaring phrase, and the captain ordered a main-sail up, which steadied her a "bit" more, and when noon approached they were gliding along headed for the Orkneys at a good rate of speed.

Maitland said the Orkney Islands would be a rum place to navigate in, especially in foggy weather, without a pilot, but with one of the old fishing boat pilots they could go anywhere, as they knew every rock and shoal in the entire country.

The captain came in and announced that at the rate of speed they were making they would be in Pierowall by morning, and the ship would ride easy all night.

Lena was disappointed at having to leave the girls. At nine the following morning Papa Island was sighted, and, as one of the sailors was somewhat familiar with the passage between Moulhead and Bowhead on the Westra Islands, he was asked to take the wheel. The weather was clearing and all were delighted at the sight of land, because Mrs. Stubbs had had dire forebodings as to the fate of the *Jokul*, and Jones and Maitland were firm in their belief that a bad storm would break the old craft in three or four pieces at least, and perhaps a dozen.

It was not so easy to find a pilot. The gray-whiskered fellow at the wharf mentioned a dozen who could "steer them into Thurso Bay. Yeel goo awa by the Gulf of Eda, passing Eda Island, Stronsa Firth and awa rooned by Mullhead and thro Pentland Firth or if ye dinna care for views but want to mak time ye micht go by Rapness thro

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Westra Firth o'er by Marwick Head. The ither's the pirtiest trip." All decided in favor of the "pirtiest."

"It's less than a hundred miles making all the turns," said Captain Bergeson. "We will be at Thurso before four o'clock." A train would leave for Dingwall, where they would rest for the night. An affectionate good-bye was said to Lena and the captain, and the Jokul passed out into Thurso Bay and was soon out of sight, headed for Christiania. The last seen of Lena she was waving her handkerchief vigorously on the deck.

"Awful nice girl!" said Tot, holding her handkerchief up to her eyes. "She's the right sort of a girl. Poor Lena!"

Maitland immediately mailed a letter to the proprietor of the Grand Hotel at Christiania to forward all trunks to London.



CHAPTER XXIII.

SCOTLAND.

"We shall need only our traveling suits in Edinburgh and at the Lakes."

To which the girls all agreed. They found much comfort, especially during the chilly evenings, in the plain woven shawls they had bought in Iceland.

"Truly," said Mrs. Byson, "living among these gentle, honest, home-like people dress and fashion are all forgotten."

"Look! Look!" shouted the girls, excitedly. "There is a Pullman car! Home again! A Pullman car!" A train was coming into Dingwall to which was attached a Pullman car.

"We will journey only by day," said Mrs. Stubbs, "in order to enjoy this beautiful scenery. I suppose you girls would ride all night merely to be in a Pullman."

"As far as scenery is concerned, we have had so much of late, especially in Norway, that I believe it will seem a mere repetition," said Mrs. Byson.

"Let us hurry on to the Orient," said Tot.

"It is September," added Belle, "and if we are to visit India this winter, we must leave England soon."

"There are only two places in Scotland I really care to see, outside of Edinburgh—Abbotsford. Scott's former

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home, and Dumphries, where Burns was buried. As for scenery, lakes, mountains and firths, I believe we have all seen enough to last us until we get back."

"We have plenty of time," said Maitland, "for November and December are the best months to visit India. It is now only September. If you prefer, we can visit here a while, see the lakes, take a trip over to Glasgow, and to Dublin, and then back to Glasgow."

"No, I don't care much about cities."

"It is understood then," said Jones, "as soon as we have seen the points Mrs. Stubbs refers to, we make for Ipswich."

"Ipswich forever!" exclaimed the girls. "That's where old Pickwick used to visit."

The girls did not go to sleep for many hours. They chatted like magpies about Constantinople, India, China, Japan and all the curious people they would meet on their way. It was a beautiful afternoon when the train ran into Edinburgh.

"It is said to be the most picturesque city in all Europe," said Maitland.

"Why is it called modern Athens?" asked Belle.

"It is said to resemble Athens," answered Maitland. "I fancy because of the hills and the buildings which are stuck up on the summit of them, like the Parthenon. It was called Edinburgh after King Edwin—'Edwin's Burg'—in the seventh century."

"Another dear old Pullman car," said Bess. "We know now that we are in a civilized country at least."

The funny old Scotch carriages at Melrose and the dialect of the drivers drove away all doubts about this being part of Scotland. An hour's ride brought the party to the



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home of the "Great Enchanter of the North." There was the old writing table, the plain leather armchair, the reference books, which looked as if the great Sir Walter had just left them. Mrs. Stubbs was happy. Scott was her favorite author, and Jones and Maitland were too anxious to proceed on their journey to make any remarks that might cause delay.

"Shall we spend only a day at Dumfries?" said Jones with a sigh.

Mrs. Stubbs, fully appreciating the fun of the remark, replied, "Perhaps a week would be better within those hallowed precincts."

Jones edged off. Mrs. Stubbs was his superior at repartee. He made up his mind that he would accept Mrs. Stubbs' determination as final and then modify it by strategy.

"Let us put up at the Queensbury Hotel," said Belle. "It looks comfortable, and have a luncheon before we go to the Burns' Monument."

"Here Burns lived for several years and here he died," said Maitland, gloomily, for he did not care a rap for any poet.

All the afternoon they visited many interesting spots sacred to the memory of the poet. They drove to Lincluden Abbey to see the beautiful ruins of a Twelfth Century Benedictine Nunnery and a favorite resort of Burns'.

"Here is where he composed his 'Vision of Libertie'," the driver said with a broad accent.

Then they went to Ellisland farm, where Burns wrote "Tam O'Shanter" and the beautiful ode of "Mary in Heaven."

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Surrounding this quaint town of Dumfries are numerous castles and ruins filled with memories of a romantic period. The architectural pile of Drumlanrig Castle, built by the Duke of Queensberry, had fortunes wasted on it. Torthorwald Castle, a massive ruin (Aerlaverock Castle, the grand old fortress on the Solway Firth, described in "Guy Mannering."

"There in yon field," said the guide, "Burns ploog turned up the moose's nes, and there be Poosie Mansies' cottage, celebrated for the meeting o' Jolly Beggars, and over there to Montgomerie stand the purty place where Heeland Mary lived as deery maid."

They drove to Burns' cottage, where he was born January 25, 1759. They sat on the bridge over the "Bonnie Doon."

"Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' of care?"

This bridge was built since Burns' time, and Tot again told Mr. Jones of Bruce and Wallace and other noted chiefs of old Scotland, while Bess was showing a diminutive McGregor at the end of the bridge how to bait his hook.

"Strange, wasn't it," exclaimed Tot, "that Wallace's prophecy that he should not die by Edward's hand was realized."

"Yes, you are a dear little historian," said Jones, patting Tot's cheek, "and you tell these stories exceedingly well."

Bess sang out, "Come hither, ye nee noo wot yere missin'. Wee McGregor and mesel's hacin a fine time pullin them out."

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"Scotchy," said Tot in response. "Come along," looking at her small watch which she now carried in her cuff. "I heard auntie say they would leave for Ipswich tomorrow. Let wee McGregor ga hame."

Upon their arrival at Ipswich Maitland learned that the duchess had been ill, therefore he hurried to Bedford Castle.

"We will cross the channel to Ostend tomorrow," said Jones, "and will there await Maitland's coming."

Maitland found the duchess improved and expecting the party to visit her, but he advised her to await their return from the Orient, at which time she might regain her health.

They were all sitting in the park at Ostend, awaiting Maitland's arrival and listening to the band, said to be one of the finest in the world. Maitland came down the walk smiling.

"Back again! Hurrah!" shouted the girls.

"Many a time, when a boy, I have sailed over here and listened to this band for hours," said Maitland.

"We take the train for Brussels tomorrow," said Belle, "and we will hear it every minute we can spare. Some of the music is almost divine. I never heard anything like it."



CHAPTER XXIV

PLANNING A LONG TRIP

"As we will only make day trips," said Mr. Jones, "compartment cars will suit. Then we can tune up the instruments and sing and play all we want to."

"Isn't it nice to be together again," said Bess, as they were comfortably located in a first-class compartment car.

They all held up their right hands, and Maitland, understanding the compliment, raised his traveling cap.

"Trains and ships for me," said Tot. "I think I will travel the balance of my life."

"The king of Belgium lives at Brussels," said Belle, as they were coming into that city. "Wouldn't it be grand if we could visit the palace?"

"When the flag is up," said Maitland, "the king is home, and in a few moments we will be able to see whether he is or not. Pshaw, there is the flag, and there is nothing else to see here but a big city. Let us proceed on our way."

As they stopped at a by-station a fat, greasy looking man, smoking a long Dutch pipe, paced up and down the platform. He was looking for a seat. He had peered into the compartment several times. Jones held up that portion of the notice which read "No Smoking." Then he took his pipe out of his mouth and put it away in his big coat pocket. He peered in again, and walked away. Jones



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grabbed a pillow and dressed it up, put Bess' hat on top and a shawl over it and placed it in the vacant seat. The wheels were being tested and there was some delay.

The old fellow came along to the door of the compartment and speaking in French to the guard, said: "There is a seat in this compartment that is vacant." Maitland put his head out of the window of the door and said, "Complet." The old man shook his head and again demanded the seat of the guard. Jones politely opened the door and counted in English, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight."

"Ah, pardon, monsieur, pardon!" replied the greasy traveler, as he walked away to find a seat in another car. Chickens, however, frequently come home to roost, for when the yellow-whiskered conductor called for tickets, Jones paid two dollars and a half for the stuffed baby's fare to Luxembourg.

"It was worth just twice the sum," said Jones, in his original manner. "Now let us have a song. Maitland, tune up that banjo again. We won't stop at Liege unless you want to. It is only a town of 120,000."

"All right, Luxembourg. We can stop long enough to see the famous fortress. We probably can see it all from the train. Let us go on to Strassburg where we will be more likely to find a good hotel."

"Strassburg!" said Maitland, "is a great fortress. However, for my part I've seen fortresses enough. I favor universal peace."

"So say we all," added Tot. "Constantinople is our destination. Let us get there as soon as possible. We have

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planned a long trip; let us make it "The Orient! The Orient!"

"Miss Tot," said Mrs. Stubbs, "what about the rest of us?"

After spending a few days at Vienna and Buda Pesth and a slight sojourn to see the beauties of the famous Rhine, a series of night rests at Belgrade, Sofia and Philipopolis, their long journey across Europe came to an end.

"Here we are!" exclaimed one of the girls as the train came rolling into the depot. "At Constantinople. All tired and dusty, but happy."

"Pick out the best hotel in the place," said Maitland, "and we will let the ladies have a good rest."

"Now, Mrs. Stubbs, you may visit churches and mosques to your heart's content, for there are over 400 here," exclaimed Jones. "They stand on high ground, and with the harmonious contrast of dome and minaret they offer to the eye a pleasing view."

"Mr. Jones, this is the first time you have become really eloquent since we left the Rhine."

The Mosque of St. Sophia ranks as perhaps the finest example of the Byzantine style. In striking contrast with specimens of Gothic architecture it presents within a bewildering charm because of the variety of decoration.

After visiting the bazaars, in which many interesting curios were found, and viewing from high towers the beautiful harbor, the blue waters of which were alive with the colored sails and shipping, Jones proposed that they take a ship, "The Marmora," which sailed one morning for the Island of Cypress. "Seven hundred miles, three days," he said, "but it goes through all the beautiful islands in the



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great archipelago and the White Sea. We leave at eight. We have rested enough. Get your tickets."

Favored by fair, warm weather, the *Marmora* sailed southwest through the sea from which she derived her name; through the Hellespont, passing hundreds of islands. The Aegean Sea has charms of its own. As the *Marmora* glided along, the visitors found new beauties in the green foliage and yellow sands of the numerous islands. Every day was a delight. The Island of Rhodes came in sight with its high hills and clear skies. The rich pastures, the vine-clad fields, the clear, mild atmosphere.

"That," said Maitland, as the ship entered the harbor, "is where the Colossus is supposed to have stood. It was seventy cubits high at the harbor entrance and held a beacon light in its hand. It was thrown down by an earthquake."

"The ship stops at Jaffa next, and then we are only a short ride by rail from Jerusalem. 'Jerusalem the Golden.'"

It was a bright, clear morning, when the *Marmora* dropped her anchor inside the reef which surrounds the harbor of ancient Jaffa.

"Jerusalem is the only place I care to see in this country," said Mrs. Stubbs. "It would take us months to visit all the interesting Biblical landmarks."

A short ride on the railroad of sixty miles, in which heat and dust were the principal features and the "Golden Gates" of the famous old city were reached. It was a repetition of Tangier as far as the odor and dirt were concerned.

CHAPTER XXV

JERUSALEM

The walls of the modern city enclose an area of 210 acres, most of it thickly settled. The houses are of stone with flat roofs, having small domes supported on arches in the middle, and the aspect of the city is especially colorless and stony. The streets are narrow lanes, running at right angles to one another. The principal streets are the same as in the 12th century, and in many cases retain Arabic names at least four hundred years old.

"Jerusalem is a city," observed Jones, "that should never be visited by Christians, for it dispels the beautiful illusions of childhood."

"Nonsense," remarked Mrs. Stubbs. "Wait till you see the grand old place thoroughly before making such an absurd criticism."

Maitland disappeared and returned with a man in a white suit, cork hat and several immense medals upon his breast. Maitland whispered to Jones, "His real name is El Amud, but he is known also as Cook." Jones smiled. The guide immediately began to enumerate the attractions of Jerusalem. Mrs. Stubbs was to be the chief interrogator and silence was to be maintained.

"We have now over 15,000 Jews, madam," said Amud, "6,000 Moslems and 7,000 Christians, altogether about

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28,000. A very large majority of the Christians here are either priests, monks or nuns. I wish you could see Jerusalem at Easter. Then over 5,000 visitors are here and the city is crowded. The streets present a strange spectacle. The European tourist, the Turkish Nizam, the hooded Armenian, the long-haired Greek monk are mingled with the native peasants in yellow turbans and striped mantles. It is rather singular that Jerusalem has been for eighteen hundred years a holy city in the eyes of Jew, Christian and Moslem alike."

"Tot and Bess have headaches from eating 'Turkish Delight' (candy), which no doubt is some poisonous rubbish," said Mrs. Stubbs. "They must be more careful."

Mrs. Byson seemed rather indifferent and did not manifest intense interest in the Biblical features of the place. The girls were united in their belief that the perfumes of Jerusalem did not resemble violets or American Beauties. The guide arranged to spend several days sight-seeing in their company. Jones and Maitland became restless.

"I would like to see several things and places before we go," asserted Mrs. Stubbs with a defiant air, "The Wall of Wailing, the interior of the inclosure, the Golden Gate again, the site of the temple, and Calvary. You know Wellhausen, from an examination of I Kings, VI, VII, claims it is probable that the royal buildings lay within the outer court of the temple. Let us start early tomorrow."

"Yes," said Jones, with a sigh. "We will stay a week if you like." He then went out of the hotel to take a walk with Maitland.

"Now," said Jones, taking Maitland's arm, "I've heard many honest Methodists sing and even roar—

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*'Ja-ru-se-lam the Golden,
With milk and honey blest.'*

Also,

*'O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect.'*

What do you think? Look at the old snoozers! This is present day Jerusalem, however. No doubt in the days of Solomon it was a grand and beautiful city. I hope it was, anyway."

"There is a great difference between imagination and fact," said Maitland.

"True enough," replied Jones, "poets are frequently a little eccentric. Take, for instance, that favorite song of ours, 'Sweet Alice Ben Bolt.' Fancy such a hysterical maiden as Miss Alice 'weeping with delight when you gave her a smile, and trembling with fear at your frown.'"

"Lord help us," replied Maitland, "if we were really to run up against such a teary person in life; how strange it would seem. And yet thousands upon thousands have sung that almost immortal song, looking sad and feeling a genuine sympathy for poor Alice."

Jones thought a long minute and then broke out:

"How about Annie Laurie's 'brow like a snowdrift'—a genuine below zero affair—'and a throat like a swan'? Heavens! Suppose bony Annie met you in the dark, Maitland, with her head bobbing up and down upon the end of a full grown swan's neck, and you had been perfectly temperate for weeks, what would you say?"

The two travelers walked about and thus beguiled themselves until it was time to return to the hotel.



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"I fancy many good people, however, would give their eye teeth merely to catch a glimpse of this famous old city," said Jones, as they stood on the steps of the Damascus.

"I understand," replied Maitland, "there is a body of well-meaning people from the United States now residing over in the settlement, awaiting the second coming of Christ. Some have been here for thirty years, many die off, but the ranks are filled by new enthusiasts."

"Let them stay there," said Jones. "Religion develops many queer specimens in the human family. My plan is never to enter into a discussion upon this subject with anyone."

"A wise conclusion," remarked Maitland.

After a morning's strenuous sight-seeing they were enjoying an afternoon of quiet rest at the hotel, and Mrs. Stubbs having noticed a lack of interest in her fellow travelers, produced Mrs. Oliphant's 'Jerusalem, the Holy City,' and requested Belle to read the following description selected from that noted work:

"Strange and wonderful destiny for an obscure eastern village wrapped round with rocky, inhospitable hills! Athens was not as yet, far less any trace in the darkness of Imperial Rome: Nay, even Troy was not, nor any knowledge of the legendary struggles. It is the bewildering thought, when we attempt to look back, with all our modern theories of advancing progress and the development of the human race and see amid the mists that covered all the rest of the world that incident as vivid as if it had happened yesterday. What was there in that little town along the hills that it should thus come in forever into the moral



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landscape; be taken and retaken, ruined and burned and raised again, century after century, age after age, without ever losing its supreme influence over the destiny of the human race?

There it stands, having outlived and transformed them all, having printed its history on the very souls of nations unborn.

"Oh, everything goes when describing Jerusalem," remarked Jones.

"Now, I wish you would let Belle finish this beautiful description," said Mrs. Stubbs, looking over her spectacles at Tot and Jones. "There is certainly nothing to laugh at. You act like a lot of children four years old."

Belle continued:

"Standing still among its ruins, waiting in silence for who knows what final demonstration."

As Belle closed the book, Mrs. Stubbs remarked, "Just think of it; we will see the exact spot where our Savior was crucified, and I want Tot and Bess also to pay strict attention to the guide's story."

Four diminutive donkeys were secured for the ladies. The guide, together with Maitland and Jones, decided to walk. As they stood resting under the shade of an olive tree, the guide explained in his quaint way: "The birth of Jesus was a fulfillment of prophecy. It was arranged by God that the event should be obscure and divested of all external symbols of importance. At that time the Roman emperor Augustus levied a poll tax on Judea under a Roman commissioner, and as the several families had to be enrolled in their respective towns, Joseph and Mary his

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wife repaired to Bethlehem, the town of their ancestor David."

"Yes," said Mrs. Stubbs, solemnly, "Christ was of illustrious lineage."

The guide smiled and continued: "From a Royal House, but they belonged to a class of humble mechanics. Herod was a tyrant. He was afraid, having heard that a king was to be born in Bethlehem, of losing his throne, and he caused a massacre of all male children under two years, that he might make sure of the death of Jesus. It was a dream that saved him," said the guide earnestly. "Joseph and Mary believed the dream and fled to Egypt. After Herod's death they settled in Nazareth, where Jesus grew up. We shall soon see the place where his death by crucifixion occurred. Jesus was thirty-four years old when he expired on this very spot."

They all looked reverently down at the sacred place where Jesus died to save the world. The guide remarked:

"There is no certainty as to the exact spot where the crucifixion occurred. Of course, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which we will now enter is supposed to be the site, but many dispute this."

"Skull Hill, over between the Damascus Gate and Herod's Gate, northward of Mt. Maria, is said by Candon, Merrill, Willson and General Gordon to be the location. The guides usually show this very spot we are on as the place."

"I remember a very pretty sentiment in connection with Jerusalem," said Maitland, as they rested under an olive tree nearby. "When I was a very small boy my mother used to read to me selections from a story called 'The



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Prince of the House of David.' In this book letters supposed to be written by a young Jewess to her father are quoted, giving a terse description of the last four years of Christ's life. In the story somewhere it says, "Then she raised her eyes in pride that she was a Jewess, and looked around proudly upon this noble landscape, which in her imagination it seemed must be as familiar to the eyes of angels as to men, so closely had heaven connected itself with that chosen spot.'"



CHAPTER XXVI

PORT SAID, THE SUEZ CANAL AND THE RED SEA.

"It is only one hundred and fifty miles from Jaffa to Port Said," remarked Jones on their way back to Jaffa. "We will wait for a pleasant day to make the trip."

"Not in Jaffa," replied Maitland. "It will be far worse than any steamer or storm."

They caught a small steamer the next day and had a pleasant voyage to Port Said.

"When the ladies retire, we will see the town," said Maitland, "and I will take my small bayonet along, for this is a rum place." Opening a trunk he took out a small knife-like bayonet, which he concealed under his coat. They visited a garden where music and dancing were in progress. As they entered several sailors arose and saluted them.

"Where do you hail from?" said one, who had evidently imbibed freely during the evening.

"London," said Maitland.

"Jolly boy," said the sailor. "We are all from old Liverpool. What say you to treating all round, my lad?" and at the suggestion a large number of men and women advanced to a small bar in a corner of the room.

"We came here to listen to the music," said Maitland.

"Ain't ye goin' to treat?" asked the sailor.

"No," said Maitland. "Not until I am ready."

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"You're a nice one to intrude yourself in here without treating."

"Is this a private ball?" asked Maitland. "If it is, I apologize but if this is a public place, I say I will treat when I get ready."

"Give him one," said a sailor. The sailor sparred about Maitland, but did not strike him. Jones stood close to Maitland, evidently not relishing the situation.

"Had we better get out?" Jones asked.

"No," said Maitland. "Better stay. If we start to go out they will get nasty. Brace up and stand your ground."

"Let us have a jolly little scrap," said the sailor, while several of his drunken companions surrounded them.

The proprietor, an Italian, supposing they were amusing themselves, had paid no attention to the men. Maitland, seeing the sailor was not armed, passed his bayonet to Jones, at the sight of which the other sailors stood back. Maitland put up his hands. Jones held the bayonet firmly in his right hand and looked as ferocious as he could under the circumstances, although his knees were uncertain.

The sailor struck a vicious blow at Maitland, which glanced off his cheek, and then Maitland struck him a fierce uppercut, which knocked the sailor sprawling to the floor. One of the other sailors tried to run at Maitland, but Jones stood by like a veteran guard. Jones gained in determination and became really brave. The sailor tried to regain his feet, but being half stunned with the blow, decided the floor was the safer place.

"Now, my boy," said Maitland, "give me your hand," and he raised him to his feet, while the motley audience cheered. Handing the man half a sovereign, and shaking

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hands with two or three, Maitland and Jones left the place.

"Perhaps there is some quieter resort in Port Said," suggested Jones.

"Don't you like that?" inquired Maitland. "Why, I needed the exercise, and we did just the proper thing. If we had turned to go out they would probably have pounded us badly. A drunken lot!"

Turning to another street they found music and a lot of respectable appearing people sitting about at the tables. They were from a P. & O. steamer, the Pera, which would leave for England in the morning.

"You can hang up that old bayonet now," said Maitland, laughing. "This is the place I intended to come to at first. We got into the wrong box."

Maitland, in looking about, discovered an old friend, an officer from Hong Kong, who introduced them to several ladies and gentlemen in the party, and Jones and Maitland joined them and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

"What time do you leave?" Maitland asked.

"At two tomorrow afternoon," and they insisted that Jones and Maitland should return to the steamer and spend the night on board, as there were several vacant berths.

Early in the morning Jones and Maitland returned with one of the officers of the steamer, having made arrangements for the accommodation of all the party on board the steamer while it remained in the harbor.

Seated upon easy chairs, well protected under the double awning of the big liner, listening to the stories and experiences of the passengers, they passed a happy and in-

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teresting morning. The Palma of the Peninsular and Oriental line was due. She had left England on time. About noon a big, black ship appeared on the Mediterranean, headed for Port Said. An officer said it was the Palma.

"You need not worry a particle about your luggage," said the first officer. "I will send it all on board. I will



A GUARDIAN OF THE SUEZ CANAL

signal the Palma that passengers are waiting. You need not leave the ship until we are ready to go. The Palma will await orders to pass through the canal."

"Now, isn't this splendid!" said Belle. "What luck we are in. Captain Maitland is so fortunate."

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"I am glad to get out of that mosquito-biting, fly-covered town," said Tot. "Bess' face is a sight. I covered mine over with a handkerchief, and cut a hole in it for breathing purposes."

They boarded the Palma and Bess and Tot sang "Home, Sweet Home."



CARAVAN CROSSING SUEZ CANAL

"We are off," said Jones, "through the great Suez Canal. This canal was built in 1870, and is nearly 100 miles in length. I am becoming a guide book. Width at water line when banks are low, 328 feet; in deep cuttings, 190 feet; at base, 72 feet; depth, 26 feet. There is a station

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every few miles. Traffic is carried on at night by the aid of electric lights. Ships can only pass each other at certain places. The limit of speed is six miles per hour."

"It is fortunate that we are to pass partly through the Suez in daylight," said Maitland, "for we may possibly see a caravan at Al Kantarah (the bridge). Those caravan tracks run from Egypt to Syria. The flying bridge is very funny. I have heard of it. It folds up like a jack-knife, or rather, rolls up, as it is in sections." Shortly after he spoke Maitland exclaimed, "We are indeed in luck!" He was peering through his glasses. "Hurrah! if there isn't a caravan in sight. It is coming!"

A long line of dots appeared in the distance. "We must all go to the upper deck to see it, for it is a most picturesque sight. Suez was once supposed to be the very place the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, but modern writers say it was farther north."

"The Red Sea is blue," said Tot, "the same old blue," as she leaned over the railing of the Palma after leaving Suez.

"Yes," said Maitland, "it was probably red on the original map."

"I never had the slightest idea," said Jones, "that the Red Sea was so large."

"It is 1,350 miles long," said Tot, "so the book says—almost as long as half-way across the Atlantic, and it is 200 miles wide in the widest place."

Four days of passable weather, as far as heat was concerned, before Aden was reached. As the ship came to a stop, scores of small boys in little boats surrounded the steamer. "Overboard!" "Have a dive!" "Have a dive!"



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"Good boy!" they shouted. Tot and Bess were the first to fling numerous coins to them as they all sprang into the water and nothing was seen of them but scores of heels disappearing under the surface of the water to intercept the coins before they struck bottom.

As the Palma steamed away from Aden out into the Arabian Sea, headed for Bombay, the first inquiry Jones made was regarding the distance.

"Eighteen hundred and forty miles," replied the officer, "and it will take about five days if the weather is fair."

There were on board many English officers' wives and children who had been home visiting, and Maitland was not long in getting acquainted with them. The first evening out on the Arabian Sea the weather was beautiful. At night the stars shone out with marvelous brilliancy. The southern cross was eagerly looked for by the passengers.

As they neared Bombay, Tot musingly said to Jones one evening as they sat together on deck, "We are getting near the ring."

"Yes, the purest and best to be found," replied he. "I have not forgotten it, not at all. Pure diamonds are like pure people—rare. I will not buy one unless it is a gem. The rarest gem to be found. Nothing else will do for my little girl, my solid comfort."

"Glad of it," said Tot, "and I believe you truly appreciate me. Many do not."



CHAPTER XXVII

BOMBAY

Bombay Island stretches from the south extremity of Colaba to Zion Causeway, over which the railway passes to the larger island of Salsette. The girls were struck by the picturesqueness of the scene upon landing. The quaint native craft at the quay, the crowds of people dressed in the most brilliant and varied costumes, the Hindoos of different castes, the Mohammedans, the Parsis, the gaily decorated bullock carts, some nabob's pet elephant standing lazily by, a camel or two heavily laden at the dock, a few small, lazy donkeys and numerous other novelties.

"It is India! Glorious old India!" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs.

"Here at last," said Mrs. Byson. "Now, girls, you will enjoy every inch of travel, for we are in the genuine Orient."

In the harbor were boats of every description. Yachts belonging to Englishmen stationed and in business in Bombay. Men of war, sailing craft of every imaginable form, shape and color.

"Apollo Bandar Hotel," whispered Maitland, "is the best. Pay no attention to the various solicitors and runners. Don't listen to them."

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A "ROYAL" ELEPHANT

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Mrs. Stubbs said, "Now I feel as if our trip had just begun." Mrs. Byson was delighted at the harbor view.

"What a busy place it is!" and the girls, always enthusiastic, laughed and chatted with the officers as they bade them farewell and wished them all manner of success.



TAMIL ACTORS

"We will stay here as long as you like, Mrs. Stubbs," said Jones.

"It is said there are 45,000 Christians in Bombay, so we will not feel utterly out of it."

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The public buildings and the various stores and markets astonished Jones.

"The hotel is not so bad as they made out," exclaimed one of the girls. "We have a lovely, large room."

"Wait till you see some of the best buildings," said Maitland. "They are very superior to the usual oriental ones."

"We are all located," said Mrs. Stubbs, "and I hope now we will not rush it. Let us sight-see only in the mornings and drive in the evenings."

"All right," said Jones. "As you say. We will leave it all to the ladies. Certainly no more rushing. I begin to feel like a lazy oriental myself."

After Belle, Tot and Bess had prepared their toilets for dinner in the Apollo, there was a knock at the door, and a young Hindoo wearing a white turban and native costume—white coat and red sash, a few medals and bare feet—appeared.

"What do you want?" said Tot, who answered the knock.

"Do you travel far through India, Mem Sahib?" the Hindoo asked.

"Guess so," answered Tot.

"Want nice boy, Mem Sahib?"

Tot smiled. "Want boy for what?" she said.

"Take boy along. Me very nice boy, got good character, good guide."

"Let him in," said Belle, "and send for Mr. Jones."

In a few minutes Jones arrived. "He wants to know," said Tot, laughing, "if we want a boy. I was going to tell him we had a couple of boys on hand now."

"Yes," said the Hindoo earnestly, "me very good boy."



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Me cook, wait table, take care of clothes, have good character."

"All right," said Jones, "come again after dinner and we will talk to you. How old are you?"

"Forty, Sahib," and the Indian bowed. "My name, Abdul Hassin. My card," handing Jones his card.

"You had better be careful about engaging anyone," said Maitland. "Leave that to the agency. If they endorse the fellow we might take him."

Abdul Hassin was engaged, for his recommendation from the agency was, "He is as good as any of them, though not quite satisfactory." But this was as strong a recommendation as the agency could afford to give to any native. Abdul's cousin Yamuna was engaged as under-study for the trip through India. Abdul was not enthusiastic. Yamuna was. Abdul had a quiet, reserved manner. Yamuna was inclined to be amusing.

Jones and Mrs. Stubbs, accompanied by Abdul and Yamuna, secured proper bedding, pillows, medicines, insect powders and all other necessities for the trip. Maitland took the balance of the party to Elephanta, a small island six miles from the Fort of Bombay. They embarked on a steam launch to get a view of the famous harbor and to see the wonderful caves.

Jones' quick eye caught the smooth Abdul secretly bargaining with a merchant to raise the price of an article he was about to buy and he decided to place his trust in Yamuna.

"Yamuna is a more youthful liar and fraud," said Jones, "and if he beats me it is only because he has been educated up to it lately, and I may reform the culprit."

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Jones acquiesced in everything Mrs. Stubbs would say—"Don't you think, Mr. Jones, we had better take this along?" "Certainly," he would say. "Yamuna, that's right, isn't it?" Yamuna would bow and grin. Abdul waited particularly on Mrs. Stubbs. She admitted that Mr. Jones was an excellent shopping companion. "Price right, Yamuna?" Jones would ask. "Yes, Sahib," the understudy would reply to everything and Jones was perfectly satisfied also. In fact, Mr. Jones always expected to be charged twice the proper price and he never objected.

A cartload of packages was lugged to the hotel by Abdul and Yamuna, assisted by several coolies, who all stood at the door waiting for tips from Mr. Jones.

"How much?" said Jones. Yamuna fixed the price and Jones, leaving Mrs. Stubbs, sought a shady part of the veranda to cool off, as the day was warm and oppressive. The following day they drove down the principal driveway.

"What a beautiful place this is!" remarked Mrs. Stubbs. "The ocean on one side and magnificent buildings on the other. It is more like one of our modern cities—and not any inferior one either. Why, these buildings are simply superb!"

"Yes," said Maitland, "a combination of Gothic and Saracenic is charming. The clock tower is of beautiful proportions."

"It is the surrounding grounds that add so much to their attractive appearance," said Jones.

"Why," exclaimed Tot, "look at the bicycle tracks, and how many ride horseback here!" Bess and Tot were enraptured at the many and various colors they saw.

"It is a marvelous sight, far ahead of Alexandria. It



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is like a pretty colored picture," said Bess. "A kaleidoscope! A bouquet of flowers! See all the different dresses, parasols and turbans! It is prettier by far than we expected." And the girls kept up a lively chorus of praise.



CHAPTER XXVIII

JEYPORE

"Do you suppose we can enjoy the other cities equally as well as Bombay?" asked Mrs. Stubbs.

"One of the best cities is Jeypore," said Abdul. "Native city! See much! Beautiful! We go there now; this train, Jeypore train!"

"This Jeypore hotel is a singular place," said Mrs. Stubbs, "but looks neat."

The bedrooms fronted out on a yard filled with flowers and shrubbery. Jones and Maitland selected two small rooms in a sort of attic with a veranda in front of one of the windows. A ladder was leaning against the veranda, and in the morning at sunrise Jones awoke to find a native had climbed up the ladder and was peering into his window.

"What do you want?" said Jones peremptorily. The man pointed to his head. He wore an extraordinarily high, odd-shaped red turban.

"What do you want?" said Jones, a little louder, going to the window.

"Me barber!"

"Well, I don't care if I do," said Jones, dressing hastily. "I do want a shave." Waking Maitland, he said, "If your razor is dull, here is a chance."

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In a few minutes another fellow carrying a roll of goods climbed the ladder.

"What do you want?" said Jones.

"Me merchant."

"Come in," said Jones. "I am open for business."

Maitland looked and saw over a dozen merchants at the



STREET IN JEYPORE

foot of the ladder, waiting. At the sight of Maitland they all begged to show their goods.

"Nice shawls," said one. "Photographs," sang out another. "Jewelry," said a third. Maitland caught the merchant who had gained access by the collar and loose fitting trousers and chucked him out of the window against the

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ladder, closed the window and said, "Call again after nine o'clock."

"We will wait, Sahib. Thank you." They were not at all offended. "Try us, we have the best goods, Sahib." The barber explained in the few English words he could speak that he had for a long time climbed the ladder at six o'clock to shave the former occupant of the room, who had left owing him four rupees, which sum Jones, of course, made good, as he did not want such an enterprising barber to lose anything.

Bewildered by the brilliant and picturesque scenes witnessed in the streets of Jeypore, Jones failed at first to notice improvements superior to those of many European or American cities. Splendidly planned and laid out, it is divided into rectangular blocks. The streets are remarkable for their width, the main streets being one hundred and eleven feet wide, paved, lighted with gas, and lined with marble halls and beautiful buildings. "Pink," said Tot as they walked along, "why, everything is pink."

Pink is the fashionable color. Every house is painted that color, for pink reigns supreme in Jeypore. Upon the dark, high rock which overshadows the city appeared in white letters the word "Welcome." It was placed there at the time of the Prince of Wales' visit many years ago.

"Is it a city, or are we in fairyland!" exclaimed Belle, as they all looked down one of the main business thoroughfares. Thousands of gaily dressed natives appeared before their vision, arrayed in all colors of the rainbow, radiant in the bright sun. The numerous donkeys and camels, and here and there the form of a huge elephant, all gaily caparisoned, added more life and color.

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"It is indeed a most unique scene," said Maitland, "and probably the finest picture of native life we can find in all India."

Bess and Tot had often discussed the kind of jewels they would request Jones to purchase. Bess had fully decided that a ruby would be her choice, while Tot had never changed her intention of securing the "best diamond to be



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had in India," as Mr. Jones had suggested. Jones had been warned about the merchants by Maitland. "They are born rascals," he said. "If we could find, however, some reputable agent representing some English house and who is a resident in India and acquainted with them, he may put you on the track of a dealer who will give you perfect stones. I should advise trying some English officer of the



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government service. Take time," was Maitland's advice. "We will not try this place. I believe Calcutta would be the safest. However, we will look tomorrow and see what we can find."

Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Byson and Belle became enraptured with the printed cloths, muslins and embroideries, and devoted hours to the School of Art and the bazaars, accompanied by Abdul and his fellow guide. Jones believed this to be the place of all others to procure gems, so he and Maitland, Bess and Tot started out to raid the jewelry stores, taking with them a native clerk from the office of the "Resident," a personage who represents the Indian government and keeps his eye on the revenues.

Tot whispered to Jones, "Now remember, not a large one so as to attract attention." Jones smiled and patted her on the cheek, enjoying the mystery as much as she.

"Leave that to me," he said, "I guess I know."

Rubies were scarce. It did not require much effort, however, to thoroughly satisfy Bess. To her all were satisfactory and perfect. But Jones' keen eye detected flaws and imperfect cutting. They went from place to place. The clerk said "No good," as one by one the stones were examined under a powerful magnifying glass. Jones looked at a ruby, a beauty. "It is perfect," said the merchant. "Flaw," said Jones. "No flaw," said the merchant. "Flaw," said Jones. Then Maitland looked through the glass.

"Now look here," said Maitland, turning to the suave merchant, his eyes flashing, "what is the use of lying to us? Anyone can see that flaw."

The merechant looked through the glass and apologized.

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He then went up a few stairs and brought down a curious box wrapped up in linen. With a good deal of caution he unwrapped numerous folds and from the outside box he lifted a smaller one opened by a curious spring, then he spread out upon the table a dozen rubies.

"If you find a flaw in any of them I will give you the whole box," he said.

One stone seemed particularly beautiful. "Ah," said the merchant, "that is not for sale."

Jones picked the stone up and looked at it carefully. Then he examined it with the glass and passed it to Bess. Bess' eyes feasted upon the little gem, which was full of fire and of a rich, dark wine color.

"Ah," said the Indian proudly, displaying his pearly teeth, "that has been in my family two hundred years. It is not for sale."

"Then you have no really perfect rubies for sale?" remarked Jones, affecting little interest. The merchant said all in the box were equally perfect.

"I will buy that one or none," said Jones. "Let me take it to the hotel." The merchant shook his head.

"I will get you a receipt for it from the proprietor of the hotel."

"I know him well," said the merchant, "but why not make bargain now?"

"What is the stone worth?" asked Jones, "even if you do not care to sell."

"Two hundred pounds," said the merchant.

Maitland again persuaded Jones not to bother with him. "I will give you what it is really worth," said Jones, and they walked away. Entering the street, Maitland said, "He



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will try to palm off another stone on you. Let us go back and insist upon his leaving it at the hotel. The proprietor is all right."

The merchant was following them. He had the little black box in his hand. At the hotel it was agreed that the stone should be kept until a decision could be made, and the stone, wrapped up in tissue paper, was placed in the safe.

"Now," said Jones to the native clerk, "I want a diamond three or four karats, the very best in India." He knew of one that was perfect. It belonged to his brother-in-law, who was the Maharajah's secretary.

"While we are out, let us see it," said Jones. Securing carriages, they drove to the secretary's office. The secretary consented to return to the merchant's store with them, bidding them not to speak of the episode in the hotel. He was dressed in an oriental costume, and appeared to be a frank, outspoken young man.

"I rather like his looks," said Maitland, scrutinizing the secretary from head to foot. The diamond was produced. On the dark velvet table cloth it sparkled like a drop of rain water in the sun, and Tot's eyes also sparkled not unlike the little piece of carbon.

"This," said the merchant, "is absolutely perfect." Jones examined it with the glass. He could detect no flaw, neither could Bess. Then Tot peered through the lens. "A beauty!" she said excitedly, turning to the merchant. "Beauty!" repeated Jones. "Remember, I want the most perfect stone of that weight to be found in all India! Nothing else." The merchant replied, "Well cut," and again asked Jones to look it over. The secretary said he



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had many stones. He did not care to dispose of them. Occasionally someone traveling through Jeypore wished perfect gems and he let them have them. The Maharajah had permitted him to invest in them and he knew some of these were unquestionably perfect.

"It is almost too large for me," whispered Tot to Jones. "You know I am merely the baby." Jones lifted the gem with a small pair of pincers and placed it over Tot's third finger of her left hand. Tot had a strong, chubby hand. "It doesn't seem too large," said Jones.

"What is the price?" asked Jones of the Maharajah's secretary. He compressed his thin lips and thought a second. "Eight hundred pounds," he said, "is the lowest price. It is the most valuable stone for its weight I have."

"We will be here several days," said Jones, "and I will let you know through the merchant." The secretary bowed politely and saying "Thank you," left the room.

Bess and Tot dreamt that night of huge boxes filled with glittering diamonds and rubies, and of natives who carried the boxes up to them and bowed before them, permitting them to see the contents and then passing from view. Tot dreamt she had placed the diamond she had seen in the clock on the mantel for safety; the clock struck an hour and she awoke. The moon was shining in the window, and she leaned over Bess, who was sleeping soundly, and then looked out over the garden. She saw a man pass through the trees and come towards the house. She arose and pulled a curtain over the window so she could not be seen. The man beckoned to someone to come to him. Tot strained her eyes. One man was the jewelry mer-

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chant. She saw his face as he stood beside a tree peering towards the house. A young man handed him something, and the merchant returned to him a white piece of paper and disappeared quickly.

Tot did not wake Bess. "It is some trick," she said, "about the ruby," and went to sleep.

In the morning Tot related to Jones and Maitland the moonlight appearance of the merchant. "That is just about what I suspected they would do," said Maitland. "They have exchanged the ruby left at the hotel."

"Have nothing to do with them. The robbers!" Jones, however, did not concur in this.

"If these stones are all right, we will get them. The very fact that the old scoundrel made the exchange proves," said Jones, "that the ruby is a valuable gem, and somehow I have faith in that secretary, because, perhaps, he is selling the stones for the Maharajah himself. We will stay here until we get the gems we looked at."

Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson took little interest in anything but the School of Art. Mrs. Stubbs had bought and shipped for America several boxes of brass trays and lamps and all kinds of native work, shawls and embroideries. They sat up half one night looking over varieties of Chud-dah shawls, the texture of which was so fine that a shawl five feet square could be drawn through a finger ring, and marvelous objects in ivory, gold and silver, the handiwork of natives whose gems and art are inherited from generations, even from the era of Parashurama, over a thousand years B. C.

"The value of absolutely pure and perfect gems, I suppose, is about five times that of ordinary stones," said



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Maitland, "but I am afraid of that wily merchant. He will cheat you if possible."

"Tot," said Jones, as they were taking an ante-breakfast stroll in the little flower garden adjoining the hotel, "do you like the diamond?"

"Yes, I love it; oh, I love it so much, but don't you think it is too large? What will mamma say?"

"How old are you?" asked Jones.

"Eighteen tomorrow."

"Well," said Jones, "then you will be of age, and it will be your birthday present."

"All right, I am going to take it and wear it if you say so, irrespective of everything. Mamma will not object long. Why, we will tell her that you let me into the grain deal and we made some money, and that we agreed to invest the amount in a diamond. I see no reason why I should not get it. Papa used to take me into wheat deals! And then we will give Bess the ruby."

Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson had unlimited confidence in Jones and his eccentricities were never commented upon. Had he purchased an elephant for each of the girls, neither would have been the least surprised, so the purchase of the gems would seem to them but a passing incident of travel; furthermore, neither having the slightest idea of the real value of the stones, they probably would never ask.

Upon entering the office of the hotel, Jones saw the night clerk described by Tot and spoke to him. Maitland was with Jones.

"Let us see that ruby once more," asked Jones. The clerk looked as if he did not comprehend.

"I mean the ruby left here by the merchant."



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The clerk could not get it. It was locked up. The proprietor was called. He handed out the little box containing the gem. Jones saw it was not the beautiful ruby they had bargained for, but believed the proprietor had no hand in the fraud.

Maitland then told the clerk that he had been seen making the exchange, and that unless the other ruby was produced they would not only refuse to buy, but would complain to the Maharajah. This threat terrified the young man. He trembled and turned as pale as his color would permit and walked sullenly away.

The ruby came. "What would the Maharajah have done?" asked Jones of Maitland. "Probably ordered them to be thrashed."

An expert lapidary from the School of Art was consulted, and after a long confab between Maitland and Jones, the merchant, the secretary, the lapidary and the proprietor of the hotel, a slight discount was made in the price and the real gems became the property of the girls. The Maharajah's bank cashed Jones' letter of credit.

"We can have them set in Calcutta as you like," he said. Bess and Tot wanted to see them for an hour, which ceremony being over, Jones transferred the gems to a safe inside pocket and the transaction was closed.

"Harder work to make that purchase," he said, "than to buy a million bushels of wheat on a rising market."

"What devils they are," said Maitland. "I suppose tourists are being constantly swindled by them."

"Yes," replied Jones, "they would deceive the very elect."

"Tomorrow we visit the palace of the great Maharajah

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of Jeypore," said Maitland, "for we have received passes from the Resident."

"The day after we visit the Amber palace," said Belle.

"And tonight we plan to proceed on our way," remarked



AMBER PALACE

Jones, as he spread out the map on the table.

"Delhi will be our next stopping place, I believe," said Mrs. Stubbs. All crowded about the little round table in front of Jones.

"We take the train here and go east to Bandikui Junction, thence north to Delhi, then southeasterly to Agra."

CHAPTER XXIX

DELHI AND AGRA

"The student of antiquity interested in the power and magnificence of ancient cities can pursue his study in no better field than that of Delhi, 'The Rome of Asia,' " read Mrs. Stubbs from a small pamphlet she had picked up in the hotel.



KUTB MINAR — ELEVEN MILES FROM DELHI



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"Exactly," replied Mr. Jones. "Forty-five square miles of ruins, and ruins which indicate a magnificence that the modern mind can scarcely realize."

The girls were intensely interested in Maitland's stories of the siege of Delhi, of which they had often heard. Seated at a round table in Laurie's hotel, Delhi, with plans before him, Maitland told the story of the capture of the Cashmere gate, probably one of the bravest accomplishments in history.

"Remember, the regiments were all outside the walls," he said. "To reach their wives and children and regain the city they must force an opening. The Cashmere gate was decided upon as the best place to attack. Nicholson laid his arm on Big Jones' shoulders and asked if he was ready. The stormers, carrying ladders, were led by Captain Baines. When he reached the gate he had only twenty-five men out of seventy-five. Nicholson was first to mount the wall. In the thickest of the fight, Nicholson was shot. The third column had been appointed to enter through the Cashmere gate, which was to be blown open by Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess and Smith. Home, with his bugler, was to go down into the ditch. He planted his bag of powder, but as Carmichael advanced he was mortally wounded. Smith then advanced and placed his dying comrade's bag, as well as his own, preparing the fuses for ignition. Salkeld was ready with a slow match, but as he was lighting it he received two bullets, and falling, he called to Smith to take the match, which was taken by Burgess. Smith was in the act of giving him a box of lucifers when Burgess also fell with a bullet through his body. Smith was now alone,

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but he had struck a light and was applying it when a bag of powder went off in his face. There was a thick smoke and dust, then a roar and a crash as Smith scrambled into the ditch. Then he placed his hand on Home, who said he was unhurt, and having joined the column, went for-



LAHORE GATE, DELHI

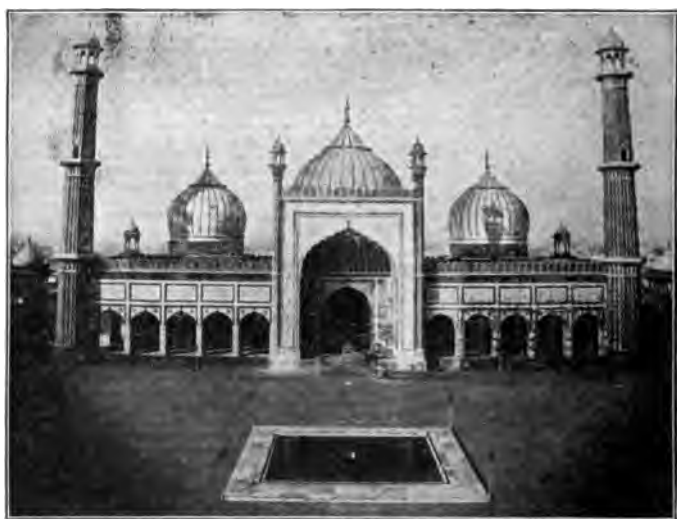
ward. The gate was shattered and the third column poured through it, and thus began the recapture of Delhi in 1857. Smith then obtained a stretcher and had Burgess and Salkeld carried to camp, but both died."

"Brave fellows," said Tot.

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"Yes," said Maitland, "the enemy were on top of the high walls we shall soon see, firing right down on these men all the time."

After gazing with wondering eyes at those marvels of architecture, the Fort, and Palace, the Jumma Musjid, the



FRIDAY MOSQUE

Jain temple, Kalan Musjid, and the tombs of Nizamu-din-Aubija and that of Humayun, they stopped to dwell on the magnificence of the Divani-Khas or private audience hall, a white marble building ornamented with gold, the entire ceiling being once plated with silver. This was the build-

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ing which at one time contained the famous Peacock throne carried away by Nadir Shah in 1739. This throne was a dream of beauty. Golden peacocks were standing behind it, their tails expanded and the whole inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, diamonds and other precious stones of appropriate colors to represent life.

The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad. It stood on six massive feet which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold, supported by twelve pillars, all richly emblazoned with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot of ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald.

No one can possibly form the faintest idea of the beauty of this palace without seeing it. The carving of the marble screen is something so superb that one stops to consider, is this a reality or a dream. Over the archway appears the persian distich:

"If there is a Paradise on earth, it is this. It is this. It is this."

"The Pearl Mosque, let us see that one and then journey on," said Mrs. Stubbs, perfectly enraptured.

"I don't care now to see any inferior buildings. I want this audience hall to remain in my memory forever."

"And so do I," said Belle.

Arriving at the Hotel Metropole in Agra, the girls were assigned a second story room in the annex. Jones and Maitland were to keep guard, occupying rooms on the lower floor. Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson were in the main building. A large garden surrounded the little hotel.

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A monkey was chained to a post in a small shed near by. As they all sat on the balcony in front of the girls' rooms awaiting dinner, a tremendous noise startled them.

Maitland laughed. "It is only the sunset gun," he said, "and a deuced loud one, too. The government desires the people to understand that order is being preserved. The



THE TAJ MAHAL

forts and cantonments in each city have numerous heavy cannon trained down upon the city streets. If a mutiny should occur they would riddle the town in no time. The natives understand that, and there is peace in India."

"Tonight will be moonlight," said Jones, "and we will see the Taj, the most beautiful building on earth. There

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goes the dinner gong. I was just going to have Belle read what Sir Edward Arnold said about the 'Taj.'

"Read," said Maitland.

"Read," they all exclaimed.

"It is only the first gong," said Tot.



ARCHITECTURE OF INDIA

The setting sun cast his farewell beams upon the pages
as Belle read :

"Pearl-pure against the sapphire of the sky ;
Enchanted, the foot follows the fixed gaze,
Which marks no more the gardens' wealth, the pools,

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The tall, dark, sentry trees, the shining path,
The enlaced and rustling bamboos, the plumed palms,
With doves and sun birds in their swinging crowns;
Only it dwells on that strange shape of grace—
Instinct with loveliness—not masonry! Not architecture!
as all other are,

But the proud passion of an emperor's love
Wrought into living stone."

"There goes the gong again," said Tot.

As they arrived that evening at the gate of the great Tomb, the almost full moon had come from behind a fleecy cloud and was shining with great effect. Abdul led the way and as they passed through the red stone gate and stood upon the platform looking down the long, shaded avenue, a scene met their gaze unequalled in all this world. When architectural beauty is so perfect that it brings tears to the eyes of such a prosaic gentleman as Mr. Jones, then look no further.

Mrs. Stubbs was spellbound. The girls were dumb. Maitland alone possessed the courage to speak, and he merely exclaimed, "A most marvelous picture!"

They walked down the fountain-lined walk and as they came nearer the beauty increased. They all sat down upon a long wooden bench to study the building. Tot was next to Jones.

"There is not one particle of wood or glass about the building, nothing of a perishable nature," said Jones at length. "It stands today as it did the day the builders left it. It is unrivalled by any building on earth. It is not a ruin."

Tot noticed by the moonlight a tear was standing in

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Jones' eyes. She took her handkerchief and wiped it away as if Jones actually belonged to her, saying, "I like to have you appreciative. Imagine a building being so beautiful that it brings tears to one's eyes!"

This dear little act pleased Jones, who replied, "Would you build such a monument for the man you really and truly loved?"

Tot nodded in the affirmative. "If I had the price!"

"And I have been reading about the Taj, too," said Maitland. "I got this from an old English book in the Metropole. Many writers believe Azamund, the wife to whom Shah Jehan dedicated this tomb, descended from a line of nobility, and no mention is made of her prior marriage. It may knock some of the romance out of Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, but it reads like this, and perhaps it is still more romantic:

"It was the custom in those days for the ladies to hold charity bazaars, and the emperor had given instructions to his nobles to pay whatever price was asked for the wares offered. Prince Jehan attended the fair, pausing before the booth of Azamund Banu, the daughter of the Vizier, Asiph Jahn and wife of Jemal Kahn. He was so struck by her beauty and grace that when she asked him 12,000 pounds (equal to \$60,000 or 160,000 rupees) for a piece of sugar candy cut in the shape of a diamond, the young man smilingly paid the fancy price demanded for the bonbon."

"You see, there was plenty of money in India at that time," interpolated Jones.

"He invited her to his palace," continued Maitland. "Her husband was a little jealous and sulky when she re-

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turned, and the prince ordered him to be killed in the elephant garden. At that time a condemned man's head was placed upon a stone block and the Elephantine Execu-



PEARL MOSQUE, AGRA

tioner, weighing several tons, put his forefoot on the prisoner's head and crushed it to a pulp. But Jemal Kahn hastened to the prince and explained that he was not sulky,

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that he considered himself unworthy to take to his bosom the being who had been honored by the attention of the Son of the Great Mogul; so Jemal was pardoned, got a royal suit of clothes and the command of 5,000 horses, and Azamund became the wife of Jehan."

"Very interesting," said Belle. "Tell us more."

"The Taj Mahal stands upon a white marble platform 18 feet high and 313 feet square. The Mosque itself is 186 feet square, with a minaret at each corner 138 feet high. The dome is 58 feet in diameter and 80 feet high. The interior is lighted through marble trellised screens from above and below. These slabs are carved out of white marble about two inches thick. The building is properly named Taj bibi ke Roza, or 'The Crown Lady's Tomb.' It was commenced in 1630 and was an expensive luxury to India at the time. It is said to have cost two million pounds, or \$10,000,000. It required 20,000 men twenty years to complete it. Jehan started to erect a similar tomb for himself in black marble opposite the Taj across the Jumna River. One of his sons objected to the extravagance, as the royal treasury had been depleted. A fight occurred and the son was victorious. Shah Jehan was deposed and made a prisoner for seven years."

"And tomorrow," said Belle, "we will see the emperor's room in the Fort."

"One of his daughters," continued Maitland, "served the old man and occupied a room near by."

"There must have been a certain splendor during his reign," said Jones, "for Jehan was not unlike Julius Caesar. He erected magnificent buildings, not only here, but in other cities."

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At the Hotel Metropole next morning Tot read hanging on the wall the following legend: "Look out for peddlers. Their prices are usually 200 to 500 per cent above the real value." This had been placed there by the English clerk, who sold to each a colored view of the Taj Mahal, and the peddlers who did not read English crowded about the doors and hallways soliciting the patronage of the guests.

"Say, Mem Sahib, see my goods. No buy unless you like 'em. My goods, lady, are the very best in all India. Never sell poor goods, lady. See my American references."

They followed Mrs. Stubbs about because she had bought so much and annoyed her into a fit of nervousness.

In the early morning the girls amused themselves visiting the monkey. It was a clean, lady-like monkey, and very friendly with visitors. It had been intrusted with the care of a small pup, whose mother had died, and the monkey washed the pup's face and combed its long hair. It was a spaniel. When the pup wandered away from his own fireside and got hurt by some passing rude Indian boy, he would make a bee line to the monkey, who petted him and held him till he went to sleep. The monkey watched with keen anxiety when anyone took the pup up to pet him. Tot unintentionally squeezed the small canine's foot and the monkey grabbed her dress and tore it, hanging on until she dropped the orphan to the ground.

CHAPTER XXX

BENARES AND CALCUTTA

"We will skip Cawnpore and Lucknow if you like," said Maitland. "A visit there will only recall the horrors of the mutiny."

The girls enjoyed the evening. Maitland had renewed the acquaintance of an army officer, who was a guest at the hotel, who told them many stories of India, about tiger and elephant hunts; how the elephants worked on the railroad by carrying ties, and at a barracks back from Cawnpore twenty or thirty large elephants were employed in the service.

"It is the custom on Sunday in the barracks for the wives of the soldiers to visit, and the elephants then, after being fed, play nurse. I have often seen an elephant watch a baby in a cradle for hours."

"Nonsense!" said Tot. "Excuse me!"

"Never mind, I don't blame anyone for not crediting this story, but it is true. The mother goes off to another part of the barracks to visit and tells the elephant to watch the child, which is placed on the little front veranda. Of course, the elephant couldn't go inside," said the officer. "The big beast will watch the child as faithfully as a nurse would. It will not permit even a fly to light on its charge. When the child cries it will rock the cradle with



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its trunk and set it to sleep. When the mother returns the elephant meanders off, quite conscious that he has done his duty. A little petting and a cake will also go a great way towards reimbursing him for his time. One day I was sitting smoking, waiting to consult a sergeant, when I heard a great swearing. A half-drunken soldier had tried to enter his apartment. His wife had left the baby in the elephant's charge. The elephant seemed to know the soldier was drunk, and sent him back ten feet, reeling into the street, with a push from his hind leg."

"Good!" remarked the girls, "that was right."

Benares is the holy city of India, a Mecca. Pilgrims come from all parts of the country to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges, upon which the city is situated. It is filled with strange fanatics. The Monkey Temple was the Mecca which Bess and Tot desired first to reach, and in it they found not only an extraordinary variety of monkeys, but a select assortment of human imps who styled themselves "high priests." First upon entering the door of the Monkey Temple a snake charmer who appeared to have the run of the place, and having a huge cobra hanging around his body, made their acquaintance. He followed the party about, while the snake shot his venomous tongue at them. Abdul and Yamuna were instructed by Jones to keep this person away.

The sacred monkeys were interesting. Some were stupid and sleepy, others gay and saucy. Old monkeys with benevolent faces looked at them knowingly. Young lady monkeys flirted and were coy with their almost human eyes. Wicked monkeys snarled at them, saying in Hindoostanee, "What are you doing in here? This is our



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temple!" One big white-faced monkey took Tot's hand and appeared quite hospitable. He had side whiskers and was so polite he may have been an usher in a church in his former state, if theosophy can be relied upon. All this courtesy meant, however, that Tot should buy him a bag of peanuts, which another old monkey kept for sale at a stand near the door. This monkey, it is said, can make change, but visitors always give him the change for a tip, which his partner, one of the high priests, secures.

The high priests in the temple did not behave as well. They followed the visitors about, asking for money, money, money, like a lot of ravenous hyenas. As they passed out after receiving all the fees and tips they were entitled to according to Abdul, they demanded more and a coyote wrangle occurred. Maitland and Jones succeeded after numerous threats in getting the ladies into a carriage, but the high priests and their followers sprang on top of the carriage and took the lines from the driver. They acted more like a gang of train robbers than high priests. The Sikh policeman had gone.

"I don't want to strike the beggars," said Maitland, "because we might be detained here for days. Run down the street," he said to Abdul, "and recall that policeman."

When they saw the Sikh coming, some of them ran back into the temple, but two of them held on to the carriage tenaciously. With one crack of his club the Sikh knocked one fellow off, and catching the other by the collar he landed him on the ground. Then the policeman struck at them frequently until he drove them back into the temple.

"What do you think of that for a temple?" said Mrs. Stubbs, contemptuously. "Very holy city!"

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Abdul explained that the holy man who had occupied the Garden of Happiness nearby for almost half a century was dead. He was indeed a good man; not like the priests. He owned no lands, but was worshipped by all India. "Never take money," said Abdul, solemnly, casting his eye to the ground. "Live on fruit and milk and sleep on the ground. Good man! Good man! Very good man! Holy man was Sri Swami Bashkaranand Saraswati!"

To him visitors from all parts of the globe went when in Benares because he was the typical saint of the Hindoos. It is said when you looked into the kindly face of this wonderfully interesting character, poor and naked as he was, you recognized in him a being superior to the average man. There was nothing uncouth or harsh about him. He was eloquent in his simplicity. He was adored and worshipped by millions. Kings and Maharajahs knelt at his feet. The entire Hindoo nation paid him homage, and though he owned no lands or property, had no church or tithes, refused gifts, slept on the naked ground, he was a lord and king among men. Knowledge is power. Philosophers begged a moment of his time. Nobles courted him. Scholars sought his advice, for in the Hindoo world he was indeed the Solomon of his age.

"Is this the river Ganges where mothers threw their babies in to drown?" asked Mrs. Stubbs of Abdul.

"No," answered Abdul, shaking his head solemnly, "they never did; only the missionaries said so. The Hindoos love their babies too much."

"Never did!" said Mrs. Stubbs. "Why, we were always told they did." Yamuna grinned and shook his head. "Never," he said. "Missionaries get money to make Hin-

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dus good. Keep it, mem Sahib. Don't make Hindus good, but keep money! Keep it!"

Mrs. Stubbs did not care to follow the investigation.



INDIAN PRINCESS

Maitland also assured her that these accusations had been discredited long ago, and Jones added, "In the first place, no dead bodies are permitted to defile the water, which

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they drink, and secondly, because the natives would be less likely to throw their infants into the water than New York women would be to throw their offspring into the Hudson."

The following day found Mrs. Stubbs and the family on the train bound for Darjeeling with Mr. Jones very much interested in deciding the best way of reaching the place without much night travel.

"Patna first stop," remarked Jones.

"How far is that?" inquired Mrs. Stubbs.

"One hundred and fifty miles," said Jones, as if that were a mere trifle on an India train. "Next night we will reach Rungpore, where we change cars at one or two junctions, which will only rest us. Then it is merely a little jaunt up to Darjeeling through the most beautiful scenery," Mr. Jones rattled on, watching carefully the expression on Mrs. Stubbs' countenance, but she was reading her guide book and never answered him.

"Do you know, Maitland," said Jones, not at all discouraged, "this is where we had better tune up the banjo and guitar and have a little singing."

"Upon arriving at the Woodlands, Darjeeling, Mrs. Stubbs was thoroughly delighted. "Unrivalled scenery!" she said. "Simply marvelous, Mr. Jones. I thank you for suggesting this trip."

"We have seen mountains enough," chorused the girls. "Let us make for Calcutta."

"Do you know what I am thinking about," said Tot to Mr. Jones.

"What, my child?" answered Jones.

"How to have the diamond set," she said.

"Any way you like, Tot. I believe the best way is to



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have very little gold shown—merely enough to make the setting safe.”

After arriving at the Grand Hotel, Calcutta, the first thing to do was to apply at the agency for mail. Jones opened a telegram that had awaited him for a week.

“We knew you were on the way here,” said the clerk in the agency, “but the trip to Darjeeling put us off the track and we decided to await your return. We wired six places en route, but missed you each time.”

“It’s all right,” said Jones quietly, tearing open the envelope. It was a private cipher cable from his partner in New York, and read, “Long Island. We have had bad luck. Plymouth Rock. The market went against us badly. Tempest. Short on wheat. Anxiety. We are overdrawn heavily at the bank. May have to go under. London: Your letter of credit is duly protected for full amount. Gayly. Hope for the best, but it may be very bad.”

“Poor Gordon,” said Jones. “He doesn’t know my resources and a hundred and thirty thousand seems a great deal to him. I’ll cable him to draw on me for any sum he wants to tide over. I can cable to a bank where my private funds are kept.”

Jones took from his pocket a small, dark-colored book, and wrote:

“Gingerbread. Don’t worry.” Then Jones hesitated and rubbed out the words and wrote in plain American: “How much do you need to pay in full. Answer immediately.”

Jones took Maitland’s arm and walked down the street. “My partner has hit a little bad luck and he is worried. Just like Gordon. I’ll bet less than one hundred and fifty thousand will clear him all up.”

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"One hundred and fifty thousand what?" asked Maitland.

"Dollars," said Jones.

"One hundred and fifty thousand," said Maitland, awed at the amount.

"Oh, it's nothing. Gordon has lost his nerve, that's all. I always carried the worry part of the business. If he had kept on it would have been all right probably. I don't know the market, but he is short on wheat, I guess, and is hit a little." Maitland nodded his head to please Jones. Late that evening an answer came in cipher, which meant, "Better market, covered everything. Wilks came to rescue."

"Bully for old boy Wilks," said Jones. "I've helped him out of many a scrape."

Jones sat down and addressed a cable to Wilks: "Draw on me at Calcutta to cover your account." In a few hours an answer came, "Will not draw. Will let boys have what they want. Everything is all right. Go on with your trip. Have a good time. Wilks."

Then Jones, showing the answer to Maitland, said, "What do you think of that kind of a fellow? They were overdrawn on the bank one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, according to Gordon, and old Wilks; I can see him now, has walked into the office and said, 'Boys, what's up?' and then he has called for a blank check and laid that black cane that he always carries down on the counter, made out the check for the full amount, and then without saying a word, has gone over to operate again in the wheat pit, as if he were paying a bill of five dollars."

"I cannot comprehend it," said Maitland, "as I have

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often said before. Such liberality amazes me. He did not owe the firm?"

"No, it is likely that it was the other way, but Wilks is a fearful plunger, and sometimes is millions ahead. When he gets shaken up a little the boys always help him out."

Mrs. Stubbs, anxious to see all she could of Calcutta, kept the visitors busy. Her list of sights included the Government House, presided over by an American queen, who was then at Simla, the beautiful Burmese Pagoda, the Indian Museum, the Botanical Gardens, the Banyan tree, which covers 1,000 feet in circumference, and numerous other interesting features. Jones and Tot were going down to hear the band.

"Mr. Jones," said Tot, "something I read this morning greatly interested me. You know I said I would not allow you to deal in wheat again for a year."

"I am afraid my partners have disobeyed your instructions," said Jones, "for I had a cable to that effect yesterday."

"I was reading an almanac called Whitakers I picked up at the hotel this morning," continued Tot. "It is full of statistics and information. It says this government has a monopoly of the opium trade. That the cultivators undertake to deliver the whole of the product at the contract price, which is six rupees for a seer, and a seer is two pounds. Then the article goes on to tell how it is cultivated and dried, packed in chests and sent to Calcutta for sale and disposed of at auction at monthly sales, and then exported to China and other places. It is said that 37,695 chests were sold annually. I also read in a morning's news-

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paper that there would be a sale here tomorrow. Why not buy a lot of it and run up the price?"

Jones thought a long minute. "If we could buy enough to affect the market, it would be safe, but could we? It might take a lot of money."

"I can get any amount now," said Tot. "Why, you know I told you lately I was of age. They have mailed me about two hundred thousand dollars' worth of bank stock certificates for me to endorse. I won't send them back because the guardian wants to sell them and reinvest the amount in a new bank. They are as good as gold and I will keep them. They are in my name now."

"But, Tot, it would be dangerous to risk much on such a scheme as you propose. I know about wheat at times, but not opium."

"Why?" asked Tot. "If there is only so much opium and the Chinese must have it, why will they not pay any price for it. Why, it's a cinch."

"Ah," said Jones. "That is well enough if we only knew how much the total crop was for a certainty and we had plenty of money to buy it—lots of money to go in and cover."

"How much do you believe would be necessary?" said Tot.

"It is worth 1,390 rupees per chest. It would take half a million dollars to affect the market," added Jones.

"Say we buy a lot of it."

"Why, Tot, I can almost see your father before me as you speak. That was his style. Always going into some queer deal, and always coming out all right, too," added Jones. "If you should lose I would be blamed. Let us try it on my account," said Jones. "Keep your money."

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"If you lose," said Tot earnestly, "I will stand by you, you bet!" Jones was interested. "She is another Byson, that girl," he said.

In a long, white shed near the river a number of English and Indian merchants lounged about. They were dressed in white and the punkahs were swinging overhead, making a cool draft through the otherwise hot and poppy perfumed quarters. Jones entered with Tot, both attired in white flannel and thoroughly tanned with the weather. They, too, might have been taken for residents of Calcutta. Jones had in his pocket a memorandum from Thos. Cook & Sons agency, Calcutta. A peculiar, pungent odor filled the apartment. A long line of chests were piled up six or seven feet high at both ends of the shed.

"Remember," whispered Jones to Tot, "this is a dead secret between us."

"All right," answered Tot, clutching his arm.

Jones bid in the first lot. Several astonished merchants looked at him scrutinizingly. He declined to bid on the second. Then a large consignment from Ghazipur was put up. Jones captured it then and there.

"Don't let them run up the price on you," said Tot in a low voice. He declined to bid for a while, then took an entire consignment amounting to thirty thousand rupees, which caused considerable consternation among those present. "Who the mischief is this fellow?" asked one. "What does he want with all this opium?" No one could answer. Then another consignment was put up. Jones got it. A man in the audience rushed forward and demanded that the auctioneer should postpone the sale.

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"How on earth can we fill our orders if this stuff is to be cornered by one buyer?"

"This is an auction sale, is it not?" said Jones. The auctioneer replied, "Yes."

"Then proceed with the sale. I am here to buy," replied Jones quietly."

"Golly, you're a good one," said Tot.

He passed some small lots and then bid in the entire balance, amidst the consternation and excitement of a number of men, especially one Indian merchant who demanded to know for whom Jones was bidding. They all crowded around and all talked at once. Tot held Jones tightly by the arm and appeared calmer than any other person in the group.

"There is some trick in this!" shouted one. "I will see Lord Curzon. I will attend to this at once!" shouted an elderly gentleman.

"Stand back, my friends," said Jones.

"I will demand an explanation of this!" shouted another.

The auctioneer told Jones to be patient and all would come out right.

"Stand back," he said. "Don't you see there is a lady present."

Jones escorted Tot into a little office, saying, "It is a good thing Maitland is not here. Then there would have been a row."

"Now, gentlemen," said Jones, "I am ready to explain. You see we are merely travelers from America, and the young lady suggested that it was an outrage to raise opium in India and have the government deal in it by selling it

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to the Chinese, therefore we decided to buy a lot of it and toss it into the river as a philanthropic action."

"Oh, oh, what rubbish!" said one.

"That is all," replied Jones.

"You have caused us a lot of trouble," said another.

"To accommodate you gentlemen I will tell you what I will do. If you desire to fill orders I will take a small profit and leave it here."

"Name your price!" shouted one. At this point a gentlemanly officer stepped forward and requested an interview with Jones. Taking him aside, he said, "I represent the government and we are glad you have done this. Merchants have heretofore connived to keep the price down. You have broken the ring. Don't sell them the goods unless you make a handsome profit. They must have it, and they will be compelled to pay your price. Your bidding nonplussed them. They were afraid you represented the government. They were taken completely off their guard. Charge them a high price and you will get it."

Jones and Tot remained in a small office until the excitement calmed down. Jones had invested more than he intended. A settlement was agreed upon after considerable parleying and Jones received a little over one hundred thousand rupees profit.

"I may leave here immediately," said Jones, and he compelled immediate payment. Checks on various banks were handed in and pronounced good by the official. When Jones and Tot took a car for the hotel, Tot said, "What about my scheme? Wasn't it a winner?"

"I should say so," replied Jones. "More excitement than

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we expected. You are a born trader. Oh, you are the wisest girl on earth!"

Tot laughed. "We stirred them up, didn't we? They were captured like a lot of rats. What did they mean by seeing Viceroy Curzon?"

"Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, they meant, but the government officials said he was trying to break up the ring and the government would never say a word. It is all right. They will make twice as much as we did, and let them."

"Yes," exclaimed Tot. "Let them!"

"This is a secret between us, is it?" asked Jones.

"Dead!" said Tot. "Surely it is. You draw the money and keep it for the present."

"We are equal partners," said Jones. "Staunch partners."

Tot nodded. "Partners forever, you bet!"

When Jones left Tot at the door of the hotel and walked down the stairs to hunt up Maitland, he said to himself, "That is the nerviest youngster in all this world."

At dinner no one present would have imagined that Jones and Tot had a few hours before actually cornered in a degree the great opium market of Calcutta.

"There is no ship leaving for Ceylon for four days except the Asia of the White Star line, an old-timer, but seaworthy," remarked Maitland at breakfast.

"And she leaves tonight," added Jones, "at ten. I have just heard from the office."

"I have seen all I want," said Mrs. Stubbs, "and have bought all I desire to carry home. I am ready."

Jones thought it might be advisable to leave Calcutta before the warm season set in, which was seconded by Tot. Therefore Jones and Maitland were dispatched to secure

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transportation on the Asia at once. When evening approached Abdul and Yamuna secured ox carts to carry the trunks, while carriages were provided for the travelers. After a long ride down to the docks where the Asia lay, the old Scotch captain informed them that they had better provide themselves with plenty of mosquito netting, as the mosquitos were "out in full force the night, and were singing in quartettes all over the ship."

After signing several elaborate testimonials as to the faithful service and good character of Abdul and Yamuna and paying them rather extraordinary tips in addition to their stipulated wages, a fond farewell was accorded the "boys." Abdul came back to the ship. He had forgotten something. He wanted two more recommends. One for his father in Bombay, and another for his younger brother. Maitland laughed at Jones' discomfiture.

"It is right," he said to Jones. "It is the custom of India to grant testimonials to these pirates, no matter how they have fleeced one."

Abdul stood upon the deck in the ship's light, his turban, his pleading eyes, tall erect figure, quite statuesque. All right. Two more copies of the flattering testimonial were made and Jones wrote across each, "This is for Abdul's father. Abdul says it is correct. I have never seen the father and know nothing about him." On the other he wrote, "This is for Abdul's brother. Abdul says it is correct. I have never seen Abdul's brother. Wilson Jones, New York."

Abdul was highly elated, and departed without suspecting in the least the irony of Mr. Jones' indorsement.

Preparing to leave Calcutta and actually leaving Cal-



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cutta are two distinct propositions. There are times when it is impossible to get down the Hoogley River into the Bay of Bengal except by a series of short trips or by the unusual mode of transportation by airship or balloon. It took three days to steam down the muddy river, less than one hundred miles to the bay. It is strange that Calcutta, one of the largest maritime and commercial cities in the orient, should have been built so far inland. The captain explained to them that he had on board a valuable cargo and could take no chances with the varying tides and shoals, for, like the Missouri, the Hoogley changes its bed almost every night. New charts must be prepared daily for the pilots, who command the highest salaries paid to pilots in the world. The Asia struck the mud bottom three times on her way down, and the English pilot said they had only one foot to spare crowding over the James and Mary reef, a dangerous place where several ships had been wrecked.

"Good-bye, old Hoogley, good-bye, mosquitos!" sang the girls on the deck of the old ship, as she steamed out of the river into the clear water of Bengal Bay.

"Put away your skeeter nettin'," said the old captain. "Ye'll see no more of 'em. I naer feel mesel' until I get into the blue ocean," and at this remark the captain cut a small pigeon wing, notwithstanding he balanced the scales at over two hundred and ninety pounds. "I'd rather be set in a cyclone in open sea than in that treacherous reever, when I've a fine cargo aboard."

CHAPTER XXXI

CEYLON—RATHER LARGE GAME

At last the beautiful island of Ceylon with its golden sands and palm groves was sighted, and the anchor soon dropped in the famous harbor of Colombo.

"The Galle Face Hotel near the ocean must be the coolest," said Maitland, and after a noisy debate with the boatmen who had conveyed them from the steamer, the harbor master saw that they were safely landed at the dock and that all trunks and packages were sent to the hotel.

"Ah, this is something like it," said Tot, as she and Bess found a cool, shady spot in the garden, facing the sea.

"Isn't it romantic to be in Ceylon?" Then they indulged in their new pastime, a critical and joyful re-examination of their gems, now beautifully set in the purest of gold.

"It is funny," said Bess, "how much solid comfort one can get out of a little ring like this."

"Yes," said Tot, holding hers up in the sun admiringly. "I think of mine first thing in the morning, and last thing at night, and all day."

"But I suppose we will get so used to them soon," replied Bess, "as to almost forget we have them."

"Perhaps," said Tot.

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The days passed like quiet beautiful dreams. There are numerous delightful and picturesque drives around Colombo, and the easy riding victorias and the charming little Cingalese with their skirts and hair combs fit perfectly into the setting of the picture. Breezes from the mountains or ocean cooled the air, and the time passed so pleasantly that there was no thought of leaving.

While Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson visited Buddhist temples and bazaars, the girls drove about getting acquainted with the natural features of the island, its trees and flowers, a never-ending source of enjoyment. They learned to know the different palms, the jak, the bread fruit, the frangipani, cocoanut trees, the talipor, and all the curious flowers.

Ceylon is a happy hunting ground for the sportsman, for there are elephants, bears, leopards, deer, and buffaloes; fowl of all kinds; and the marshes swarm with crocodiles.

"We must have some proof of having been in Ceylon," said Maitland one morning. "How would you like a hunt?"

"I will go," said Jones, "if you will agree not to kill anything. In this respect I am getting to be a Buddhist. This morning I saw the picture of a man standing upon the dead body of a large elephant, monarch of all he surveyed, waving his rifle to his friends. Somehow I felt a contempt for him."

"It seems to me too much like taking an undue advantage of these bulky brutes."

"Then," said Maitland, laughing, "let us go after a few leopards or wild cats. They certainly will not draw too strongly upon your sympathy."

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"I want to go, too," said Belle, "if you go. A gentleman and his wife here from Germany say they come regularly every other year for a six weeks hunt. She is said to be a crack shot."

"I can hit the bull's eye with a rifle every time," said Tot.

Strange to say, Mrs. Byson did not object to the hunt. "I will go too," she said. "Perhaps I can hit a mark once in a while."

"Bess and I will stay right here," said Mrs. Stubbs. "This appears to me to be the wildest of foolish adventures, but go. You will enjoy it."

During the evening Mrs. Byson met some American friends who had just arrived from Hong Kong, and she decided to abandon the hunting trip.

Maitland had no difficulty in securing an introduction to Baron Lindenberg and his wife, who were delighted to have them join their expedition.

"We are very glad to have the company," said the baroness. "We have been over the route three times and know it well. We intend to remain several weeks."

"I never saw a more genial old chap in my life," said Maitland, referring to the baron. "We are fortunate in meeting them. Cordiality of that sort is most unusual in such thorough going sportsmen. The baron says we go by train direct to Badulla, which is a good starting point, then on into the most wild and beautiful part of the country."

"Good," said Tot. "Now for some excitement."

"We may get more than we bargain for," remarked



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Belle. "And how long do you suppose we will be away?"

"A week or ten days," said Maitland.

"All right," said Belle. "Let us know what we must prepare for. It is cold up there, is it not?"

"It is at night."

"Then our Iceland shawls will be just the thing."

"Consult the baroness. She will know."

That evening the Lindenegs dined at the Galle Face and made such a favorable impression on Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson that a two weeks leave of absence was granted Belle and Tot.

"I will take the best care of them," said the baroness, "and I assure you there will not be the least danger."

Starting out from the railway station with a small army of porters, the party resembled a Persian caravan. Bess was making fun of Tot's going to kill an elephant, but Tot said, "Never mind, sister, if I do kill one I'll carry him home on my shoulders."

Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson, after agreeing to meet them in Kandy, and making the girls promise faithfully to be guided by the baroness, waved their handkerchiefs at the departing train.

Arriving at Badulla, a long one day's trip direct from Colombo, the sporting party, so suddenly transferred from the moist atmosphere of the sea level to the bracing and exhilarating air of the mountains, could scarcely refrain from singing, although tired enough to sleep.

"A good night's rest here," said the baron, "and we will journey on to Bibile early in the morning."

Vehicles were employed and up hill and down dale for fourteen interesting miles the procession slowly made its

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way. At Bibile Belle and Tot discovered the wisdom of carrying their Iceland shawls, for the air was crisp and sharp and a fire in the rest house proved very welcome.

As they all sat about the cheery blaze, the baron said,



VILLAGE VEDDAHs

"We are now in the Veddah country, and I hope we may meet some of those interesting specimens of humanity."

"Tell us of them," said Jones, and Tot's eyes snapped, for she was always eager to listen to a story.

"On my first visit up here," said the baron, with a slight German accent, "I desired to study the Veddahs. These



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curious people are supposed to be descended from the original inhabitants of the island. They are certainly the connecting link between civilization and absolute savagery. They are divided into two classes—the village Veddahs and the rock or tree Veddahs. The former are far in advance of the latter. They have a language, some idea of communities, have chiefs, and are a lower order of the usual oriental native, but the tree Veddahs are as thoroughly savage as the ourang outang. They simply live. They have no customs, no laws, no habitation except the trees and caves, no form of government, no politics, no clothing, no ambition, no religion, no care nor sorrow, no regrets, no crime, no lawyers, doctors nor golf players. They are animals with souls, but monkeys in every other respect. They are not good looking, having coarse features, but are fairly well formed. The climate as well as the products of the island make it possible for these creatures to exist easily. The bread fruit trees, the jak fruit trees, the cocoanut palm, the mango and others, and a bountiful supply of berries the year round, together with crystal springs in the rocks, furnish these wild people with health-giving food and drink.”

“What a jolly lot,” said Maitland, “to visit. Imagine an old fellow inviting you up into a tall tree to dine with the family.”

“One would have to be a circus performer to get up,” said Tot.

They all slept soundly in the little rest house, the baroness, Belle and Tot occupying one apartment, while the men had cots on the veranda.

After a hurried breakfast the start was made.



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"To hunt for deer, wolves, foxes, rabbits, possum or any ordinary animal is not so bad," said Jones, "but to try to capture a live elephant seems like making an attack on a man of war with a popgun."

The Singalese trackers soon discovered traces of the elephant spoken of by the natives of the village and here the party divided. Jones and Tot decided to follow the baroness, while Maitland and Belle followed on the heels of the baron.

The baroness looked about for a position to her liking, and found it in the neighborhood of some good trees.

"The elephant will pass this way on his return and since the wind is in our favor he will not detect us. Aim for his forehead, but do not shoot until you are sure your shot will tell. There is no danger if you are a perfect shot—but if you miss, and the elephant charges, I advise you to take to your heels. Never mind me, I can take care of myself."

"If I kill one I'll let you carry him," said Jones to Tot. "What do you think about this fool scheme, anyway?" he whispered.

"I don't like it a bit," she said, "but it is sport, and Captain Maitland will laugh at us if we retreat."

"There's no such word as retreat in the American language when a fight is on," said Jones, bracing himself up and becoming full of nerve; "but for the life of me, Tot, I can't see anything to be gained by shooting at a poor unfortunate elephant. If we hit the animal, and even kill him, it won't do us any good that I can see."

"No," said Tot, "that is true, but we are elephant hunting and we're out to kill."

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"Brave girl!" said Jones. "You inspire me. Come on, Macduff!"

The baroness looked back and signalled them to stop talking and led the way into a ravine. After walking over tangled underbrush and slipping on wet stones for nearly half an hour, they noticed that one of the Singalese stopped and raised his hands—a signal that the elephant was in sight.

"Come," she whispered to Jones. "Be prepared." Jones looked at his rifle. He felt less like killing an elephant or being killed by one just then than at any time in his eventful career.

At this moment, three of the trackers came running back with dismay imprinted on their faces. "Rogue! Rogue!" they shouted. "Look out!" The baroness stood her ground.

When an elephant leaves the herd to which it belongs it is not allowed to join the ranks of another, but ever after leads a solitary life. They are called "rogues." They are exceedingly ferocious, attacking without provocation whatever crosses their path, and are much dreaded by the Singalese. The baroness knew that her unerring aim would save her, but she feared for her companions. All conditions were favorable and the baroness was certain of her game when the unforeseen occurred which nearly ruined all.

Tot's attention has been attracted by the snapping of twigs and to her horror she saw a leopard within ten feet of the baroness crouched for a spring. Her cry startled Jones, but their rifles rang out almost simultaneously and the leopard fell heavily to the ground.

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"Splendid shot!" called out the baroness, and again turned her attention to the elephant, which having heard the discharge of the guns, turned and made for the path with blood in his eye. The crack shot of female Germany was ready for him and the two balls that she aimed at his



A ROGUE

forehead compelled his surrender. He stumbled on for several paces, but fell within a few feet of the intrepid little woman who was so certain of her skill that she had faced him without a tremor.

"We have him! We have him!" she shouted in triumph. "A 'rogue,' too. Oh, what a day!"

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Tot and Jones were true sports enough to refrain from interfering. The glory of killing the "rogue" was entirely for the baroness; that of killing the leopard was entirely theirs, and they considered it quite enough.

The Singalese refused to come near.

"He is gone," said the baroness. "There is no danger," as the body of the immense brute quivered from head to foot. After a few minutes the elephant raised his head and the Singalese again made for the woods. Jones and Tot stood watching the huge dying animal.

"Look out," said the baroness. "He may be shamming." The elephant quivered again and stretched his legs for the last time. The baroness blew a shrill call with the whistle attached to her belt. In a short time it was answered. Then she whistled three times and the answer came back three whistles.

"They will come this way," she said.

In a few minutes the baron, Maitland and Belle came hurrying through the woods, followed by a dozen or more Singalese. As they approached, the baroness and Tot, assisted by Jones, mounted the dead elephant and waved their handkerchiefs.

"Why, it's a rogue," said the baron. "Bravo! You are indeed to be congratulated."

"None of the glory is for us," said Tot and Jones. "The baroness did it all."

"My pleasure and excitement must not make me forget to tell you, my dear, that while my whole attention was concentrated on the approaching elephant, these dear friends saw the danger which threatened me and saved my life by taking that of the leopard you see lying yonder."

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The grasp of the hand that the baron bestowed on Jones said more than words could express, and Tot knew that in the baroness she had a friend for life.

"We will return now," said the baroness. "That is enough sport for one day."

"Yes," said Jones. "Let the others hunt. I have had all I care for."

"So have I," said Tot.

Belle decided to go on with Maitland and the baron. As they returned to the rest house, the baroness explained to Jones that the baron was slightly jealous of her marksmanship, and no doubt he would try to make just as good a showing as she had before evening.

"What do you think of murdering elephants for sport?" Jones remarked.

"I don't like it," said Tot. "Killing that poor big thing. It was a shame. Banging away at that vicious leopard was all right, because the baroness told me it would kill man, woman or child, or any defenceless animal merely for the taste of blood. It would have killed us. We will take the skin home as a trophy."

It was late in the afternoon when one of the Singalese, who had escorted the hunting party, returned. He was excited and said someone was hurt.

"Who?" asked the baroness, turning slightly pale. "The baron?"

"No," said the man. "Other man."

"Captain Maitland," said Jones rising. "Take us to the place at once."

Tot followed as they descended the path which led southward from the rest house. They met the returning

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hunters. Four Singalese carried Maitland on an improvised stretcher made of boughs.

"What's up, old boy?" said Jones to Maitland, whose arm was bandaged.

"Got hurt a little," replied Maitland. "Nothing very serious."

The men rested for a moment and he leaned over on his side as if in pain. Belle had been sobbing, but grew more cheerful as they approached the rest house.

"Let them proceed," the baron said. "He is hurt pretty badly, but there is no danger."

In his younger days the baron had studied surgery and they felt confident that he knew the situation as well as a professional. Belle whispered to Tot:

"Tot, it was fearful. I was afraid he was killed at first. The baron shot an elephant and it charged through the woods, knocking down tree after tree. We tried to escape. I tripped and fell, and as the captain ran to my aid the beast struck him twice with its trunk, knocking him senseless. Then the baron succeeded in getting a good shot at the elephant and he fell over dead. Ten seconds more and it would have killed Maitland, as he fell against a tree and could not get away." Jones felt Maitland's pulse.

"Oh, I'll do very well," said Maitland. "I'll play the banjo in three weeks. See! My right arm is broken."

As they reached the rest house the baroness spoke to the baron in German, and upbraided him slightly for being so hazardous.

"That captain," said the baron, "would run into a lake of fire. He fears nothing."

Maitland was placed upon a comfortable cot and the

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surgeon-baron, aided by Jones, examined his wounds. He felt carefully about his ribs and listened to the action of the heart.

"All right there," he said. "No ribs are broken, but they are pressed in and pain him. Some hot bandages will give him relief. His right arm is broken near the wrist, but it is not a serious fracture and we will bandage it and put it in splints. Pulse? Strong as a small steam engine and normal. What's this?" he exclaimed, as he examined Maitland's back. "Whew! A long black bruise extending from the right shoulder down the back."

"What would you expect," said Maitland laughing, "after being whaled by an unusually large quadruped like that?"

"Never mind," said the baron. "I know a brew of bark that will take all the pain out of that bruise in two hours."

The baron and Jones, aided by the baroness, set Maitland's arm and put it in easy splints.

"Now," said the baron, "you are nearly a well man. After I come back from the woods you will be altogether comfortable."

The girls boiled the bark and Jones applied the soothing lotion as directed.

"How cool and nice it is. Pile it on, Jones."

In two hours, as the baron said, Maitland was almost entirely out of pain, and went to sleep. Jones closed his door and listened to the baron's account of the accident.

Maitland recovered rapidly. Bidding adieu to the baron and baroness and thanking them heartily for the entertainment and sport, they journeyed to Kandy and there met the rest of the family who had visited Nuwara Eliya. Then all returned to the "Galle Face." After a few days the

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North German Lloyd steamship Bayern came into port on its way to Hong Kong. It was decided to take passage, and as the ship moved out of the beautiful harbor and the band played some familiar air, Tot exclaimed:

“Good-bye, Ceylon. Good-bye, Singalese. Good-bye, elephants. Farewell, a long farewell.”

CHAPTER XXXII

CHINA

"Look at the harbor!" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs. "Why, it is a perfect panorama." They were sailing into the famous harbor of Hong Kong.

"Yes," said the captain, who had just transferred the care of the ship into the pilot's hands, "you can see vessels here from every part of the world. It is one of the great-



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est of harbors and the safest we know of. We always feel at home when we reach Hong Kong."

"The very first thing I want to see," said Jones, addressing Maitland, "is a newspaper. Haven't heard a word from New York for nearly two months. While the women are dressing for dinner, let us go out and get one."

Bess and Tot had a chat with the elevator man in the Hong Kong hotel. Tot had kept her finger on the electric button for fully two minutes. No response. Bess tried it. No answer. At length the elevator came slowly up.

"Ling bell?" asked the smiling manipulator of the rope, who was clad in white satin trimmed with red.

"Slow elevator," said Tot.

"No, no. Lift go belly fast," he said.

"How long to make a trip?" inquired Bess.

"Ten minutes," he said.

"In America go whiz," she said, raising her hand high.

"Melicans die young. Go too fastee up."

"But this lift goes very slow."

"No," persisted the Chinaman, "go belly fast."

"Go in America half minute," said Tot. "Whiz."

"Melicans die young. Too fastee up, too fastee up, go fastee down," was the convincing and conclusive argument of the rope holder.

"Can't tell him anything," said Tot. "Hopeless."

Bess and Tot then set out upon a purchasing tour. Wherever they went they discovered that prices advanced rapidly and they were "sized up," so as to speak, as Americans, and American prices prevailed. Bess saw an English girl buying some unmounted photographs in a



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store. She saw the price paid, one shilling each. And then Tot saw the necessity of trading in shillings.

"The scene from Victoria Peak once witnessed cannot be forgotten. It is a perfect landscape by that most perfect old master, Nature. It cannot be either compared or described," exclaimed Jones, peering through his glasses.

"Well said," remarked Mrs. Stubbs. "I've been waiting to hear from you for some time."

"Tomorrow let us take a steamer and go up the Chukiang or Pearl River to Canton. We are getting to be thorough travelers now," said Jones.

Strange to say, the captain of the river steamer was an Irishman. He was a successful pilot, having the two requisites, a thorough knowledge of the meandering river and the ability to be profane in the Chinese language. Captain Goggin attributed his success principally to the latter accomplishment.

"I may not have gained the friendship of the missionaries," he said, "but I believe I have saved many lives. These Chinamen crowd directly in front of the ship and defy us. When I yell at them in Chinese they scoot out of the way."

"If you intend to go through the streets of Canton," he added, "I advise you to secure the services of Ah Cum, the famous guide."

Ah Cum was on the dock awaiting the arrival of the steamer, and soon made himself known. He was a middle-aged Chinaman and spoke English fairly well. He came up with a bow and smile.

"First visit Canton?" he asked.

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Jones assured him they were all novices. Ah Cum looked the party over carefully.

"Better hidee watches," he said. "Chinese takee."

The visitors saw the gist of this remark when they found the streets so narrow that an expert Chinese pickpocket could almost lean out of a window and snatch the watch of a passerby, the average width of a street being eight to ten feet.

After numerous precautions and explanations the cavalcade started from Ah Cum's office, Ah Cum in his Sedan chair in the lead. Each had four runners and two substitutes. Forty-eight coolies and eight visitors, including Ah Cum, a procession of no small importance and as long as an express train. Away they went hi-ki down the narrow streets. "The New Town was extremely dirty, and no adjective could be found sufficiently strong to express the malodorous condition of the Old Town," said Maitland at their first stop.

"We will not call this a pleasure trip," said Mrs. Stubbs, "but an interesting nightmare."

For the convenience of tourists various signs appeared in the windows of stores. "One price here," "English spoken," "Prices marked in plain figures." Many of the streets were named according to the articles sold in them, as Tea Street; Apothecary Street; or to the trade of their occupants, as Carpenter Street.

"The joss houses are chiefly Buddhist temples, of which there are 124. One," said Ah Cum, "the largest, covers seven acres and has 175 priests. It is called Hae Chwang Sze or Temple of the Ocean Banner. As we reach the high

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wall which surrounds the city, we will notice very fine pagodas, some of them 1300 years old."

When the cavalcade stopped for rest hundreds of street gamins and Chinese loafers and beggars surrounded them and begged for money. Ah Cum was armed with a box full of small coin which he occasionally dealt out to them. If not satisfied he threatened to call the police and they moved on. After a long jolt in the chairs the "City of the Dead," the famous cemetery, was reached.

"This is by far the sweetest smelling place in Canton," said Maitland.

In this odd place 400 neat, two-roomed dwellings, all painted and decorated, line streets which are paved with stone, and ornamented with flowers.

"It is a queer, silent place," remarked Mrs. Stubbs. "Really a city of the dead."

Ah Cum then pointed out two men who had slept beside the coffin of the second wife of the Viceroy for ten years.

"The healthy appearance of these watchers," whispered Jones to Mrs. Byson, "indicates that they are not afraid of ghosts and can account, no doubt, for the dwindling away of numerous bottles of good wine intended for the Viceroy's second spouse."

"When tenant cannot pay rent," explained Ah Cum, "he got no more money, hard up, then they move corpse away to hills over there where poor Chinese are buried. No pay for corpse, corpse no stay."

Ah Cum then led the procession up a hill to the top of the high wall which surrounds part of the city. The coolies were permitted to lie down and rest on the dry grass, while a fine view of the city was had.

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A lot of suspicious beggars surrounded them.

"Want dollar! Want dollar!" they shouted, and all stuck their not very clean hands into the faces of the visitors.

Maitland pushed one of them over, but they crowded about making angry gestures and grimaces.

"Must dollar, must dollar," they shouted:

Ah Cum, who had not noticed their appearance, came quickly to the scene. "Must dollar," they continued, and danced about the chairs.

Ah Cum blew a whistle and the coolies came hastily back to their rescue. One coolie ran down to a small sentry box and brought a policeman. This Chinese policeman carried a revolver almost as large as a small cannon, and when he arrived there was a general stampede, and the "must dollar" brigade never stopped running until they were out of sight over the hills.

Ah Cum next took the procession through some fearful places in the old town until they reached a city park. In the center of an enclosure which covered about an acre was an attractive pavilion.

"Here have tiffin," said Ah Cum, who thereupon sent all the coolies out of the park after providing them with currency to purchase their lunches.

"How much did you give them?" asked Jones.

Ah Cum laughed. "No takee much feed coolie, fifty cents for all," said Ah Cum.

"Give them a couple of dollars," said Jones, handing Ah Cum the amount.

"No, no," said Ah Cum, shaking his head. "Make coolie sick, no hold chairs. Walk home," but Jones noticed that Ah Cum pocketed the currency all the same.



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The pavilion in the little park was a diminutive Crystal Palace, and men, women and children flattened their noses on the panes of glass outside watching the visitors eat lunch with forks, which were as great a novelty to them and as queer as chop sticks would be to us.

Canton is a labyrinth. There are miles and miles of narrow streets and nothing to direct one without a guide. The natives would laugh at and ridicule any foreigner, rob him of his jewelry or money, and probably in some of the remote byways, kill him. Countless thousands of these half-fed, half-naked inhabitants have no apparent occupation.

In the narrow streets there is one continual roar of voices day and night, and as the visitors were carried rapidly along after tiffin, all sorts of expressions appeared upon the sea of sallow faces which lined the thoroughfares—fear, curiosity, anger and disdain. Ah Cum's sedan chair was elaborately trimmed with black silk, which gave him an air of authority, and whenever the natives became too bold or too numerous, he would alight, smile gracefully, hand out a few coins to the obstructionists and the procession was permitted to pass unmolested. They were taken to a quarter of the city where a better class of shops prevailed. Many of the storekeepers spoke pigeon English fairly well.

"Now," said Mrs. Stubbs, addressing Jones, "I hope you will permit us to stay here for a couple of hours to rest and shop. We have been trotted about miles and miles and you ought to be satisfied."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Stubbs, I have been looking for these very stores ever since we started. Of course, we will stay here as long as you like."

"Buy good goods! You want buy me. Me one plice.

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No talkee cheat. Me best Chinaman. Canton trade much Enlis. All likee me. One plice. No cheatee."

"That's the spot," said Jones, assisting Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson to alight.

These shops are run by old Chinese merchants, many of whom are very rich. The proprietors sit in the rear of the stores smoking and playing cards, while the young men wait on the customers.

"It is a relief to get in here," said Mrs. Stubbs, pleased as a child with the beautiful silks and embroideries taken out of odd shaped boxes by the active young Chinese clerks. Jones, Maitland and the girls purchased various gorgeous robes to be used at fancy dress balls on board ship, and Ah Cum helped them select antique head gear which would certainly create a sensation.

Their next jaunt was to the fish market. Of all the foul smelling places on earth the Canton fish market ranks the highest. Mrs. Stubbs was angry, Mrs. Byson sick, the girls held their noses, Maitland swore and Jones yelled at Ah Cum to leave the spot at once.

"See fish," he replied. "Fine fish."

The refuse of fish of all kinds from this extensive market was left to decompose in the sun. They all shook their heads and Ah Cum decided to obey. Even the passing Chinamen held their noses. Then Ah Cum with a broad grin sang out "The Shameen."

There is but one genuine breathing place in all this mixture of crude architecture and crowded humanity—the artificial island called the Shameen. It is formed by the eddy at the confluence of several rivers and by the canal which separates it from the mainland. The Chinese spent about

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\$350,000 in improving it and conceded it to the English and French governments. After the hours spent among the bootless and hatless mob in Canton they were delighted to find clean streets, green lawns and tidy inhabitants. A young lady was singing an American song in the parlor of the hotel Ah Cum had directed them to.

Mrs. Stubbs sank into an easy chair and said with a sigh, "I would not go through that place again for all the wealth of China. We have visited all China as far as I am concerned."

"Oh, no," said Jones, "there are the university, the prison and the sampans on the river yet."

"I will stay right here," announced Mrs. Stubbs, "until the next boat takes us back to Hong Kong."

Jones bowed submissively. The young lady who sang proved to be a relative of the United States Consul, and this meant a pleasure for the girls.

On the island were several hotels, schools, libraries, and "in addition to this," as Tot said, "there were bicycles, canary birds, and other evidences of Christianity."

"Shameen," said Jones, "is in fact the one one bright spot in this tremendous picture of real Chinese life. We are now in a new world, surrounded and hemmed in by the old," but this eloquence was lost on Mrs. Stubbs, who had gone sound asleep in the arm chair on the veranda while awaiting Ah Cum and his chair carriers to resume their journey.

"Let her sleep," said Jones. "There is no hurry. The poor woman is tired out."

She was wide awake in a minute and insisted on going.

"We will go slowly," said Jones to Ah Cum, "and get

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us back here or down to a steamer as soon as we see a few more things."

"I will not feel comfortable until we are on the steamer," said Mrs. Stubbs. "We will dream of this dreadful place."

"We have seen enough of Canton," said Jones, and the procession was directed to the dock where the steamer lay that would carry them back to Hong Kong. Ah Cum and his colony of followers, chairmen, tiffin carriers, tip demanders and lookers-on were disposed of, a comfortable spot was found on the deck of a large side-wheeled river steamer, from which point a grand view was had of the numerous sampans and the several hundred thousand people who live on them, the famous river population of Canton, people who are born, grow up, marry and die on board their little floating homes. Many of these boats are ferries for passengers, packages and provisions. It was a most interesting scene. When a passenger desires to embark he comes down to the dock and signifies his intention of crossing. The competition in ferries is overwhelming. Dozens of sampans rush toward him. The boat owners congregate around him and solicit his patronage. They almost divide him up among them. Many are women and they are the most persistent solicitors. Tot noticed one old Chinaman who got angry and threw a woman into the river, but she scrambled out and catching him around the body with her wet arms, lifted him, kicking and spluttering with anger, into her boat. The old fellow sat there grinding his teeth and shaking his wet clothing. After a while he became satisfied and rather enjoyed the fun the other women were making of him. Quite a number of the women have small children, and while Belle was sketching a scene Beas and

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Tot witnessed a performance that was extremely funny. There is no railing on the deck of the sampans to protect the infant celestials, who are permitted to creep about the slippery deck at will. A strong string tied about their waists tethers them to a prescribed limit. In case of accident a leather air-tight bottle attached to the youngster's back acts as a life preserver. On one of the sampans near the steamer a woman was cleaning rice and preparing the evening meal, while two diminutive youngsters were playing on the top of a small cabin in the stern of the boat. Bess and Tot were watching their antics when suddenly a splash was heard and one of them disappeared. The mother did not scream or become excited. She placed the knife and bowl she held in her hands down on the deck and walked leisurely to the place the child had fallen in. The girls were wild with excitement and called repeatedly to the woman to save the child. She pulled the string and up came the dripping infant, gasping and roaring as lustily as its choked condition would permit.

From their earliest infancy children of both sexes acquire the art of sculling, and Bess called Tot's attention to a baby strapped on its mother's back while she sculled away, sending the sampan flying over the water. The sampan residents are not permitted to remain or live upon the shore while inside the city limits. They appear not only more cleanly but healthier than the actual land citizens. Their boats are their castles and they are independent and happy in their floating homes.

"China for the Chinese," remarked Jones, who had summoned all the energies of the steamer cook to prepare an extra supper on board.

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Mrs. Stubbs thankfully added, "I fully agree with you, and we are off for Japan on the next available steamship."

The Japanese are a different people," exclaimed Maitland. They are courteous and kind. We will enjoy them. I have several friends in Japan and they have told me a lot about it."

CHAPTER XXXIII

JAPAN

After a comfortable night's sleep on the river steamer, the model City of Victoria, Hong Kong, seemed to welcome their return.

"Glad we saw Canton, but delighted to get away from it," said Mrs. Byson, making a wry face.

"The Gaelic of the Oriental and Occidental line sails for Nagasaki, Japan, in two days," said Maitland, who had just heard the news in the office of the Hong Kong Hotel, "and she is a fine ship. I have secured passage for us."

"Good," said Jones. "How long will it take us?"

"About five days. She will stop at Shanghai for a day if there is any freight."

The Gaelic, together with her sister ship, the Belgic, were built for the White Star line and leased to the O. & O. The Captain said, in answer to Mrs. Stubbs, "She is a most fortunate ship, having in her day encountered cyclones and typhoons, rocks and derelicts, but has always come out safe and sound and never had an accident to speak of."

The scenery on the trip up the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki was a happy reminder of Lake George, the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence River, the fjords of Norway and the region about Mackinac Island, for it furnishes a variety of mountain scenery, rocky islands, narrow chan-

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nels, pretty little settlements, fertile green spots on barren rocks, and peaceful blue sea. "In addition to this," continued Jones, "hundreds of steamers, sailing vessels, sampans and all manner of ships and boats from every clime carrying the flags of all nations pass us by in one continuous, magnificent procession from the time we sight the harbor till we land." Tot was busy taking views with her camera.

"Yes," said the second officer, standing near, overhearing Jones, "and this scene you have just witnessed will be reproduced over and over again for 368 miles in the Inland Sea until we reach Kobe. It is said by many to be the most beautiful sea trip in the world."

"We will drop anchor pretty soon," said the second officer, "and after dinner I would advise you all to go on shore for one night, as we take on coal here and it will not be pleasant. There is a good hotel and you may like the change."

Tot wore a worried look. Jones had remarked it. "I am getting lonesome," she said.

"Lonesome! Lonesome for what?"

"For you."

Jones looked bewildered. Then he gazed at Tot with his steely eyes, the way he looked when contemplating a big grain deal. "You mustn't feel lonesome," he said, smiling and patting Tot's cheek. "I will be more attentive hereafter."

Bess came to say Tot must get ready for dinner, and Jones sat looking out at the war vessels and the colored lights of the ships just being lit, for it was twilight.

"Lonesome for me," he said, "little Tot lonesome for me."

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Pshaw! only in that childish way. Sweet little thing. Good girl."

"What do you think, Jones," asked Maitland, "had we better go on shore or not? The officers say yes."

"Cook's Hotel!" shouted a tiny little Jap.

"Same old story," said Jones. "Cook is everywhere."

Other Japs shouted "Ueno-Yo, Midori-Yo."

"Everything here," said Maitland, reading a card handed him by a young man, "English Church, Methodist Chapel, Episcopal Church, Reformed Church of America, Catholic Church. Humph! more churches than at home."

Two small boys were selling newspapers on the street, "Rising Sun" and "Nagasaki Express."

"Goodness," exclaimed Belle, "Japan is more like America than any place we have seen yet."

All aboard for the Belle Vue. The keeper of the landing whistled and a number of little Japs with jinrickshas came trotting down the bund or esplanade. Mrs. Stubbs insisted that two Japs should pull her vehicle, but at this proposition they all laughed. One took the shafts and spun her along at a pace that made her head swim. They are as strong as little oxen and will run five to ten miles without a rest. A dance was in progress in the Belle Vue, given by some of the officers of a gunboat in the harbor. Everybody was invited. A fine band played the waltzes and the visitors soon forgot they were strangers.

Next day was a holiday. One old Chinaman played a trick on Maitland. He came behind him and set off an immense cannon cracker within a few feet of Maitland's head. He never winced. The Chinaman repeated the act but it made no impression. Neither did Bess nor Tot

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appear to be alarmed in the slightest degree. The old man then set off another still larger and noisier. They all went on chatting as if nothing had happened. The aged Chinaman shook his head and gave it up, retiring to his store. He wondered what kind of people they were.

The next amusement consisted in Jones buying an accordion and playing it in the street. All the Japs within hearing quit work and came out of the shops to see what was going on. Jones passed his hat for pennies. This settled it. The little Japs appreciate a joke at any time and are ready and willing to stop work and play. They laughed heartily at an American asking for pennies. Jones then tossed pennies along the street and the entire neighboring population scrambled for them.

When Bess and Tot returned to the hotel their cheeks were redder than roses from the fun.

"This," remarked Tot, "is the merriest place of all. Japan forever!"

Tortoise shell worked into all manner of things, ships, combs, hair combs and boxes, were obtained in the stores at Nagasaki, that being the principal shopping Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson cared to indulge in. The tender conveyed them to the Gaelic early. The ship would leave at 10 A. M., as the Captain desired the passengers to see the Inland Sea by daylight. As they passed out of the harbor the Russian man-of-war band played "The Star Spangled Banner" as a compliment to the ladies whom the officers had met at the ball.

"If there is any one thing that will strike you favorably when in a foreign land," said Jones, "it is to hear that air played at the request of a foreign nation."

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The girls waved Russian flags obtained from the steward as a salute when passing near the Russian gunboat, and a cheer went up which echoed along the peaceful waters of the bay.

The Inland Sea affords the most direct route from Nagasaki to Kobe. The large islands are mountainous; the smaller ones of every conceivable size and shape. Nearly all are inhabited by a half-farming, half-fishing people. The shores are lined with villages, the hillsides laid out in fields. There are thousands of islands.

As the ship neared Yokohama the girls strained their eyes for far-famed Fuji long hours before they reached the distance at which it can be seen on even the clearest day, but their faithfulness was finally rewarded and when the exquisite snow-white crest appeared, looking more like the graceful spirit of a mountain than substantial earth and rock, their enthusiasm was unbounded. Fuji is often seen on a clear day sixty miles out at sea by passengers arriving from America.

Those who have not seen Fuji cannot appreciate the fascination possessed by this wondrous mountain. All who do see it, realize at once the reason for its reproduction on fans, pictures and screens. It is like no other mountain and in describing its grace one finds no simile in aught that has not motion or life. Graceful as a ship at sea—graceful as a woman, the fleecy clouds that float about its head—lift and fall and lift again like the bit of gauze that veils the beauty of a coquette. Fuji is alive with a beauty that dominates all.

“Now,” said Maitland, “we are in Japan in earnest, for Yokohama is the great center of life. The Captain says

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there is a splendid hotel here, The Grand, and we can enjoy a long visit. I believe we can have a rousing time here. There is a cricket club where we can take the girls. There are dozens of jinricksha drives. We can run up to Tokio, only a few miles by rail. And then yachting in the



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bay. Think of that! Two weeks! Why, you will not care to leave for three weeks or a month at least, perhaps three months. There are always flower shows to be visited, and the cherry blossoms are gorgeous the latter part of this week. The cherry blossoms of Tokio alone are worth a trip to Japan."



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Jones chuckled. "Mrs. Stubbs will be the very first to propose going somewhere tomorrow," he said. "We are getting to understand each other. Where are the girls?"

"They are simply crazy. They are so delighted with the place that they have taken rickshas and are racing all over the city seeing the sights."

"Bless their hearts," replied Jones. "I noticed as we came along the bund there are some fine photographers here and we will all have our pictures taken in Japanese costume."

Maitland nodded assent and they walked down the street to find the girls. They had only gone a short step when Jones heard Tot's energetic laugh in the neighborhood of a photograph gallery.

"There they are, that's precisely what they are doing, having their pictures taken in costume."

The girls never noticed them as they passed. In the afternoon they all visited Theatre Street, the popular promenade of Yokohama. After witnessing the sights upon this interesting thoroughfare Jones called their attention to a Japanese swell who was coming down the street. He had on a derby hat, an exceedingly high collar, a flashy red tie, a cutaway coat, a white vest, a short kimono and bare legs and feet. He was also enjoying a very long cheroot fixed in a cigar holder, which was pointed upward, Bowery style.

"The swing of that Jap," said Maitland, "is one of the most graceful things I have ever seen; he seems to walk on air."

Maitland and Jones raised their hats as he passed and he in return gave a most profound bow.

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"You can't call this a heathen country after that," remarked Jones. "I wish I could feel as thoroughly satisfied with myself as that chap does."

"Let us go into a theatre," suggested Tot, and tickets were procured as some kind of performance was in progress.



"BABY MINE"

The audience room was darkened and the stage was lit up with numerous candles, lanterns and oil lamps. There was a devil fish in the play and when the fish threw his green and white tentacles about, having just emerged from a tank filled with real water, the audience raised their umbrellas to prevent being drenched. This act was the



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occasion for much merriment and unstinted applause. The official at the door informed Jones that the play would not be over for two weeks; they were then only in the fourteenth act.

A great cricket match was to be played the following day between the Kobe and the Yokohama Clubs, chiefly Englishmen engaged in commerce in Japan. Maitland found an old acquaintance at the hotel and secured invitations for all to the clubhouse. One of the Kobe men was injured on the train and Maitland was requested to take his place. He looked handsome in his white flannel suit and a borrowed red cap. He was the athlete to perfection and proved a master in the art of batting. The Kobes went to the bat and Maitland was called third. He ran a quick score of ninety-seven and was not out when luncheon was served. Belle and the girls were delighted. Jones and Mrs. Byson accompanied Mrs. Stubbs to the hotel, but the girls became so interested in the game that they were served with luncheon in the clubhouse and remained all day. Maitland was bowled out after making a score of one hundred and seven. He received great applause from the Kobe following and was the hero of the day among the Yokohama eleven. The ensuing day the game was continued with the recovered member of the Kobe Club in Maitland's place.

The city of Tokio, the great capital and residence of the Mikado, is but twenty miles from Yokohama. The Mikado only a few years ago was regarded as a god, the son of heaven. No plebeian eyes were permitted to look on him. Now he is in some respects quite democratic. He drives

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SCENE IN TOKIO

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about with the empress in their family carriage and attends parliament.

The city of Yokohama is the largest treaty port in Japan. The American, British, French and German consuls are located here, and four lines of steamships ply between this and American and Canadian ports. The city has good water, supplied from the Sagami-gawa river, twenty-eight miles distant. The buildings occupied by public officials are like those in America, being built of red brick and white stone. The dwellings in the old part of the city are small structures of bamboo and boards with tile roofing. The best residence section, where the Europeans and Americans chiefly reside, is on the high bluff overlooking the city, up the hundred steps.

Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson usually went shopping in the morning, while Jones, Maitland and the girls, with their favorite jinricksha men, Suchi, Yako, Haki, Sako and Man, together with their accompanying relief guard, took long trips to the various beautiful suburbs. Man could talk English fairly well but could not explain the origin of his odd name.

"Always called Man," was his answer.

On their way to Sugita, resting under a huge and most beautiful cherry tree in full blossom, the grandest picture imaginable, Man told a story: "One time Japanese girl married Portuguese man. Must die. Mother of girl said must die. Girl marry Portuguese man. Man catholic. Join Catholic church man said to girl. Yes, love you, join anything, die together. Priest said best not marry. Said would. Girl must be baptized, confirmed, married all in same day, said priest. Yes, for die tomorrow. Priest

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baptized, confirmed and married girl. The Mikado said not kill Portuguese but girl die. Priest said no kill girl nor Portuguese. Man and wife all same one. Lots of letters from Portugal. Girl married Portuguese make Portuguese too. America, English, all people help girl. Girl no die. Mikado no kill anybody."

"Living now?" asked Jones.



MR. MAN AND HIS WIFE

"Yes," said Man, "keep store now."

"Tell us another," said Tot, "tell us another." Man shook his head and started the procession.

"Man can say more with fewer words than any orator on earth," suggested Jones.

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One time they lunched at an inn by the sea shore on Mississippi Bay, near Yokohama. Raw fish was served by the little Japanese women, intending to offer their guests a great delicacy, but Maitland went into the kitchen and instructed them how to fry the fish and serve it with



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pepper and salt. This they thought was very funny and turned up their noses when Maitland tried to get them to taste it. These drives to the suburbs were popular with the girls.

Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson became acquainted with a

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little Japanese woman guide at the Grand, named Kane, pronounced "Konnie," who proved so agreeable and useful that she was engaged to travel through Japan with them. She secured for them not only necessities but the luxuries of life, the best food, best service, best rooms at the hotels, best jinrickisha men, best seats in trains, the best to be



PLAYING THE KOTO

had and seen in the way of art treasures, satsuma, cloisonne, damascene work, carved ivory, embroideries antique and modern, for the little Jap woman had learned the trick of traveling only with people who had money and were generous in exchanging it for comfort or art.

"Now, Mr. Jones," exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs, "we are ready

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SWEET LITTLE JAP

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to go to Tokio or any other place; we have secured Konnie. Let us call her Konnie."

"Tokio has many modern public buildings. The new Court House, the Imperial Hotel, the University and other buildings would grace any city in the world," remarked Jones.



CHARADES

They visited Ueno Park, where General Grant planted two trees while on his trip around the world.

"They stand side by side," Jones read, "commemorating in a silent but beautiful way the union of the north and south, one the magnolia of the southern states, the other a

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cedar of the north. Like two brothers they are growing up together in this far-away land."

The girls were anxious to see the Maple Leaf Club, owned principally by two wealthy Japanese gentlemen of Tokio. In it are the best people of the city. The object of the club is to furnish innocent amusement and recreation to members. Connected with this great institution are a number of refined women belonging to the better class of Tokio people. They are prettily dressed and their duty is to provide entertainment of a select class, and members invite their friends to witness these performances. The floors were covered with matting. During these performances the people sit on flat cushions on the floor. The singing of these girls is a soft, weird, sad sort of melody, not unlike the Egyptian, and the instruments consist of drums, fifes and four-stringed banjos called kotos. The music is not attractive but novel. "One might well wonder how the club members could be so easily amused," said Mrs. Byson, "because this is really the tamest performance I have ever seen."

"Nikko next," said Konnie. A few hours' ride by train brought them to the site of the most magnificent temples in Japan, and here in this sacred spot in the mountains Konnie one pleasant evening sat on the verandah of the quaint little hotel and told Bess and Tot, her most attentive auditors, all she knew of the Japanese gods.

"There is Arian, Buddha's cousin, knowledge and wonderful memory. Benton, the goddess of luck. Good time. No trouble. Binzuru, who can cure all, make well, make all well. Bishamon, god of wealth, big money. Damichi, personification of absolute purity. Good, always good.

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Dosojin, god of roads, good roads, good streets. Ebisu, patron of honest labor, work little, no hard work. Emma-O, who writes down the sins of human beings, names on slate you be bad girls."

"Good," shouted the girls, "go on."

"Fukurokujin is a long-headed, wise god. Hotei, good-natured, fat god, grant any favor you ask, make all happy, never mad. Jizo, helps people in much trouble."



DIABUTSU, JAPAN

"A queer resemblance to the name Jesus," said Mrs. Stubbs, who was also listening.

"Jurojin, god of hunting. Go shoot, always kill animal. Shi-tenno, who guards the world against the attack

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of demons, keep devils away, no harm come," said Konnie.

"Splendid," said Tot, "that is so interesting."

Maitland and Jones had just come in from a stroll down to the bridge.

"I could listen to these stories forever," said Tot. "How did you remember all those difficult names?"



CEREMONIAL TEA

"Konnie learn at Japanese school."

Nikko is to Japan what the Adirondacks or White Mountains are to the Eastern States. A Japanese band is the noisiest body of people that can possibly be brought together. Many travelers who arrived at Nikko that eve-

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ning devoutly wished that General Grant had never suggested that the park surrounding the hotel should be a national one, for it was the celebration of that great event that was making night hideous. Drums of all sizes and shapes were pounded until early in the morning. Mrs. Stubbs had a slight headache as a result and refused to visit the sacred bridge.

Nikko is the home of the Japanese gods, and the magnificence of the temples can be imagined when learning that one column in the principal temple is made of pure gold lacquer and is worth \$2,000,000. The amount expended on this elaborate structure cannot be estimated.

After visiting Nikko and the Cry Mountains, as Konnie called it, because it rains so frequently, Jones decided that Konnie could lead them about Japan, and they were willing to take her advice and go where she said.

"Kioto nice place," said Konnie, "but long trip; see Japanese people different from Yokohama. Nice Japanese girls. Young ladies like see them."

"How about permits? Can we go everywhere?"

"Konnie get passes, Konnie get everything."

After a month's jaunting about visiting the places proposed by Konnie, the long railway trip to Kioto, the old capital, was decided upon. In the railway car, which was a long coach with seats on the side, was a box filled with sand. Charcoal burned in one corner of the box and heated tea in a small tea pot. Several small tea cups rested upon the sand.

Their fellow passengers were two very pretty young Japanese ladies. They were attired in plain but rich native costumes. Belle presented each with a cup of tea and

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they bowed and smiled very politely. Konnie inquired of the railway guards who they were. They were the daughters of a Japanese prince and had been visiting in Yokohama. Their servants who accompanied them were in



ON A JAPANESE RIVER BOAT

the forward coach. Konnie told them the visitors were from America and after the ice was broken they kept up a conversation with the girls, Konnie acting as interpreter. They told the girls of their schools and colleges and of their studies and accomplishments. They were so refined in their demeanor, and expressed themselves so intelligently, that Jones said when they arrived at their destination and left the train, "I suppose some of our ambitious mission-



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aries from Michigan and other states imagine they can improve on that civilization, but I don't."

Konnie, before leaving the hotel, had ordered a nice lunch put up in a basket for the trip to Kioto. An Englishman who was traveling in the same direction had left for Kioto by the preceding train. He had with him, as Tot noticed the day before, a squirrel, a raccoon, a pet monkey and a valet. When the keen demands of appetite seized the party Konnie brought forth the basket. As she opened it she found a card which read, evidently in the handwriting of the valet:

FOR MY LORD'S MENAGERIE.

"What's this?" said Konnie, examining the contents, while the girls crowded about her.

"Chestnuts," exclaimed Belle.

"Peanuts," sang out Tot.

"Acorns," replied Bess.

"Got wrong basket," said Konnie, as she sat down on the bottom of the coach and laughed herself almost into a spasm.

"The monkey's got our spring chicken," said Jones, "the squirrel's got our pie."

"Oh, how the raccoon will enjoy jelly cake," chimed in Mrs. Stubbs. "I showed the Japanese cook how to make it."

Arriving at Kioto, although midnight, a superb repast awaited them. The Englishman learned of the mistake and was profuse in his apologies, and so eager in his desire

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to make amends they accepted his invitation to a luncheon in the Yaama Hotel.

"What did the poor animals do without their lunch?" asked Tot.

"They fared well enough," he replied, "on cakes and peanuts we secured at the stations en route."

Ten interesting days were passed in Kioto and vicinity, visiting museums, stone images, gods and palaces. Konnie explained how the Mikado only a few years before left this, the old capital of Japan, and traveled to Tokio, the new capital, in a carriage drawn by a sacred ox and hidden from view because his person was too sacred to be looked upon even by the members of his court, who followed on foot. How, in a few years, the rapid advancement of Japan had changed the order of things, for in twelve years he returned to visit the former capital in a private car made by the Pullman Company, dressed in the costume of an American, and accompanied by his wife, the empress, and his family.

Konnie left them at Kobe, after many adieux and bowings.

"Ready for Korea?" asked Jones one evening. "I have heard it is very interesting."

"Where after that?" asked Mrs. Stubbs.

"St. Petersburg, Russia," Jones responded mildly, "and we'll no doubt have a beautiful trip across Siberia from Vladivostock, as the railroad is now completed and the international sleeping cars are running. Tot, please hand me that map."

Stretching it out before Mrs. Stubbs on the dining room table, he continued, "You see we take the steamer here; we go through Bungo Channel. Arriving at Korea



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we go by rail to Seoul; we can then cross Korea and take a steamer to Vladivostock, only five hundred miles across the Gulf of Korea and Peter the Great Gulf."

Mrs. Stubbs looked over her spectacles when Jones was talking. Maitland remarked that so many improvements had been made in the Trans-Siberian Railway that travel had become quite comfortable. Of course, the girls aided Jones in advocating any kind of hazardous or impossible trip. Mrs. Byson in her usual placid way expressed no opinion; she was willing to go anywhere.

"What about the Amoor River?" inquired Mrs. Stubbs, still gazing at Jones over her spectacles.

"Oh, the service has been greatly improved on that. These lecturers make a great fuss about their hardships and being delayed and all that, but I have talked with a man who came that way and had a decidedly interesting and satisfactory journey."

"Now, I suppose everything this man said must be taken as gospel truth."

Maitland nudged Jones to say no more.

"Auntie will go all right," whispered Tot, "don't fear."

CHAPTER XXXIV

RUSSIA

It was several days before an important mail ship started for Korea. The Koreans, aside from their odd customs, were not unlike the Japanese. The journey across part of Korea was not what Mrs. Stubbs had anticipated, but she was very good natured, and Jones was exceedingly polite and attentive. Vladivostock surprised them with its progressive appearance and handsome buildings. The sleeping cars were up to date and after leaving that city the trains passed through sections of rich grain countries. Crossing Lake Baikal in a huge steamer which carried the cars, they came to Irkutsk, the second city in Siberia, built on the right bank of the river Angara. The scenery of the Ural Mountains proved enchanting.

"Here we are," exclaimed Tot one day, "on the very line between Asia and Europe. We will soon see the monument—on one side is carved 'Asia,' and the other 'Europe.'"

"Tell us the name of the station so we can remember the place," said Bess.

"It is between stations Zlataoust and Urzhumka. The scenery here is said to be of indescribable beauty. Don't let us miss it. We can delay our luncheon even if we are hungry."

"How balmy and invigorating the air is!" added Mrs.

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Stubbs. "Who would believe it possible to be so cozy on a Siberian Railroad."

Maitland in looking over some papers in his valise discovered a song called "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

"Here's one of the most beautiful things ever written," he said. "It was composed by Stephen C. Foster, author of 'Lovely Malinda,' which we were singing the other night. Foster, you know, also composed 'Old Folks at Home,' 'Massa's in the Cold Ground,' and 'Old Kentucky Home,' favorites that will never grow old."

"Lord," said Jones, "I heard this quartette, 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming,' sung by the minstrels when I was a boy."

"Then it's a chestnut," exclaimed the girls.

Jones shook his head, "No, no. We must study it up and sing it right."

Both Mrs. Byson and Mrs. Stubbs had heard the song when they were girls. Mrs. Byson advised Belle to take the soprano, Tot the contralto part, Captain Maitland the tenor, and Mr. Jones the bass. "Where do I come in?" said Bess. Mrs. Stubbs said, "There is a very high minstrel tenor in one part of it, which will hit Bess' voice exactly."

They practiced the song many times before they could get it right.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said Maitland earnestly, "when we sing 'Come with a lute, come with a lay,' and the soprano takes the air you want to come in on your heaviest bass, 'Come! Come! Come! Come! Come!' Last night when we

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sang 'Lovely Malinda' I must admit you came in splendidly on the bass, repeating words 'Malinda, Malinda.'"

All the ladies laughed at Jones, whose bass singing had not been up to the requirement, until recently.

"By jingo!" said Mr. Jones, excitedly, "we'll try this song on the Russians at the next stop."

"Yes, sir," remarked Tot, "if we don't get mobbed."

"Sing it over again now," said Mrs. Byson. "You can't practice it too much."

The train stopped for an hour at Riajsk Junction and on the platform appeared quite an assemblage.

"Will we try it?" said Tot.

"All right," said Maitland. "Let her go."

A curious crowd surrounded the singers, who had walked out upon the platform. Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson were greatly amused, but remained in the car. As the song was being sung the sad, solemn faces of the peasants brightened up slightly. A number of well-dressed travelers, evidently tourists, pushed forward and applauded.

"Grand old song," said one middle-aged man. "Where on earth did you all come from?"

"New York," said Jones. "We are only amateurs."

"I am from Boston," said the speaker. "Pardon me for interrupting you, but it is a delight to hear your quartette. I have had a little rough experience lately. I was engaged in business in a western city of the United States for forty years and a little over a year ago I left home to visit St. Petersburg, which I left when a boy. In my youth I had to serve a term in the army and to get away had to desert. I went to America. Upon returning to St. Petersburg I was arrested, thrown into prison, and sentenced as a de-



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serter from the Russian army to serve a year in the mines in Siberia. Everything was done by the American consul to get me out of the scrape, and a pardon was applied for to the Czar. So much red tape, however, occurred in getting the pardon that the year was up before I secured one, but here I am, strong and hearty. My wife and daughters came to accompany me home, and of course we are all thoroughly happy. I have the pardon in my pocket. I never looked upon my desertion from the Russian army as a crime, because I was enrolled against my will, being merely a boy at the time."

The quartette congratulated him and before retiring to the train sang again, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

"Poor fellow," said Tot. "He must have suffered in Siberia."

"Don't you believe it," said Jones. "I have read the whole history of this case. The officers in charge sympathized with him and he had an easy situation in the mines and was well taken care of. He is a very wealthy man."

On the train sped, through green meadows, wooded hills, passing marvelous peaks and forests. Maitland taught the girls numerous old English ballads he had heard when a boy and Jones remembered a batch of stories he supposed he had forgotten. The days were divided into hours for reading, chess playing and cards, singing and planning for the future.

The train at length reached Moscow.

"The Church of St. Basil in Moscow is said to be the



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most extraordinary building in the world," said Jones, evidently to please Mrs. Stubbs.

"We can see it in ten minutes," said Maitland, "but don't say a word if she wants to stay there two hours."

"All right," said Jones, "we have a sort of reputation for art and architecture, you remember."

"The first view of the edifice," remarked Mrs. Stubbs, who after a very late breakfast joined the party in a visit to the various points of interest, "makes me think of a lot of giants wearing oriental turbans. St. Basil's is painted in all the colors of the rainbow. According to history Ivan the Terrible, who erected it, called his architect and asked him if he could build another like it. The architect said 'Yes.' 'Then, by heaven,' replied Ivan, 'you will never have the chance,' and he cut off the poor architect's head."

A day was spent in visiting the famous Kremlin, the inner circle of the Czar's capital. Inside the walls of the Kremlin, at the base of the great Ivan tower, 325 feet high, the girls ran forward to see the King of Bells.

"Forty people can stand inside the bell," said the old guard who had charge of the wonder. "The break in it was caused by an imperfection in the casting owing to jewels and other treasures being thrown into the liquid metal."

St. Petersburg was en fete when they arrived. The city was decorated with flags and bunting and the streets were crowded. Jones had taken the precaution to wire for rooms at the best hotel in ample time, and after the tedious ride on the train the little party, glad to get out of the noisy, crowded streets, had a private dinner served in Mrs. Stubbs' sitting room.



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"If this noise and confusion lasts," said Jones, "we will move on."

"I believe three days will suffice," said Mrs. Stubbs, with a sweet smile, for in this instance she agreed with Mr. Jones.

"It is a mighty city of imposing palaces, granite monoliths, marble, bronze and gold churches, with wide and magnificent avenues," exclaimed Belle, who had just thrown down a guide book, "but we will drive morning and afternoon and see everything we want to see. There will be little chance to visit museums and art galleries, for all places open to the public will be crowded."

They visited the square opposite the Senate on which stands the fine memorial to Peter the Great, erected in 1782 and now backed by the cathedral of St. Isaac.

Peter the Great was a great schemer and egotist. Peter the Great appeared to interest them all.

"Yes," said Maitland, "he imagined that his theories if adopted by his successors would make Russia the most formidable country of Europe."

"Mrs. Stubbs has a copy of his political will, I believe," Jones said, overhearing the conversation. "I would like to hear it."

"It is this document," added Mrs. Stubbs. "It is said to have been copied by a prominent Swedish statesman in 1790, and his grandson, who now resides in a western city of America, translated the copy. It was first translated from Russian into Swedish, and by this grandson again translated from Swedish into English."

"Let us hear the will," repeated Jones.



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"I have ordered dinner to be brought here for all," remarked Mrs. Byson. "It will take twenty minutes."

Belle examined the document. Bess and Tot were busy looking over their photographs.

Belle read as follows:

"1st. The Russian nation must always be kept on a war-like footing in order to have the soldiers in practise and drilled, ready at any moment. In times of peace prepare for war in order to get at the result, viz., the enlargement of Russia's dominions and increase in power.

"2nd. From a more educated country abroad officers must be had at any price when war is imminent; when at peace, scientific men, in order to let the Russian people have the advantages of other countries without risking those of Russia.

"3rd. To interfere in the doings of every European country, especially the doings and disputes of Germany, which to us is the most important, because that country is nearest to us.

"4th. Poland should be estranged by keeping up the dissatisfaction and agitation among the different parties and their jealousies, and by money to buy or bribe those who are in power. To get influence with them during their parliamentary sessions, in order that we may control the elections and to support these elected ones by the invasion of Russian troops, which will remain there until opportunity offers to stay. Should, however, difficulties arise from other powers, satisfactory precautions should be offered them by cutting up the country (Poland) until time is ripe to take back what is given them.

"5th. Sweden should be decimized as much as possible



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and teased until she makes an attack in order to get a pretext to conquer and dominate her entirely; for this purpose she should be isolated from Denmark and Denmark from Sweden, by carefully keeping them both as rivals.

“6th. The consorts of the Russian Grand Dukes should be selected from German princesses on purpose to get a combination among the monarchical houses in Germany and their interests; and to increase Russian influence in Germany and so voluntarily tie them to our benefit.

“7th. Because of our commerce, our alliance with England should be maintained, as it is just that power, which on account of its great marine, has the greatest benefit of Russia and may be most useful to our own marine. We should exchange our ship building timber and such products for English gold and make foundations for permanent agreements with English merchants and sailors who would give us valuable instructions in commercial pursuits, both on land and sea.

“8th. We should incessantly keep on getting territory along the north shores of the Baltic and on the south along the Black Sea.

“9th. We must get closer to Constantinople as much as possible, also to India. He who gets the power there is the real ruler of the world. For this purpose we should always cause conflicts and wars, now with Turkey, now with Persia. Navy yards should be founded and built at the Black Sea. This sea must be in our possession. Also the Baltic, because both are equal in importance for our purpose. The downfall of Persia should be hurried on. We must proceed to the Bay of Persia and if possible renew the old commercial relations with the Far East via Syria and

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to push our power on toward India, which is the staple-place of the world; once there, we are able to go along without England's gold.

"10th. We should carefully keep alliance with Austria, and by appearances support her plans for the domination of Germany, and little by little, now and then, tease and irritate the dukes into jealousy against each other. This must be worked and kept up incessantly and hard by Russia, when we will be called upon for help and assistance by this or that party, and thus by appearances show a kind of protection that will prepare a future domination by Russia over both countries.

"11th. The Royal House of Austria should be persuaded and imposed upon to get the Turks out of Europe. Her jealousy for the conquest of Europe is made harmless by enticing her into a war with any of the old European powers, when Russia will interfere and settle the difficulties."

"Mild, benevolent old party, wasn't he?" said Jones.

"What a terrible document! Think of it! He wanted to capture everything in sight, like Napoleon. Poland and Finland are the only countries captured so far," added Maitland, looking up earnestly. "but many Europeans believe in the ultimate power of Russia. I do not."

"He certainly did not believe in an international peace compact, did he?" remarked Mrs. Byson.

"Norway and Sweden had to concede part of the north end of their countries," suggested Mrs. Stubbs, "but Turkey still defies Russia, and Germany appears to be growing stronger rather than weaker."

"Peter will never get all he expected," exclaimed Belle.



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"He was fearfully avaricious. He wanted to gobble up all Europe and was willing to adopt all sorts of methods to accomplish it."

"Nearly two hundred years have passed since this will was written," said Maitland, "and I don't think the balance of Europe is worrying much about it."

"Most of it reads like a Mother Shipton prophecy."

"The little Japs had something to say when they whipped big Russia to a standstill," remarked Jones.

"I don't like this kind of history," said Bess. "Do you, Tot?"

"No," replied Tot. "I would sooner go hunting for elephants."



CHAPTER XXV

STOCKHOLM

Jones and Maitland secured passage upon a fine little steamer, "The Baltic," to Stockholm. The morning for leaving St. Petersburg was beautiful; the Gulf of Finland was like a mirror. The long trip in the cars and at times monotonous scenery had had a slightly depressing effect and everybody felt the benefit of the exhilarating breeze from the sea.

"How delightful the water is! We were starving for a glimpse of it," said Mrs. Stubbs, addressing Jones.

"Yes, after all, there is nothing like good weather on a smooth sea."

"How far is it to Stockholm?"

"Four hundred miles. We will reach it tomorrow evening. The very best time of the day to view the lovely harbor. There is much to be seen in Stockholm. Maitland says there are parks and gardens and numerous boat excursions among the islands in the vicinity."

"Do you know," said Belle to the girls, "that we are back now almost to Christiania, the city we left when we went to Iceland?"

The Gulf of Finland and the Baltic Sea proved themselves well conducted bodies of water, for scarcely a ripple

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was noticeable and early next afternoon the fair land of Sweden came in sight.

Saltsjoen, an arm of the Baltic Sea, runs inland at Stockholm, forming an excellent shelter. The girls watched hundreds of steamboats and ferries glide back and forth in this always busy harbor. It is not an uncommon sight to witness a dozen or more steamboats loading and unloading at the same dock or a whole procession of them coming down the bay. Jones, a yachtsman, was interested in the skill with which they were navigated without a collision.

"Take this hotel, sir," said the cabman. "It has a telephone in every room."

"All right," said Jones, "if Mrs. Stubbs does not care to go shopping, she can ring up curio shops and museums and have the things brought to her."

The telephone system in Sweden and Norway is complete and almost every station, even in the remote corners of the country, can be reached in this way. The Swedish people take pride in their art galleries and museums, which are well kept and perfectly arranged. The great University of Upsala, a suburb of Stockholm, is a very imposing structure. A motto greets the visitor over the doorway: "Tänke fritt är stort Men tänka rätt är större," or "Independent Thought is great, but Honesty of thought is greater."

Mrs. Stubbs was given choice of places to visit the day after their arrival because she had consented to make the long journey from Asia back to Europe. As they entered the main audience room in the university, which is a

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model of perfection in architecture and elaborately finished in blue and gold, an original manuscript of Martin Luther was shown them.

"Tomorrow we visit the Palace of Drottningholm, the king's favorite summer residence. The family is absent and we may go through the rooms," said the guide who had been engaged at Stockholm. "The palace is filled with



NATIONAL MUSEUM

paintings, tapestry and statuary and is on a par with many of the great palaces of Europe."

The grounds, Mrs. Byson suggested, were laid out like Versailles, France. The beautiful islands in the vicinity are occupied by merchants, and the lawns and flowers form a pleasant view as the steamer passes.

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"Like the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River," exclaimed Belle, who with sketchbook in hand secured some of the pretty scenes. In the evening they visited the opera and heard *Fra Diavolo* sung in Swedish. In the days of old Sweden those who desired to quarrel, and it is to be hoped there were few, were stripped to the waist and bound together by a belt, furnished with knives and fought to the death, both participants generally dying. A bronze monument near the museum commemorates this terrible form of duel. It is called "The Belt Duellists."

"The city is like Paris at night," said Maitland, "the people are so fond of music."

"The cafés and boulevards we passed this evening resembled the Champs Elysees," remarked Belle, "and the bands play beautifully."

"Mr. Jones promises to take us to Café *Hasselbacken* tomorrow. A band with over one hundred instruments is to play, and after that we are ready to leave Stockholm," said Tot.

Jones and Tot had been figuring up the time.

"It is June, Tot, you are the only one I can rely upon to follow out the program."

"Yes," said Tot, smiling, "I like to rush ahead, I'm with you. At the rate we are going I am afraid the three years will be over before we see half the world. As for buildings and museums, I think we have seen enough. Boats, Mr. Jones, give us more boats."

"Bless your heart," said Jones, with a sigh of relief. "I don't know how I can get Mrs. Stubbs to go through the Gota Canal, though, on our way to Copenhagen. The

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steamer is a small, chunky-looking thing, and worst of all, it is called 'Venus.' Won't she kick when she sees it!"

Tot assured Jones she would aid him by appearing to be delighted. The following day all were ready.



CHINESE THEATER IN THE TIVOLI, COPENHAGEN

"Oh, what a lovely little boat," sang the girls in chorus as they gazed on "Venus." The Captain was good natured. He came forward and made himself agreeable and the scenery compensated for any of Venus' shortcomings.

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After three days through small lakes and canals so narrow that Venus could just squeeze through, the fields were beautiful and the girls frequently got off the boat and picked flowers, walking along and catching up at the next stop. The locks and the falls were interesting, and finally Gottenburg came in view. Somebody told Maitland there were only two things to be seen in Copenhagen, the Tivoli and the Palace. The Tivoli is the life of the Capital at night.

"It is a two-day place," said Jones.

"Three, Mr. Jones, for I have a slight backache from the peculiar shape of that berth on board the Venus. My back is fluted from the slats," replied Mrs. Stubbs. "I must get straightened out again."

To which Jones answered as cheerfully as a cherub, "Three it is, my dear Mrs. Stubbs."

When they were snugly ensconced on the train for Berlin, Jones confided the situation to Tot. Mrs. Stubbs was quietly dozing in the corner of the compartment and the others were reading.

"You see," he said, "we left New York in November. We must be back in November if we remain three years. Think of the long trips to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and South America we have yet to make."

"Great Scott! I had forgotten South America altogether. Rush it," replied Tot, "I like to be on board ships."

Jones nodded reflectively. "We'll be obliged to spend a couple of months in Berlin and Dresden, where all the museums and art galleries are."



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Tot sighed. "Take me for plenty of drives and rides, won't you? I am so tired of museums. They are all alike and haven't we seen all the old masters yet? Did any of them get away?"

"Better say nothing," whispered Jones. "Mrs. Stubbs may get through sooner than we expect."



CHAPTER XXXVI

GERMANY—ENGLAND—IRELAND

"See what 'Cassell's' has to say about the sights of Berlin," said Mrs. Stubbs a little later.

"When time is limited," read Belle, "walk through the Linden past the monument of Frederick the Great, cross the Schloss-bridge to the palace and the museums."



BERLIN

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Jones shrugged his shoulders.

"See monument of Frederic William III, Thiergarten, Konigs Platz with the monument of Victory, Arsenal, Industrial Museum"——

Maitland took a long breath and looked imploringly at Jones.

"Hohenzollern Museum"—— "Ugh!"

"Ethnographical Museum"—— "My!"

"Natural History Museum"—— "Dear me!"

"And the Mausoleum"—— "At last rest."

"Natural result," whispered Jones; "we will die at the end."

Jones, however, was agreeably disappointed, for they all enjoyed Berlin, with its theatres, cafés and fascinating music.

"We leave Anhalt Station for Dresden," remarked Jones. "It is the best express and makes the one hundred and eight miles in three hours."

"Pshaw, the opera houses are closed," exclaimed Belle, regretfully.

"Never mind, dear, there are plenty of other things to see," said Mrs. Stubbs, "the Venetian masters and the porcelain collections of 15,000 pieces of Dresden, Sevres and Oriental wares. Open daily."

Jones knew Mrs. Stubbs would go through the old masters fast enough. There was a limit, he decided, to even her capacity, and he set that limit at two weeks. He was correct in his surmise and at the end of that time Tot said, "I believe they are all perfectly satisfied to resume the journey."

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Bess was riding beside them on a very easy gaited pony and Maitland and Belle followed in a victoria.

"I want one drawing room and five entire sections," said Jones at the railway ticket office.

"Pullman?" asked the clerk.



BRIDGE OVER THAMES, LONDON

"Yes, every time," said Jones.

Mrs. Stubbs was reconciled. She had seen all the best there was, including the Sistine Madonna, Correggio's *La Notte* and Titian's *Tribute Money*, and several choice works of Murillo, Durer, Tenier, Veronese. She was su-

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premely satisfied. She would go now to the moon or any other tranquil resort Mr. Jones might suggest.

"We have the sleeper engaged to Paris, five sections and one drawing room, the drawing room for yourself and Mrs. Byson, where you can rest comfortably, and one section for each of the others."

"You are always thoughtful, Mr. Jones."

Paris was hot and deserted and in a few days Jones said, "Let us go over to London."

Upon their arrival at the Metropole Jones found that the passage tickets for the Cape of Good Hope he had ordered by mail were awaiting him.

Jones and Maitland visited the best recommended garage and after considerable argument as to the safety and speed of various kinds of vehicles finally decided to engage for two weeks, with the privilege of four, a couple of beautiful new French gasoline autos with wide seats. "Mrs. Stubbs, you know," said Jones, "and one of the girls will fully occupy one seat. We will need only one chauffeur," he remarked dryly; "I have had lots of experience and this machine is very like mine."

It was a clear, sunny morning, and Trafalgar Square was alive with people. Two bright red, two-seated touring cars were awaiting them at the entrance. All manner of men were hastening to their various employments. A never ending line of buses wheeled along the thoroughfares, while the noisy announcements as to their destinations filled the air with Cockney lingo. Newsboys shouted the names of the morning papers and peddlers and street fakers with one eye always on the police sought business amid the tumult.

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It was agreed that Maitland, Belle, Mrs. Byson and the chauffeur, whose name was Edwards, should lead the procession in one motor, while Mrs. Stubbs and Bess, her favorite, should occupy the rear seat of number two, of which Jones was the chauffeur. Mr. Jones and Tot, his chief assistant and aide-de-camp, occupied the front seat. Maitland was to be guide and general manager of the trip. Mrs. Stubbs was to have the right to modify the speed of the machines whenever she thought necessary. Mr. Edwards was a very diminutive and officious person, and regarded an automobile as the "hinvention of the hage." He had in his early days been known as the West End champion bantam lightweight, but retired from the ring and had since that time been associated with bicycle training schools and latterly with automobiles. He was fifty years old and his little head was as round and smooth as a billiard ball. He dropped his "h's" when they were necessary to form a word and added that important letter when according to the rules of orthography it was altogether unnecessary.

"Hany thing you like, sir," he said to Mr. Jones. "Hi can fix hany kind of break, tire, puncture, run a petroleum or a helectric. Hi've served my time, sir, in and about motors ever since they was hinvented, sir," and he went on and told Mr. Jones of numerous accidents "ee ad been hin." "Know the country, sir? I should say so; been everywhere. In France, Belgium, Germany, Scotland and Hireland, sir."

"The first stop," remarked Maitland, "is at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham," as they sped cautiously down the busy

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street, leaving the porters and bellboys gazing after them and wondering "what a queer lot Americans are."

"East Croydon," sang out Tot. "We have gone ten miles."

This district was thickly dotted with country homes and pretty gardens.

"Redhill Junction," said Maitland. "We will keep along the road next the railroad. A broken tire may make Mrs. Stubbs abandon the trip and take a train."

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Byson. "She is fond of touring this way through the country. If she sees a cathedral, however, we will have to come to a dead stop, for she will certainly desire to catch a glimpse of the inside."

"Twenty-two miles already," said Belle. "Yes, next we come to Three Bridges, where we stop for luncheon. It is only seven miles further along."

"We will put up at the Queen's Head," said Maitland, when they reached Brighton. "We have gone fifty-one miles."

"Only a short run, wasn't it?" said Belle.

"We have really sauntered along," said Maitland. "At no time did we go over twenty-four miles an hour. We can make a mile a minute if pushed."

"Don't push it!" replied Mrs. Stubbs. "Twenty miles an hour is quite fast enough for me, I assure you!"

The next morning Edwards had the motors ready early. They were polished up as bright as a new coin and shone resplendent as they both darted away from the Queen's Head under the curious gaze of a lot of newcomers from London.

"Oh, the beautiful English meadows!" exclaimed Mrs.

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Byson, as they sped along. "Now, indeed, I am commencing to enjoy the real charm of England."

"Wind-mills! scores of them along here. I want to sketch one for a scene I am trying to paint," said Belle.

As they stopped at Worthing for a few minutes, Tot whispered to Captain Maitland, requesting him that when they got to a smooth, safe road, to "let them go!"

"All right!" replied the Captain. "I will tell the chauffeur. You must get Bess to engage Mrs. Stubbs in a lively confab or she may jump out."

"We will have lunch at Highbury Hill, five miles along to the northwest," said Maitland.

"'ighbury 'ill," remarked Mr. Edwards. "They know good heatin' at 'ighbury 'ill."

"Most magnificent view!" exclaimed Mrs. Byson. "Why, I really believe I am growing enthusiastic. Did you ever see me so impressed by scenery?"

"You cannot praise it too much for me," replied the Captain.

Belle was seated with the chauffeur, while Mrs. Byson enjoyed an interesting conversation with Maitland respecting the country homes of England.

"'God made the country and man made the town,' is Cowper's idea," said Maitland, "and he was correct."

A tire collapsed on the road and a curious crowd of farmers surrounded them and laughed and jeered at the accident.

"Allers a-breakin' down," said one.

"Dashed if I'd own such a fule thing," said another, coming up and making a peculiar face at Mr. Edwards.

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Mr. Edwards paid no attention either to the remark or the facial contortion.

"Drat the machines, anyhow," continued the tall man, who appeared to be anxious to offend Mr. Edwards. "They be ruining the country." Still Mr. Edwards never looked up.

"It's little idiots like thoo who go whollop in' round the country raisin' the dust and scarin' our hosses," continued the farmer as the others flocked about, evidently pleased at his remark.

"Now look 'ere," said Mr. Edwards, as the man came closer. "What har you a-lookin' fur, me man, a scrap?"

"Scrap!" they all yelled, laughing at the diminutive chauffeur and making comparisons as to size and weight. The man opened his rather capacious mouth and laughed, "Scrap with thoo, thoo little cock-sparrow. I could throw thee half a mile high over yon fence," and again they all laughed. The ladies got out of the foremost motor and this caused the small crowd to stand back a minute. Mr. Edwards was losing his temper. He took off his coat and cap and handed them to Maitland, who was also standing his ground and who had just remarked to Edwards, "Let me handle this fellow, I am nearer his size." At this remark a cunning smile swept over Edwards' face. He shook his head. Mrs. Stubbs insisted that they move on, and tried to stop the altercation. Mr. Edwards, however, was squaring himself about the tall man, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. Then Mr. Edwards stopped and looking about him, said, "Is this to be fair play?" "Yes, fair play," they all shouted in derision as well as in unison. "You mean it?" said Edwards. "He will get



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fair play," said Maitland to Jones with a determined look. "Please ask the ladies to stand back. Edwards will do him up in no time."

Mr. Edwards again sparred about, jumping back now and then on one foot. The farmer laughed at his antics. "If I hit thee, I'd kill." "Don't be afraid of that, come on," said Edwards as he reached his rather long left arm forward and hit the fellow a vicious blow between the eyes. The farmer swung a fearful right round-hander at the little spherical topnut of Mr. Edwards, which that gentleman ducked, and the farmer, missing the blow, staggered forward. Maitland pressed forward. "Stand back," said a farmer, rather hotly. "Oh, you needn't be afraid," replied Maitland. "There is no occasion for interference." Tot had left the others under a tree at the roadside and had come forward in spite of the entreaties of her mother, and stood beside Maitland, watching every movement of the scientific Mr. Edwards. Before the farmer had recovered from the sharp blow Mr. Edwards jumped fully a foot off the ground and planted a stinging cut on the farmer's cheek which brought the blood. The crowd were amazed. "Let him have it! Let him have it!" they shouted to their friend. The tall farmer made several desperate lunges at Edwards in response, but the blows, terrific as they were, glanced off the little billiard ball shaped head and produced only a couple of slight red marks. He ducked and ducked his little cocoanut continuously and twisted it from one side to another. Notwithstanding the farmer rained down blows upon him like a shower, Mr. Edwards' little smooth head bobbed up serenely without receiving a single direct blow. The farmer was puffing for wind; Maitland's



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eyes flashed fire as the big man's blow after blow missed the chauffeur. Mr. Edwards having received a thorough and brilliant education upon the manly art of self-defense and being naturally endowed with much wit in this direction, permitted the big slasher to pound away.

At last Mr. Edwards decided to "wind hup the hevent." He swung a vicious blow into the region of the "solar plexus" and the farmer grunted and leaned forward. He was hurt badly. Then Mr. Edwards coolly arose to the occasion, and tapping him gently on the nose with his left as a blind, followed with a most powerful straight poke from the shoulder with his right, which hit the farmer again in the solar plexus and seemed to go half a foot into him. As the farmer was about to fall he turned on his left foot and stumbled; then Edwards, quick as a flash, landed three stunning blows in rapid succession on the farmer's face and again added an upper cut on the chin. The tall man fell heavily to the ground. There was a murmur of discontent. Tot grabbed Edwards' arm unconsciously. "Good!" she said. "That was right." To which the chauffeur smiled with his peculiar cunning little mouth.

"Oh, there's a way of doing this sort of thing if you know 'ow, Miss," he said to Tot, putting on his coat and cap. The crowd moved slowly away. The farmer regained his feet again in a minute and tried to make a rush at Edwards, but as Mr. Edwards held his hands up, the farmer changed his mind and sat down by the hedge to rest.

"That's the only fight we'll 'ave, Miss," said Mr. Edwards. "I 'ope the Missus will not be annoyed."

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Mr. Jones broke up the conversation by saying, "Let us be going. Tomorrow we cross the St. Georges Channel to Dublin. Dublin is a beautiful city, but we will only ride around a day or two there."

"Hireland is the boss country for good roads," said Mr. Edwards, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Hall hover the bloomin' land the roads is hexcellent for motoring."

After leaving Tullamore, one day's run from Dublin, they made for the famous Shannon River. Jones announced, "We stop at Limerick the second night. After that we will journey on to the Lakes of Killarney."

"Hurrah for the Lakes of Killarney!" yelled the girls as the red cars flew along the smooth road at a terrific pace. Tot and Bess declared they would stay around the Lakes of Killarney for one week. It would be a shame to make their stay shorter and Mr. Jones had to give in.

The odd superstitions of the old boatmen who row the tourists about on the Lakes of Killarney caught the fancy of the girls. These men were clad in white suits with blue trimmings and seemed to fit the scenery. They had grown up with the beliefs incident to the mountains and lakes. Their quaint stories possess an irresistible fascination. Passing some rocks upon which the form of a deer is traced, the old boatman who pulled the stroke oar told Tot, "That, Miss, is the deer that the O'Donohue shoots every sivin years."

"Where does Mr. O'Donohue live?" inquired Bess.

"Faith, Miss, an' he lives at the bottom of the lake. He comes to the surface every sivin years."

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"I seen him, Miss," said another boatman, quite a young man.

"Indade you nivir did, but your auld body did," remarked the aged boatman. The young man smiled.

"What do you mean?" asked Tot.

"When a boatman on the lakes, Miss, gets to be over eighty, he don't die; he goes down in the wather and then comes up a young man entoirly, and young Kelly there in the boat has been made over. I knew young Kelly when he was over eighty."

Tot looked very serious. "Do you all believe this?" asked Tot, staring at them.

"Faith, and it's true, every word of it," said the old boatman, and all the other boatmen nodded their heads confirmatively.

"Tell us some more," replied Tot.

The week was up. They had had a beautiful time, especially the girls, rowing about the lakes and walking through Dunlo's Gap, hearing the remarkable echo made by the firing of a cannon in the Gap and passing the cottage supposed to have been once occupied by Kate Kearney. A descendant of Kate's played the violin, and Jones, Maitland and the girls danced with the rest at the door of a little rest house, which greatly amused Mrs. Stubbs. Tot borrowed a violin and demonstrated that she could play an Irish reel as well as the descendant of Miss Kearney.

Kissing the famous stone in Blarney Castle is a most difficult and dangerous undertaking. The girls persisted and with the services of two guides and the strong arm of Maitland they were permitted to make the attempt. "It was down on yon tree," said one of the guides, "that a



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young man fell at one time and broke his neck trying to kiss the stone, but we will hold you so safely there will be no danger."

The stone is several feet below the top of the ruined wall and one must lean over several feet, hanging on to a small ladder, to kiss it. The feat accomplished by the juvenile members of the party, they sped on to Queenstown and Cork Harbor. As they journeyed along through this beautiful country Mrs. Stubbs remarked, "Every view is a perfect picture; the roads and hedges have a finished appearance; the bridges are thoroughly artistic; the green fields, trees and shrubbery so beautiful, and the romantic vales, with here and there the ruins of an old castle, create scenes always pleasant to look upon and never to be forgotten. Dear old Ireland, I will come back to this delightful country some time and spend months, instead of days. Mr. Jones, you have rushed us too fast."

Jones was too busy to answer. He had his field glass and was standing up in the automobile. He sang out, "Isn't it magnificent, Maitland?" The cars had stopped at the summit of a high incline overlooking one of the finest harbors in the world. It could shelter all the warships of England, Maitland said.

After dinner at the Queen's Hotel they took a ride out in the country. As they passed the ruins of an old castle called Belvelly, they decided to ascend the tower. The door was locked and the driver of a jaunting car directed them to a residence on the Smith-Barry Estate. A woman appeared at the door. "I'm expecting the proprietor home soon," she said to Jones, with a half-frightened look on her face. "But it is no harm—I'll let the little boy go with

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you and open the gate." The little bright-faced fellow was covered with rags. Jones asked him, "Why don't you save your money and get a new suit of clothes?" "Save money," said the boy laughing, "it's the high rent, sir, that keeps us ragged." Jones discovered that the boy's father rented ten acres of land at four pounds per acre or \$200 per year. "We have to sell all our pigs and chickens," said the boy, "to pay the rent."

"That's it," said Jones, that's it; rags and high rent. One could rent such land in America for fifty cents an acre per year."

Jones gave the boy enough to buy him a suit of clothes and the little fellow, looking up with grateful eyes, remarked, "God bless you, sir; I'll have the Sunday suit I've often dreamt about."

"The day will come," said Jones, soliloquizing, "when the landed estates of Ireland will be divided among the people. Great industries will be established, manufacturing will be developed around Cork Harbor and the other great harbors of the country. Millions will be invested by American and European financiers, and Ireland will come to the front as being one of the most prosperous agricultural, commercial and industrial countries of the world."

After a long altercation between Mr. Edwards and the agent of the freight steamer bound for London as to the danger of gasoline being brought on board ship, it was finally conceded by the agent when the motor cars were minus gasoline and other explosives they were safe objects for transportation.

The captain, a genial old gentleman, said, "We have

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ample accommodations for you all on board for London. We leave Queenstown tonight."

"This is splendid," answered Jones, "because then we can see to the safe return of the cars. They are valued at \$8,000 each and we are on a bond to return them."



THE FAMOUS LION OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE

The trip on the huge freighter, called the "London-derry," with cabins fitted up for a dozen or more passengers, proved most enjoyable.

Arriving at London, Mr. Edwards and the two red motor cars, assisted by Jones and Maitland, were returned to the garage.

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It was decided to make the long promised visit to Bedford Castle. The duchess was now in good health and anxious to see them. Mrs. Byson whispered to Mrs. Stubbs, "I have unpacked that valuable India camel's hair shawl you raved so much about. I will present it to her."

"Oh, that's a lovely idea," said Mrs. Stubbs. "It is a dream. The prettiest pattern I ever saw in my life."

They all enjoyed their visit to Bedford Castle. The girls roamed about the place; the elderly ladies chatted together, while Maitland and Jones with some new-found friends went riding almost daily. The duchess was charmed with the India shawl.

"I had one when a girl," she said, "but the thread was not good and it has long since fallen to pieces."

The duchess, who belonged to one of those good, old English families, always fond of entertainment, hated to have them take their departure and made them promise faithfully that whenever they visited London they would run out to Bedford.

"The duchess is the dearest old lady I ever met," said Mrs. Byson. "When I showed her the shawl and said, 'This is yours,' tears came to her eyes. One seldom meets such a charming and intelligent, dear, old lady."

CHAPTER XXXVII

SOUTH AFRICA

"The Umgeni, a well built, safe and powerful ship, has splendid amidship accommodation for cabin passengers. Electric lights, bells, refrigerators, ladies' boudoir, smoking room. All modern appliances, high class cuisine and a piano," Belle read from a circular.

"No brass band?" inquired Tot.

"No, we will be the band when one is needed," replied Bess.

"Say, Bess, will you ever get tired of traveling?" asked Tot, earnestly

"No, and I don't think you will, either," answered Bess.

"The ship appears thoroughly comfortable," said Mrs. Stubbs, who was the first to be piloted along the gangway.

"They no doubt know what good cooking is," said Maitland, "because the wealthy Englishmen who take these voyages will not stand an inferior table."

The day arrived and away sped the Umgeni for the far-away South. There were only a few passengers on board. Several families residing in Cape Town who had been visiting friends in England, a sprinkling of military men and several merchants who had visited Paris and London to purchase goods. There were only two young ladies on



BESS, SKETCHED BY BELLE



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board that Tot could discover and they were accompanied by a matronly governess and their father.

"Very fair lot," said Maitland.

"Yes," replied Jones, "above the average. I think we are all right in that respect."

"There is an indescribable air about ships engaged in long sea voyages, an air of tranquility," remarked Mrs. Stubbs; "there is no rush, no hurry, no stampeding and worrying about whether you are going to catch a train or another ship. I like it," and she sank back in her steamer chair with a sigh of comfort.

"We will sight land part of the time," said the captain, a genial, sun-tanned old fellow, "and we are very apt at this season of the year to have remarkably fine weather."

Tot noticed in front of the staterooms of the young ladies a guitar case, and a package shaped like a mandolin.

"Good," she said to Bess, "they play, and when we are better acquainted we will have some fun."

Days passed on: the French coast, the Spanish coast, and the long line of Africa, through the Canary Islands down to Cape Verde. Day after day and the same sound of the engine and the same smooth sea. The young ladies were the daughters of a wealthy merchant of Cape Town, who had accompanied their father on a visit to England. They were accomplished and sang and played various musical instruments. The second day out Tot and Bess had broken the ice and on the third day they were firm friends. Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson read novels and books of travel. An odd entertainment was given by the sailors, which proved amusing. "Crossing the Line," it is called. The passengers sat about the warm canvas-covered decks, seek-



BELLE, SKETCHED BY BESS

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ing shady nooks and trying to keep cool. A few wind storms were encountered, but nothing serious, and one sunny day the white buildings of Cape Town came in view. The captain said they could enjoy themselves here. The war was over. Maitland told them to remain on board until he went up to the hotel and engaged rooms. The captain gave them a farewell luncheon. Lillie and Nellie Burgess invited Bess and Tot to spend a couple of days with them at their home.

"We are a long distance from New York," said Mrs. Stubbs, "probably as far as we can get in this world."

"You see, when we go westerly from here we are on the way around the world to New Zealand and Australia," said Jones. "We certainly ought to see the Argentine Republic. Crossing South America from Montevideo we make a halt at Buenos Ayres, which lies across the mouth of the Rio de la Plata about 120 miles. There is a good railroad across part of the country to Valparaiso, the Great Western, Buenos Ayres & Pacific Railroad. That will be a grand trip."

"I wonder what poor Mr. Stubbs is doing now. I don't suppose he has the faintest idea where we are. The last time I wrote him was from St. Petersburg."

"Write him now," said Mr. Jones, "to meet us in San Francisco on Christmas day."

Cape Town contained many British soldiers and the streets were thronged from morning until night with Kaffirs and coolies, carts and wagons. It is a great market place for home produce. The harbor is filled with local ships and steamers from Europe and India, which pass along the eastern and western sides of the continent.



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As they drove out to leave the girls at the Burgess residence they were all surprised at the beauty of the country.

"We will soon be headed for home," said Jones.

"Home," said Tot, amazed. "What is home to this?"

"We have quite a time yet," he replied.

The trip from Cape Town to Montevideo was uneventful. The Van Diemen was a steamer engaged for a special cargo and there were only four other passengers. They were merchants who represented part of the cargo on board. The girls practically had the deck to themselves and enjoyed the twelve days' cruise.



CHAPTER XXXVIII

SOUTH AMERICA, NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA

"Here we are at last, girls, in Montevideo, South America," remarked Mr. Jones.

"This city," said the captain of the ship, who was standing near by, "has grown wonderfully of late. Population is now over 350,000. It is indeed a grand harbor."

Tot noticed along the shore an odd-looking tower. The captain explained that it was a mirador, or watch tower, from which the merchants used to look for incoming ships. Upon embarking they found a beautiful city, streets well paved and built up, and tramways running in every direction.

"Now, this is something like a city," said Mr. Jones. "See how clean the streets are."

As he looked over a small publication he saw there were a great many beautiful theatres that could be visited during their stay, and as they had been a long time on board ship they decided to pass the time in this manner.

Buenos Ayres, only a few miles away, was reached by train, and Maitland remarked, "This is an immense metropolis. They claim to have 1,250,000 people here, and it is up-to-date in every way. Did you see the ladies on the streets?"

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"Indeed I did," answered Mrs. Stubbs, "and their costumes were equal to any in the world."

"This is the location of a great modern theatre," said Belle. "It covers an entire block. We will see it."

"They call this," said Maitland, "the Paris of South America. Its architecture and broad avenues and plazas suggest Paris."

"Theatro Colon, the theatre Belle refers to, is one of the grand opera houses of the world."

"How little we hear of South America," remarked Mrs. Stubbs. "It is indeed a revelation. Why, the streets of this city are simply superb."

Jones and Maitland devoted one afternoon to visiting the great docks. The Rio de la Plata penetrates into Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, and southern Bolivia, and this is the great port. They say that one single firm here owns over two hundred vessels.

"Now for the wonderful journey across the Andes," said Maitland.

After an early breakfast they took a comfortable train with dining cars and sleepers attached. Passing through the great cattle ranches and vast fields of maize and wheat, Jones said, "This is like our western states. Tune up the banjo, the violin and guitar, for we are a long way from the mountains."

The following day Mendoza was reached. At Puente del Inca the river Mendoza found its way through the rocks, leaving a perfect natural bridge. They saw the Aconcagua peak, over 23,000 feet high. At the terminal of the railroad at the time transfer had to be made to carriages, as the great tunnel was not yet complete. Jones



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said, "It has been mild in the mountains and we can get through all right; a heavy wagon came through yesterday."

"The mountains, the mountains," sang out the girls.

Maitland and three girls occupied one carriage, while Jones and the two ladies picked out an easy riding one, with plenty of springs. Bess and Tot wanted to ride on mules. Mrs. Byson said "No!"

While climbing slowly over the Andes, most magnificent views of the grand peaks were spread before them. The great altitude affected Mrs. Byson slightly, but when Jones assured her that mountain climbers frequently ascended "several thousand" feet higher than they were, she became composed and stood the balance of the journey without any difficulty. The merry girls sang and laughed to their hearts' content as their horses sniffed the rare mountain air and plodded laboriously along. Tot and Bess crowded the seat with the driver. A fat woman with a big basket sat opposite Belle and Maitland. As she spoke Spanish only she was not a very interesting companion.

"I think sailing on a nice steamboat is preferable to this," exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs as they jolted over the rough mountain passes.

"Valparaiso," said Tot, "is where girls act as street car conductors. I think I will try and get a job here."

"You would then be living in the vale of paradise," said Bess, "for that is what the word 'Valparaiso' means."

Upon arriving at the harbor, Mr. Jones examined the ship upon which they were to sail, and reported that she was splendidly fitted out. "I have looked her over. It is of the new English line plying between this port and



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Australia. It will leave here in four days. She is called the Chili."

"There are fifty-six first class passengers," said Belle, "I see by the newspaper. Girls, you are safe. There are two violins and a bass on board, and there is a troupe of performers, possibly a variety show."

"Good," replied Bess; "we want something lively now as we are on the home trip."

"Don't say that," added Tot.

"The Chili is well arranged for any kind of weather. It has bilge keels, water-tight compartments, is fireproof, and has steel masts, twin screws and sails enough to bring her into port if the engines give out," said Jones. "We have talked with the ship's doctor, who is very enthusiastic."

As the ship was about to depart from the harbor, a passenger hurried up the gangway. He carried an odd-shaped valise in his hand, his white beard was neatly trimmed, his ruddy face aglow with the exercise of hurrying. Jones looked over the ship's railing to see the cause of the delay and recognized in the late arrival none other than the Philadelphia fossil.

"Glad to meet you again," he exclaimed.

The fossil smiled.

"For New Zealand."

"Yes. I have just concluded my biennial trip through the South American continent. Ladies well?"

"Quite so."

The fossil had been around the world twice since their meeting in Paris. He disliked the new ship, but was limited as to time. He was due in Wellington, North Island, New Zealand, in twenty days and would take the

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chances. After arranging about his berth the fossil had his sea chair removed to his favorite corner of the deck and became non-communicative. Jones and Maitland plied him with questions, but he gazed steadily on the retreating shore, and answered only by nods and slight shakes of his weather-beaten head.

"Beastly old idiot," said Maitland. "I would prefer to let him alone."

"No," said Jones, "we will thaw the old fellow out. He was awfully nice to us in Paris."

The second day out, about 400 miles from shore, the captain pointed out to the girls the famous island of Juan Fernandez and Bess and Tot made an uncompromising demand for all that the captain could tell them of Robinson Crusoe.

"His real name was Alexander Selkirk," said the captain. "About the year 1700 he quarrelled with his captain named Straddling, and was put on shore, claiming that he would sooner take chances on the wild island than with such a captain. Before the ship left he begged to be readmitted, but the captain refused, so Selkirk became a hero for all time and Straddling has long since been forgotten. Selkirk placed his journal in the hands of Defoe and the result was the famous story of Robinson Crusoe. I will read you the inscription placed on the rock where Robinson is supposed to have looked out for approaching sails."

The captain returned from his cabin and read from a chart:

"In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who was on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months.



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He was landed from the Cinque Porte galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, 1704, and was taken off in the Duke privateer Feb. 12, 1709. He died Lieutenant of the Weymouth, 1723, aged forty-seven years. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and officers of H. M. S. Topaz, 1868."

The professionals on board were minstrels, jugglers, trapeze artists, athletes, dancers and rope walkers. They kept dark for several days, but after one of the impromptu concerts that Tot organized almost every evening, a young woman came up and requested them to repeat a song as she desired to learn it. Tot gave her the music, and the next night this girl sang it for them as a song and dance, so prettily that Bess and Tot were enraptured. Maitland and the second officer rigged up a trapeze and a tight rope and on the sixth day of the trip a grand matinee performance was given on the forward deck to the infinite amusement of all the passengers as well as that portion of the crew off duty.

"Bess, this is the most enjoyable trip we have had yet," exclaimed Tot one day, "and I never tire of hearing that girl sing."

The fossil sat and looked at the sea, never paying the slightest attention to the amusements. One of the performers dived from the masthead into a netting stretched for him by the sailors. Even this did not excite the fossil. He sat reading during the entire performance.

"They are a very respectable lot," said Mrs. Stubbs, "and five of them belong to one family."

"Yes," said Jones, "I believe these people are very much misunderstood. I heard that big athlete who raised five

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hundred pounds with his right hand teaching his little boy verses from the Bible last Sunday. He tells me he is only twenty-five years old, and is saving money to enable him to graduate from a university. He supports his wife and two children by this means. He lives in Sydney, New South Wales. The little girl who sings and dances so well supports her mother, and is paying off a mortgage on their home in Melbourne. She is in the care of the woman who does the contortion act."

"Do you know what will happen tomorrow?" said Tot. "We cross the 180th meridian. We must send our invitations today the 3d of November. Tomorrow will be the 5th. The second mate has explained it all."

Jones nodded, but made no comment.

"Yes, I'll tell you what we will do. Write invitations to an extra spread at 3 p. m. on the 4th. We will invite the fossil, though I suppose the old wizard has crossed this line two dozen times.

Tot and Jones wrote the invitations. No one suspected. The hour arrived, no table set, no luncheon. Maitland and Belle, Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Byson entered the dining-room. Bess had to be posted, because Tot could not afford to deceive her. The fossil came in. He looked at his watch and gazed about the cabin. Several other passengers came in and sat down. The captain, who was party to the scheme, arrived smiling and happy.

"What hour does this happy event occur?" he asked of Tot. Tot referred to the invitation. "November 4th, 3 p. m." Then the captain produced a large card from under his coat which read:

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"Today is November 5th; we have crossed the 180th meridian."

The fossil thumped the table, and for the first time in many years laughed heartily. The amusement was contagious and in five minutes all the girls took in the situation. After this the fossil grew more communicative and actually told Bess and Tot stories of his wonderful travels and of queer incidents that had happened in all parts of the world. The ladies rather liked the fossil and always invited him to join in the festivities, but he usually declined. One day the watch in the crow's nest sang out "Land Ho," and all eyes were strained westerly. It was many minutes before the land line could be observed. At length a blue streak appeared; it was very indistinct. Jones, Maitland and the fossil were standing together watching it with their sea glasses. "Ah! It is New Zealand!" exclaimed the latter.

"When do you propose to settle down again and remain at home?" asked Jones. The fossil after a pause and several adjustments of the lens of his glasses, replied, "Never."

Maitland suggested "We ought to take a run up to Wonderland and see the geysers, Maoris and mountains, and go down the Wanganui River, the Rhine of the Southern hemisphere."

The visit to Wonderland with its Maori villages, its roaring streams, geysers, colored lakes and mountains, proved of intense interest. Jones and Maitland, however, became greatly interested in the solution of the labor problem by the arbitration court which settled all disputes without loss to either side owing to the absence of strikes.



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"That seems to me to be the most sensible law a country ever enacted," said Jones.

"The general prosperity in this wonderful little country seems to prove that socialism under certain conditions is beneficial, too," said Maitland.

"Tomorrow we go down the Wanganui River," said Tot to Bess.

The sun was coming up over the high hills and the Tui and other birds were singing away, as the last passenger was bundled into the big Maori war canoe.

"Is this a dream?" asked Tot, who became excited as the canoe propelled by a motor rushed past rocks, over whirlpools and raging rapids, down the beautiful river.

"Bess, sit close to me and tell me about the trees you were reading about! Oh, I'm not nervous, but keep on talking, dear!"

"This canoe," said Bess, "was made from the Totara tree, "the Maori captain has just told me. It is one hundred years old and 68 feet long and 4 feet wide. It was once a war canoe."

Tot and Bess sat near the agile Maori who stood on the bow. He was armed with a long pole, on the end of which was a sharp steel point. In case the canoe was headed for a rock and the captain at the wheel could not manage the boat, the Maori at the bow would stick his pole into the rock and push the bows off into safe water. The powerful arm of the captain who held the wheel, however, made this procedure unnecessary. The other members of the group remained chatting in the small cabin. Mrs. Stubbs and Mr. Jones would have preferred a ride by rail. This trip was made for Tot and Bess' especial benefit.



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Here and there, when small openings occurred, were Maori villages, and the "mate" of the canoe, who was likewise mail and transportation manager, occasionally caught a letter or a small package from the top of a projecting rock, thrown him by the unerring hand of a Maori girl, who in turn received the letters or parcels tossed by him as the canoe rushed past at full speed. As they passed the Paparoa rapids, the girls noticed a strikingly beautiful waterfall, the clear water falling from a height over the fern-clad rocks, and soon after they saw the Chura river, one of the Wanganui's largest tributaries, which joins the main watercourse by falling in over a rocky ledge.

After a most exciting ride over seemingly impassable rapids, Maitland and Jones being kept busy soothing Mrs. Stubbs' fears, they came to a small tent in which two small urchins were eating their lunch over a fire. The canoe stopped at the boat landing a few feet from the tent.

"How in the world did those boys ever get here?" Tot inquired of the mate. "Let us talk to them."

"You will have plenty of time," said the mate. "We stay here one hour for lunch at the boat house."

Tot and Bess made for the tent.

"We came down from Tamanarui in that," said the oldest boy, pointing to their odd shaped craft.

The little fellows were drenched and hungry. They were proud of their trip and told the girls of the time they had getting over the slippery rocks and out of the whirlpools. Their fathers had gone to a farming section a hundred miles down the river and they had secured an old square piano box and fitted it out. All their provisions were gone but a few sandwiches. They had stolen out of

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their home at four o'clock in the morning and started on their perilous trip before the village was astir. They declined a passage down in the steamer, because they were sure they could "make it" alone.

Tot insisted that they should go into the boat house and get some hot coffee, which they did. The Maori captain shook his head gravely as he examined their craft. They had tarred and placed oakum in the seams of the piano box. "It is seaworthy," said the smaller boy.

"Seaworthy!" said the captain. "Why, no boat made in the world would have come through, but such a thing as that."

"They must have passed hundreds of hidden rocks only a few inches below the surface, any of which would have split any round bottomed craft from stem to stern," the captain told Tot.

Then the big Maori captain turned the box over, looked at the bottom and remarked, "Yes, no craft on earth but such a dry goods box as this could have survived such a trip, minus a pilot of vast experience."

"You can't drown those boys."

The boys laughed.

"We're going to Papiriki, sink or swim, said the little fellow.

"Oh, you'll make it from this down, all right," said the captain, "but you had better come with us. I will pass you."

"Not much," said the little chap with bright, starry eyes. "We'll go it alone."

Tot and Bess insisted upon fixing them up a nice lunch basket, and as the canoe remained at the boat house, and

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the passengers were transferred into a small steamer which left to take them to Papiriki, there being no more rapids to run, Tot and Bess waved their handkerchiefs to the youthful navigators who were starting out from the landing.

"Game kids!" said Tot. "I like their style!"

On the way to Papiriki they saw fern trees over 100 feet high. Bess then told Tot all she had read about the strange trees. "The tawa, eighty feet high, used principally for fire wood. The Kauri gum tree, often 100 feet high, is made into furniture and building material. The rata, seventy-five feet high, used for fencing. The fuchsia, thirty feet high, flowers like ours. The pukatia, seventy-five feet high, used for firewood. The puririe is good for hardwood and heavy lumber and grows eighty feet high. The renui red pine, one hundred feet high. The kakatea white pine one hundred feet high. The rewarewa of ornamental wood is used for veneering. The Nikau palen is an ornamental. The kunini, a species of fuchsia shrub, furnishes blue and black berries. The tawa furnishes wild pigeons with a berry adapted to their taste, and the "Lawyer" has a red berry. The puka puka has a leaf the Maoris make their drawing and writing material from, but the Christmas tree, which blooms on Christmas day, is the most beautiful of all," said Bess, who by this time had several listeners besides Tot. "It is the Rata I told you about. It turns a magnificent brilliant crimson at Christmas and when seen among millions of green ferns and other trees has a grand effect."

"Hurrah for you, Bess; you've got them all pat."

"The only reason Mrs. Stubbs remained awake was the

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fact that the scenery was so grand that she knew she would never behold such visions again in this world."

At last, an open space in the never-ending line of trees and hills, and they came into Papiriki. On the upper Wanganui, carrier pigeons are used to convey information to the boat house as to the number of guests to provide for, there being no railroads, stage lines, telephones or telegraph wires on this wild and beautiful river.

"There is a boat leaving for Sydney, Australia, about the last of November. If we see Sydney and go into the country for a while, I fancy that is all that will be necessary. Sydney is the most beautiful harbor of all."

The harbor of Sydney is certainly the most picturesque in the world. Anthony Trollope once said, "It is so inexpressibly lovely that a man might ask himself why he should not move his household goods to the eastern coast of Australia in order that he might gaze on it during the balance of his life." This harbor leaves nothing for the imagination to add.

"Now, Mr. Jones, what do you say of it?" asked Mrs. Stubbs. "It reminds me of Stockholm, the Inland Sea and Thousand Islands," Jones replied, "and that means that words fail to express the beauty of the scene now before us."

"Passing the narrow, cliff-guarded entrance we find ourselves in the finest land-locked harbor in the world," said the captain, who had joined them, as the pilot was then in charge of the ship. "This bay is full of promontories, inlets and islands, wooded to the water's edge. You will see them open out to view as the ship advances."

"What pretty little villas!" exclaimed Belle. "Why, it is

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a perfect paradise. See the houses and gardens and those big pines towering over all."

"This is the oldest city in Australia," said the captain, "and owing to its beauty is termed the Queen of the South."

"Big place?" inquired Mrs. Stubbs.

"About 500,000, including the suburbs. Cathedrals, universities, a town hall that of itself is magnificent, and beautiful parks and botanical gardens. Wait until you see one of the public gardens. I believe without exaggeration the beauty of the city excels anything in the world. There is a combination of sea, land, hill and valley, rock and wood and grassy slopes. The climate, you see, permits all the beautiful forms of vegetation, both of tropical and temperate zones, to luxuriate and develop in gardens side by side."

Arriving at Sydney, Maitland acted as courier and secured the best rooms in the hotel. Jones had an interview with the captain respecting their trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

"If I were going," the captain, who was a very clever Englishman, said, "I would take the Canadian-Australian line. It is a royal mail line and everything on board is well kept up and the fare is good. They have three ships, the Aorangi, Miowera and Warrimoo. One leaves Sydney every four weeks."

"Good. We desire to see something of the interior of Australia. Cities are commencing to look pretty much alike to us. We will skip one or two ships and take our time."

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"By all means do so; you will not regret it. The country has about 3,000,000 square miles and most of it is uninteresting, but in a couple of weeks you can gain considerable knowledge of the people."

Taking a run into the farming settlements, a visit to one of the great sheep ranches proved entertaining.

"There are 100,000 sheep on this ranch, and we will



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shear one to show the young ladies where the woolen jackets they have on came from," said the farmer to whom the hotel proprietor had given them a letter.

"We don't wash the sheep any more," said Mr. Tompkins. "The manufacturers prefer to buy the wool as it comes off the sheep. We use shearing machines."

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"Does it hurt them?" asked Mrs. Byson.

"Not at all. You see, since we began using these shearers no accidents have happened and I never knew of a sheep to be cut."

A man was requested to demonstrate how the operation was performed. The sheep stood patiently by, quite unconcerned.



HUNTING THE KANGAROO

"The difference in the size of an Australian sheep before and after is something remarkable," said Maitland.

Tot and Bess were off in the field catching some diminutive lambs and took no interest in the shearing process.

The next study, as Jones called it, was the kangaroo. Maitland wanted to go hunting. The farmer assured them,

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"In some sections of the country the kangaroo question is a serious one and many are slaughtered, especially the blue and red kangaroos of the plains, because they eat up so much grass, but you would have a difficult task to hunt them unless the farmers in the vicinity would help you, and after I show you one that was recently captured I don't believe you would have the heart to kill them."

"Where is it? Where is it?" shouted the girls, who had returned. The farmer led them across to a neighboring farm and in a small shed was a pretty, docile looking animal. She had been captured, together with two diminutive creatures, who on the approach of the party managed to crawl into a peculiar natural pouch which she carried for the purpose of protecting them. Bess and Tot went wild over the juvenile members of the family, who looked at them with their big, pretty eyes.

"That settles it," said Jones. "I will not go hunting kangaroos. I wouldn't kill a thing like that for six farms."

"I would suppose," remarked Mrs. Stubbs, "that Captain Maitland had enough hunting in Ceylon to last him a dozen years."

"I believe we have seen everything. Journeying further into Australia would be a repetition, but what shall we do tonight when we return to Sydney?" asked Belle.

"The troupe we met on the steamer is here and playing at a variety hall. Let us see them," suggested Jones.

All agreed and a pleasant evening was passed in the boxes of the pretty little theatre. Maitland enjoyed the trapeze performance and the athletes, and the troupe evidently felt honored by the presence of their fellow



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travelers, for they all went through their respective performances with a vim. Jones, at Tot's request, threw a huge bouquet to the little song and dance girl, and Bess and Tot laughed until their sides ached at the performing monkeys, one of which rode a bicycle and grinned and raised his cap as he passed their box. Three other monkeys performed. One pretended to be a doctor and another a rich patient. The doctor was sent for and came dressed in a silk hat and black suit. He wore glasses and carried an umbrella and a medicine case. The patient was in bed. The doctor examined his pulse and looked at his tongue, then opened the medicine case and gave him a tiny pill, for he was a homeopath. He left. The medicine did not seem to help the patient, who kicked and struggled for a while, then rang for another doctor, who came in, felt his pulse and looked at his tongue, and gave him a huge pill, for he was an allopath. This had the desired effect. The patient got up and dressed and taking the doctor's arm walked off the stage. Tot and Bess almost had hysterics, and the others were not far from the same condition.

The Miowera proved a reliable boat, and as the captain of the Chili had informed Jones, the fare was exceedingly good. The girls and Maitland, assisted by two young lady passengers, as the ship sailed out of Sydney, sang "We're going back to Dixie."

"The swimming tank will be filled tomorrow at ten and we must all go in," announced the captain. Bathing suits were hunted up and improvised and the water was pumped from the sea into a huge canvas tank and all the young people on board jumped in and swam about, played football and made the deck ring with their merriment. Day



after day and the smooth ocean made them forget they were on board ship.

The captain taught the girls the Hawaiian farewell—"Aloha nui oe" (Much love to you), which they sang out to the Canadian girls as the Miowera left the dock at Honolulu.



CHAPTER XXXIX

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

When Jones saw the Stars and Stripes raised on the flagstaff in front of the Government House in Honolulu, he exclaimed, standing up in the carriage with raised hat:

“‘Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

That never to himself has said,

This is my own, my native land.’”

Maitland applauded. “That’s right, for you, too, are now in your adopted country,” said Jones, laughing. “It’s nice to see that old flag again.”

“The Paradise of the Pacific, so Sir Edwin Arnold said,” replied Maitland.

“The loveliest spot on all this earth, Mark Twain wrote,” added Belle.

“Here,” said Jones to Mrs. Stubbs, who occupied the adjoining carriage, “even if our three years are up, we are at home.”

Mrs. Stubbs did not like the hotel, and Jones and Maitland started out and rented a house for them. A sugar planter who visited here quite often but whose home was in San Francisco, had a very beautiful but small residence on the hillside back from the city. He would not return for three months, and the dwelling could be had furnished,



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together with a Chinese cook, a Japanese waiter, a gardener, an Angora cat and a small black and tan pup.

A heavy wagon carted the ladies' trunks and valises to the residence. It was a small square brick house, with wide verandas surrounding it. The lot contained beautiful lawns and flower-lined walks. It also commanded a superb view of part of the harbor and the ocean.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," remarked Mrs. Stubbs, who had already selected a wide, old-fashioned rocking chair and had made herself quite at home. "You must visit us and dine here every day you feel like it."

The Angora cat became the ward of Bess, while the pup accepted Tot's superintendency. When the trunks were unpacked and the first dinner had been served and sufficiently praised, Belle sat down at the piano and sang "Home, Sweet Home."

"A song that never grows old; but think of those two poor men eating at that hotel."

"We will like this for a while," said Jones to Maitland, as they walked down to the dock to ascertain the time of the arrival of the next ship from San Francisco. "But a few weeks of it will do. I am now anxious to get home and find out how the business is."

"Say nothing," replied Maitland. "Mrs. Stubbs is also anxious to return; a couple of weeks will satisfy us all."

"The agent said he expected a family here within a month who will take the house off their hands should they decide to sail to San Francisco."

It was a charming moonlight night and all were sitting out on the veranda. Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson were hearing stories of Japan from Kokimo, the Japanese house-

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man. He was delighted to hear that they had visited his country and had passed through his native city, Osaka. Maitland, Belle and Bess had gone to hear a church concert, and Jones, visiting the house, sat with Tot, talking of the voyage from Australia. Jones said in a low voice: "Tot, I am now anxious to reach New York. I have heard news that worries me, although it is not as bad as it might be. "Now you are getting near America," said Tot.

"Oh, I knew that would be the way; you are anxious to go back and resume business, get all tired and worn out. Mr. Jones, you simply shall not do it."

Jones thought a long minute.

"But, Tot, suppose the firm has failed."

"Let it fail. Money! money! money! That was poor papa's trouble. He made plenty of it, but I know he worked too hard. No, sir, you shall not go back into business again."

"No?" answered Jones meekly.

"No," replied Tot. "That is, not if I can help it."

"Oh, that's better; but you will please let me go back to look over the situation," said Jones facetiously.

"Now, Mr. Jones, I am going to tell you a secret. When papa died his estate was valued at five million dollars; two went by will to mamma and one to each of us girls. Now, you are a good grain dealer and so am I. If your firm has, as you believe, failed, I haven't. I can put up margins to the king's taste and once in a while, now mind what I say, once in a while, we will take a plunge like you did in London on wheat. Oh, I won't risk much, and we will know the market. But you shall not go back into business

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again. Please don't. I know what happened papa by his overwork."

Jones experienced a peculiar sensation. No one in the world had ever talked to him like that. He knew Tot was a small power as a speculator.

"If I should take your money to speculate with, especially in such a hazardous enterprise, I would be a cad. However, dear Tot, I fully appreciate your offer, but keep and save your money. Mine will do to take a flyer with. I'm an old hand at the game."

"Several weeks of absolute tranquility," as Mrs. Stubbs expressed it, and she had no desire to go. She had written Mr. Stubbs they would be in San Francisco about Christmas.

Jones and Maitland planned a visit to the volcano. It was said to be a hard and tiresome trip, requiring ten days in a small steamer of the Wilder Steamship Company's line, and the ladies were advised not to make it. Three handsome and quiet ponies had been provided for the girls, and as Jones and Maitland sailed away from the dock in the "Kinau," the girls, imitating the Hawaiian beauties, placed a string of flowers around their necks.

Jones had decided that this trip might settle the question of his future, for he said to himself, "If I find I am in love with Tot"—and then abandoned the thought, for Maitland jogged his arm, requesting him to look up. Lo and behold! arrayed in immaculate white flannel and wearing a jaunty straw hat, surrounded by a bright colored ribbon, was the original and only Philadelphia fossil.

"That was what Belle meant when we were leaving; she

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pointed out someone on board with her parasol," said Maitland, "for she had recognized him before we did."

The fossil had stopped only a few days at Hobart, Tasmania, and had taken a through ship to Hawaii. Upon meeting Jones he expressed more enthusiasm than usual. He actually shook hands with Jones and Maitland and the first remark he made was:

"Clever girl, one who invited us to luncheon on the skipped day," and he smiled radiantly at the idea. The incident had evidently changed the fossil's nature.

"I make the volcano trip once every six years," he said. "It is tiresome, but I have it on my list."

They sat and chatted together on the deck, and Jones decided that the fossil was not so bad a traveling companion after all.

"There comes a crisis in every man's life," said Jones, ruminating, "when his decision may make a vast difference as to his future happiness. Without egotism, I sincerely believe that beautiful little Tot loves me. I would not for the world marry unless I loved. She is evidently happy in my company, or else it is all a mistake, and as I have been near her constantly for three years, her affection seems to remain the same. Here is a problem to face. If I love her I will permit no obstacle to stand in my way. If I find I do not I would be a coward to pretend to do so and deceive her. This is the most difficult 'deal' I have ever encountered, worse than twenty million bushels of wheat. Charming, true, pure, unselfish though she is, I dare not and must not permit this situation to continue further unless—unless I really love Tot, and it must be genuine love. I



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will not force myself into an imaginary condition; it must be real."

The glare from the volcano in Jones' cabin prevented sleep. He pulled down the dark curtain, but still he fancied the light peered through. The glare was uncanny and red. Tot's brown eyes appeared before him over and over again, her childish caresses he remembered, her sweet face remained before him whenever he tried to sleep. He counted hundreds, it was no use; thousands, he was as wideawake as ever. He tried to think of Maitland and the fossil, of the grain market, of Gordon, his partner. It was no use. He saw a pretty hand reaching out to him, on it a brilliant and beautiful gem, which changed its color like the lighthouse in the bay. It was Tot's. He turned up the lamp and read the description of the ride to Mauna Kea.

In the morning all disembarked. Jones had slept soundly although it was past midnight before slumber overtook him. He had considered his struggle a victory and that after all he was not really in love. When they arrived at the station house where the carriages were awaiting them, however, he found himself unconsciously looking back along the road to see if Tot were coming.

"Pshaw!" he said. "I am going to stop this foolishness and think of nothing but the volcano."

"Mauna Loa is the most interesting of all the volcanos," said the fossil as they drove along the gravelly roads, "because it is active. In 1868 a great eruption occurred, attended by many earthquakes. One caused a huge sea wave forty feet high to break on shore, occasioning the loss of many lives. The wave crossed the Pacific to the California coast. Kilauea has the largest active crater in the

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world and is a wonderful phenomenon. In 1840 there was a great outburst from a crater several miles from the summit of Kilauea, when a stream of lava half a mile broad and 40 miles long reached the sea. Captain Cook was killed on this island."

The fossil appeared to be very much interested in this particular island.

"There are," he said, "no less than eighty-five of these rivulets in thirty miles running at the bottom of ravines 1800 to 2000 feet in depth, which are cut into the side of Mauna Kea and another but extinct volcano." The fossil appeared to be quite conversant with the subject of volcanos, in fact he seemed to have studied everything under the sun.

The steamer was on her way back to Honolulu. The fossil, who had become the guide and encyclopedia, entertained them with a complete history of the islands from Captain Cook down to date.

The three travelers sat on the porch of the quaint hotel in Hahaina, the last night of their compulsory stay, sipping some excellent claret from the cellar of the landlord, who was an Englishman. The steamer's engine had detained them. The fossil renewed his communicativeness and told them the story of his life.

"You, no doubt," he said, "have wondered why I wander about the world as I do, seldom remaining long in one place, and if interesting to you and you give me a pledge of secrecy, I will tell you."

"You may depend," said Jones, "and I speak for Captain Maitland as well as myself, that your statement will be considered strictly confidential."



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"Well," the fossil commenced, again sipping his claret, for the night was sultry, "I was engaged in active business in Philadelphia and held at one time a prominent public position as well. My friend, with whom I was in business, a large contractor, for some reason I could never ascertain, became angry at me and grossly insulted me. I could never ascribe any reason for his onslaught. He turned on me like a wild animal. I was deeply in love with his daughter, a most charming young lady, at the time, and unquestionably my love was returned. We were engaged and were to be married upon a certain day. Without any notice to the circle of acquaintances in which we all visited and belonged, they disappeared and no trace was ever found of the family for nearly three years. I was heartbroken, being of a sensitive temperament naturally, and made up my mind I would follow them and, if possible, succeed in getting Julia to leave them, the parents evidently having determined to keep us apart until all hope of our marriage had passed. I labored in vain; could find no trace of them. I inquired of all the agencies and banks which issue letters of credit. At last one day I found a steamboat agency down near the Battery in New York City who could inform me of their whereabouts. They had taken a house in Shanghai, China, and the head of the family was engaged in building a railroad from Shanghai to Woosing. I packed up, took the train to San Francisco, and sailed on the Hong Kong, the swiftest boat on the Pacific then. When I arrived there I found to my sorrow that Julia was dying. Her health had given away and she was in a dangerous condition. I called at the residence, for I was desperate. I was permitted an interview with her, the



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father being away working on the railway scheme. She loved me still and told me the whole story. She had lost all courage after their arrival in China and never expected to see me again. I remained in Shanghai, and the mother favored our union, but dreaded the return of the father. I could not secure any information from either as to the cause of his determination to separate us. Julia improved. She was pale and wan, but her health gradually returned. I took her out for a drive one day and prospects certainly were encouraging. At length the father came back. When he saw me he stormed and raved and cursed me. He was one of those hot-headed men who would not reason. I went to his office, and away from his family, demanded an explanation. He called me a thief and a scoundrel, and enraged me to such an extent that I struck him, knocking him over. I left Shanghai and went to Hong Kong and remained there for a few weeks. Upon my return I called at Shanghai. Why I should have called at the post office there is an enigma I can never solve. I received a letter. It was marked 'Hold until called for.' It was from Julia. She had loved me all the time and did not know the cause of my departure. They had deceived her. Shortly afterward she died. I was beside myself. I returned to America. A few years after this a bookkeeper who was employed by Julia's father and myself in transactions confessed that he had stolen a large sum of money and had so altered the books that I was accused of it. He made it appear I had withdrawn the money. This confession was sent to Julia's father, who was killed soon after in an accident. I say now to each of you, both comparatively young men—if you love and you are certain your love is



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returned and everything is all right, never give up. Move heaven and earth to obtain the object of your affection, and never give up until you succeed. Fight every obstacle and every person in the way. Parents are frequently brutal and unreasonable in affairs of this kind. Since that episode in my life, which happened thirty years ago, I have become a wanderer on the face of the earth. I was heir to a fortune from my mother and have ample means for traveling expenses. Travel is my only solace."

The machinery was pronounced sound, and the little steamship sailed into Honolulu in the afternoon of the next day. When the ship came near the girls waved their handkerchiefs and straw hats vigorously. When they reached the dock Jones' penetrating gray eye caught a glimpse of Tot's face. She was pale, and had been weeping; her eyes were red. As he looked at her face he said to himself: "I love you, Tot, with my whole soul." Jones kissed Tot for the first time in his life. He never forgot the expression of satisfaction upon her pretty face. To Jones' mark of affection no criticism was made, for Tot and Jones were known to be inseparable friends and companions. Belle caught Maitland by the arm and made him tell her the cause of the delay.

"We believed a volcanic eruption had made away with you."

"And we were as anxious to return as you were to have us," he replied.

Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Byson and Bess also demanded the story of the trip to the volcano, which was fully related on the veranda of the rented house that evening in presence



TOT, SKETCHED BY BESS

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of the fossil, who had been invited to dinner and to spend the evening.

"How long before the expected Doric arrives?" asked Jones, whose mind had during the conversation wandered away to New York and the grain market.

"I go from this point to Canada," said the fossil, "and will await the next Canadian-Australian steamer going that way."

Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson had a family chat. The girls were out on their ponies and Jones and Maitland went down to witness the arrival of a ship from San Francisco upon which New York newspapers were expected.

"What is to be the outcome of Maitland's and Belle's courtship?" asked Mrs. Stubbs. "He has heard nothing from his aunt, the duchess, for months, and says nothing. Belle appears quite happy, and he is such a dreadfully indifferent fellow I really don't know what the termination of all this will be. He is willing to go anywhere or do anything, fight, hunt, swim or play ball. He has, as I understand it, never made any particular advances to Belle. They have been as thick as two peas. Belle laughingly said one day. "He is on approval for three years. The three years ran out some time ago. For my part I don't know what to make of it."

"I suppose the poor fellow is patiently awaiting his answer."

"Yes, but you must admit it places Belle in a very embarrassing predicament. Why, they may be engaged and everything arranged. Belle, you know, is inclined to be very reticent about Maitland. Now, with Jones for a lover it would be different. Jones has that American way

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of performing contracts with a rush. There is a native snap to him. He knows what he is going to do and does it. The captain, too, has improved; he is becoming more Americanized every month."

"Yes, but when a limit is placed, he should have kept that day sacred."

"Belle said lately, when I asked her jokingly about the captain, the same as she has said before, 'I know of no change.'"

"Give him credit for this," said Mrs. Stubbs, "he has been so kind to Belle. He may be awaiting letters from his aunt about his affairs; perhaps he deems it better to wait until he hears from her."

As the two ladies were discussing the question of Maitland's indifference, a dialogue was taking place between Belle and Maitland that very night which might have appeased Mrs. Byson's mind. They were sitting on a step in front of a small store that was closed, in a lonely part of the road, waiting for Jones, Bess and Tot to catch up. They had discussed plans for the future.

"True," said Maitland, placing his arms about Belle and kissing her. "You ask me is it true that I really love you. It is as true as any word ever uttered by a man."

They then chatted merrily about the time they met and how tranquil and happy the past three years had been.

The steamship Doric on her way from Yokohama to San Francisco called at Honolulu and Jones and Maitland again tendered their assistance in packing the trunks. The lease of the cottage was assigned to an American family in search of health, and after Bess and Tot bid many fond good-byes to the Angora cat and the pup "Honolulu," as



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Tot had christened him, they again found themselves on the deck of an ocean steamship.

"Now it is 'Home, Sweet Home,'" said Jones, "for sure." as he selected comfortable sea chairs for Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson. "We are off for a land we have not seen for three years. Our dear old native land. Won't it be lovely to see the Golden Gate?"

"Seven or eight days from now we will pass through it," said Captain Smith of the Doric, who had just then been introduced by the agent of the line, who had accompanied them on board. The Captain said that he was always extra glad to welcome ladies on board, especially when they had musical instruments with them. "For I am fond of singing, you know."

"Yes," said Maitland. "We have heard all about you. You can swim, dive, fence, box and do all the little eccentricities that we like. You are one of us."

"We have just taken down our swimming tank," said the captain. "But if tomorrow is warm and smooth, up it goes again. Homeward we are always slightly jollier than when outward bound."

Bess laughed, saying, "You can't be too jolly to suit us, Captain."

"Let the noise proceed," added Tot.

As the Doric was about to move out of the harbor the Kanaka girls sold Jones and Maitland a number of flower beads with which they gorgeously bedecked the ladies on board.

"We might as well make the best of this trip," said Jones, "for it will be our last ocean voyage."



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"Don't talk that way," said Tot, "for I would like to turn back and do it all over again."

The agent did not over-rate Captain Smith's accomplishments or his ability to amuse the passengers. Tot found in him a strong ally in all her songs and games. The swimming tank was erected but the water was rather cold to remain in long.

The captain, however, demonstrated the possibility (being noted for his power in this direction) of existing without breathing under the water for a time that seemed incredible. Mrs. Stubbs insisted that his head be pulled out of the water, but after his exertion he came up smiling, with no bad effect except in the extreme color of his face and his eyes slightly bloodshot, which passed away in a few minutes. Songs and stories, games and amusements, held sway day after day, until at last the land they had been separated from so long appeared, and the Golden Gate was passed as promised by the captain on the evening of the seventh day, and Maitland, Jones and the captain, who had turned the ship over to the pilot, aided by the sweet voices of the girls, sang for the last time together some time-worn but honorable old songs.

Captain Smith said, "It will be too late to go ashore to-night. Remain on board. We will be quietly at anchor in the harbor and we can arouse you early tomorrow morning. I give you a little farewell supper tonight at nine. I have invited some friends to come on board and would be grateful if the quartette would sing 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming' again."

"We will have a joyous time!" said Maitland.



CHAPTER XL

HOME AGAIN

The captain's supper and party proved a happy affair. All the instruments were tuned up and music and singing continued far into the night.

"Get ready for breakfast," said the steward, as he knocked at the cabin doors very early.

Mrs. Stubbs sat in a carriage with Mrs. Byson, for they were all driving out to Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. Mr. Stubbs had wired, "Have a big deal on hand. Cannot meet you."

"What do you believe we had better do?" asked Mrs. Stubbs of Mrs. Byson.

"Really, I don't know. I feel more like traveling now than when we started and I don't care to go home. Maitland has found favor in Belle's eyes, as I told you; they are engaged and I have consented, and I suppose they will marry within a year—perhaps sooner. Tot, the mischief, is so taken up with Mr. Jones that she vows he shall not leave us, and you know how headstrong and determined she is. Bess is quite contented to do anything. Captain Maitland is willing to have us decide, and Jones—well, I don't know what to make of it. That man and Tot have their heads together upon all occasions like two old cronies, examining wheat reports from other countries, and figuring.



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I believe they are buying wheat, or some other foolishness. He never permits Tot to make a loss, however. Such a queer combination. Jones seems to be lucky and Tot buys with him. She swears up and down that if he goes away she will go with him. A nice arrangement that would be. I don't know, but I believe they are merely buying wheat. That is all. Jones, as you know, is the oddest man on earth. I don't believe he has any idea of marrying. Why, he is old enough to be Tot's father. In certain ways, however, she appears to be his senior, for at times she's as wise as an owl."

Mrs. Stubbs replied carefully, "It would not be so bad if he did marry her. He is remarkably kind and he seems ten years younger than when we met him. I wonder if this is another love match? What next? If Tot ever gets into one of her tantrums, he'll think she's old enough."

Mrs. Byson shook her head and said, "Tot never cared for anyone before that I can remember. She detests boys of her own age and calls them pinheads and know-nothings. If Jones is out of her sight one minute, it is 'Where did Mr. Jones go, mamma? Oh, where is Mr. Jones?' Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones, all day long, and his influence is good, for she has lost her pugnacious spirit, and is like another girl."

The next day Jones received a letter from Gordon. It was an imperative summons to return to settle up a big deal carried through during his absence, in which the firm had made a large sum. Jones informed Tot. She cried. He pleaded with her but could not comfort her. She hid her face in her hands and refused to speak. Jones, gazing steadfastly at Tot, remarked to himself, "Oh, I'm in for it. The re-



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strains of matrimony have already fastened themselves upon me. I must tell her I love her and become engaged, and then surely she will let me go to New York for a while."

They were to take a drive down towards the Holy Cross Cemetery to see the Golden Gate and to watch the setting sun. Jones and Tot as usual occupied a one-seated victoria.

"Look," said Tot, as the big red sun settled down into the Pacific, throwing its farewell rays on the huge rocks that form a gateway to one of the finest harbors in the world. "Look, the Golden Gate is green."

"Take off your goggles," said Jones, "for the dust is gone."

To the right the water merges into the distance bordering the Santa Clara valley.

"This island," said the driver, pointing to Goat Island, "rises 340 feet out of the water. That one is Alcatraz. It is heavily fortified like Gibraltar. Next is Angel Island."

The driver followed the procession and drove into the park. It was then twilight.

"Tot," said Jones in a low voice, so as not to be overheard by the driver, "you must let me go to New York, you little mischief. Read this letter." Tot shook her head. "Tot, my sweet little girl, you will let me go if you know I love you positively." Tot looked determined and made no reply. "If I were your husband I would have to leave you sometimes, would I not?"

Tot did not seem to be at all dismayed or annoyed at the suggestion.

"Tot, you are mine, are you not?"

"Mine? What do you mean by mine?"

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"Why, you talk of going with me to New York. It would never do unless you were absolutely mine."

"Who said I wasn't?"

"I know, dear Tot, but I must go there for a short time and settle up some affairs."

"I don't see any necessity for it at all; you are enjoying life here and that business can be settled just as well if you are here. I will help you settle it."

Jones saw persuasion was out of the question. He tried another tack.

"Young woman," he exclaimed, sternly, "you must give in this time. I will not go without you if you insist."

"I insist."

"Then we must take them all with us. You could not go alone with me to New York."

"Why not?"

"It would not be proper, that's why, and you know it."

"Of course I know it would not be, but if you go back I know what the result will be."

"You loving thing, you take that much interest in me?"

Tot nodded her head.

"Tot, you are going to force me to say something you may not like to hear."

"What's that?" she said, her large brown eyes flashing at Jones, who weakened under their glance.

"That you will some day become my wife. I love you, Tot, and have loved you. Do you think I would stay here against my will if I did not? You are my hope, my blessed Tot. What do you say?"

Tot touched his hand in a friendly way, and looking



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seriously into his face, asked, "When did you first love me? Tell me all about it?"

"When we sat down at the table on the Atlantic liner over three years ago. I was not sure of it, Tot, until lately. I tried to dismiss you from my mind because of the difference in our ages. I tried to make out it was only a slight affection that I might have for a child. You now seem to have changed into a woman. When we visited the volcano in Hawaii I was wretchedly lonesome. I thought you were coming every minute. I found myself looking after you to see if you might possibly turn up from behind a rock or somewhere. When I returned I fancied you looked pale and different. When I saw you again then, Tot, you sweet one, I loved you and I love you now and forever. There is no question about it. None whatever. You can bank all the wheat in the world on it."

Tot replied, "You want my answer?"

"Yes, Tot, now." Jones was brave for he remembered his reception when he returned from the volcano to Honolulu.

"Then you ought to know what it will be, for I, too, have loved you sincerely ever since the day you sat in the park in Paris, the day I was lame and you poured the extract on my foot. There was something so very kind about the act, I cannot explain it. I loved you, and I am not afraid to say I am yours forever. I will be your wife as sure as we live."

Jones hugged Tot as close to him as he could without attracting the attention of the driver.

"Now, as you will be my blessed little wife some day, may I go to New York?"

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"For how long?"

"Three or four weeks."

"After that never to part again?"

"Never," said Jones. "I want to finish up my affairs, arrange some business, and then, Tot," kissing her, "we will never separate again."

"All right. You may go."

"I suppose your mother and Mrs. Stubbs will be shocked when they hear of this?"

"It makes no difference," said Tot, determinedly. "Do you remember, Man, the jinricksha fellow's story? I am the Jap girl and you are the Portuguese."

"Bless you and protect you," said Jones. Tot answered by placing her head close to Mr. Jones' shoulder. "It's settled," she said.

Jones soon left for New York and the balance of the party went to St. Paul.

John Stubbs, the honored husband of Mrs. Stubbs, was a successful business man in the accumulation of wealth, but he possessed little tact in making settlements. He was too prone to take a position and then maintain it at all costs. He invited Maitland to take charge of his private office in St. Paul during his absence from the city, and it so happened one day that a lawyer with a domineering spirit called. He abused Mr. Stubbs and made a lot of serious accusations respecting some business affairs. Maitland, knowing the facts and being thoroughly convinced of Mr. Stubbs' integrity, caught the lawyer by the collar and threw him unceremoniously out into the hall. This little episode pleased John Stubbs, when he heard of it, and he immediately took the captain into his confidence. Captain



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Maitland soon got an insight into the mysterious system of doing business in the copper industries, and when John Stubbs was to be absent for a week Maitland was requested to remain in his private office and entertain anyone who might call during his absence.

One day Maitland was seated reading a newspaper when in walked four pompous persons who demanded to know the whereabouts of "Stubbs." They talked excitedly and made themselves rather obnoxious to the captain. They condemned Stubbs for being away when they called and said they had come all the way from New York to meet him, that he had answered a long distance telephone to the effect that he would be home. Their purpose was to form a great copper trust, and John Stubbs, who represented several wealthy Canadian gentlemen, had decided to pay them a flying visit before consummating a deal with the trust kings. Stubbs had informed Maitland to keep the visitors until his return, which would not be later than three days from the time the New York men would arrive. The visitors paced the floor and swore incessantly.

"Can't help it," said Maitland, coolly.

"Who the deuce said you could?" said one of the men as he jumped to his feet.

Maitland's eyes flashed, but he kept his temper.

"We are in a deal now," he said to himself. "I must keep calm. I think I know a thing or two."

"Do you know anything about the copper business?" asked one of the visitors of Maitland.

"I know this much," said Maitland, "you cannot buy the Stubbs' mines for the price you have proposed. Not now

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"Oh, you say so, do you?"

Three of the men whispered together. Stubbs had told Maitland that \$3,000,000 was the offer and he might take it, but wanted the consent of his Canadian friends before closing the deal.

"Six million I understand is the bottom figure now," said Maitland, quietly gazing out into the street.

They all stared. "That's strange," one remarked.

"Who are you?" they demanded.

"Lord Maitland, of England," said the captain haughtily.

The men raised their hats, bowed and retired to the hallway. It was highly important that the trust should be formed at once. Millions were at stake; should it become known that the Stubbs' mines were taken in by the trust every mine in the copper region would double in price.

"Lord Maitland, are you in authority here?" said one, returning.

"Yes, I have charge of the office."

"Do you believe you could wire John Stubbs immediately?"

"You can close the deal at \$6,000,000," said Maitland, "this minute. I am authorized to sign the stipulation."

It was a great chance. Maitland took it. He knew the Canadians were anxious to sell and had given Stubbs authority to do as he thought best, but Stubbs wanted the proposal of \$3,000,000 accepted by them in writing before he acted.

"Can't you make it less?" asked one of the men, excitedly.

"No, sir," said Maitland, shaking his head solemnly,



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"and I understand even this figure is not available for long."

The men again retired and Maitland picked up his paper and read as if it were merely a daily occurrence.

"We have decided to accept," they all said as they returned. To this purse-proud assemblage of dealers in copper, hot air and water, the price made little difference. They intended to put the Stubbs' mines and other small affairs into the trust at \$40,000,000, consequently a little matter of \$3,000,000 was not worth wrangling about.

"How much stock will you take?"

"No stock," said Maitland. "Money."

"You're easy," exclaimed the leading promoter.

"Oh, I fancy," said Maitland, "Mr. Stubbs is in no hurry for all of it, but these details you can arrange with him. Sign this offer which I will accept, and deposit \$250,000 on account—\$1,000,000 in stock if you like."

"Well, all right. We are going up to the mines and in four days will return to the office and see Stubbs."

"Whew," said Maitland, "that's a rum job and I am glad it is over. I wonder what old Stubbs will say?"

Day after day passed and no John Stubbs. It was four days since the promoters called and Maitland expected their return. On the fifth day, John Stubbs, covered with dust, came puffing into the office.

"Well, captain, by Jupiter, I had a hard pull getting what I wanted."

"Indeed," said Maitland, coolly.

"I found three of the big owners in Toronto, but the other had gone hunting up in Northern Canada, and I've had to live among the Indians for two days to find him.

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However," pulling a document from a long leather pocket-book, "I finally got his signature. Nicest man in the world; when he saw I had the consent of the other three he asked no questions but treated me like a prince. I slept two nights in his tent. Great place to sleep, I assure you."

"I know it," said Maitland, calmly. "So they all signed to sell the Stubbs' mines for \$3,000,000?"

"Yes, sir," said Stubbs, swelling himself up, "\$3,000,000 straight."

"Well," said Maitland, "sit down and read a little paper I have here," going to the safe and then passing a sheet of legal cap paper to Mr. Stubbs. Mr. Stubbs adjusted his glasses and read:

"We, the undersigned, have this day purchased of John Stubbs, who also represents other owners, all the John Stubbs' Copper Mines, more particularly described in our offer lately made to him of \$3,000,000, for the sum of \$6,000,000, payment for the same to be arranged upon the return of said Stubbs within a week. Paid on account \$250,000.

"St. Paul, ———.

"Consent given to above sale.

"F. DeB. MAITLAND,

"Acting for John Stubbs."

Stubbs, noticing the famous signatures of men who frequently drew checks for millions, looked dumfounded; he grunted; he re-read the agreement; he could not mistake his own eyes.

"What have you done?" he asked of Maitland. It almost paralyzed him as his good luck beamed upon him.

"Oh, I suppose the old thing isn't just right," said

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Maitland, "but they left this piece of paper to show their good faith."

Maitland picked up a check on a New York bank upon which was written, "Pay, to John Stubbs only, \$250,000."

"My boy, how did you do it? Why, the Canucks will be crazy with delight. Why, Maitland," roared Stubbs, dancing around the room and knocking several chairs over, "it's the best deal ever made by mortal man. You're a hero now, a financial power; you're in it. You've cleaned up \$3,000,000 for us in the twinkling of an eye by mere nerve."

"Glad of it," replied Maitland, coolly. Stubbs put his big arms around Maitland's shoulders and hugged him.

"I thought at first I might strike for seven, but I figured the limit, as Jones says."

"My dear boy," said Stubbs, affectionately, "you've played a winner to-day, and I am so overjoyed I can scarcely laugh," and then Stubbs danced about the room again with joy.

"They will be back again tomorrow," said Maitland, "and you had better be prepared to meet them."

"I will tell you what we will do," said Stubbs, ruminating, "wire the Toronto men at once. I must find my cipher code. Important. Wolverine. Expected. Hurricane. Three M's, and then six M's in a row. This odd statement would read 'Sold the Stubbs' Mines for three millions more than expected. Received six millions.'"

"It wasn't such a blooming bad deal then, after all," said Maitland dryly, as they left the office for the residence of John Stubbs. "I wonder what Belle will think about the soldier of old Gibraltar going into business."

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It took John Stubbs a full week to recover from his excitement. The promoters returned and Maitland, with Stubbs' instructions, arranged the terms as quickly as if he were dividing the product of a day's hunt with his comrades and more satisfactorily than Stubbs would have dared to demand. Stubbs left a note to the effect that any settlement as to terms of payment could be arranged with Lord Maitland in his office and he was authorized fully to sign the stipulation. So overjoyed were the Canadian owners that they voted a large proportion of the overplus sum to Stubbs, and hearing of Maitland in the transaction gave him \$300,000, ten per cent on the extra \$3,000,000.

Mr. Stubbs remarked, "They always picture English lords on the stage in our country and in American novels as a lot of silly idiots. I don't know of any shrewder or more successful deal in my career than this one you have managed so successfully. Now, if you want a partnership in my business, it is open for you. One thing I ask: say nothing about it until all is paid in, either in currency or stocks. These men are really a scaly lot."

"There's very little stock about it," said Maitland. "I made it one million out of six stock and five millions in cash at once. I wonder what old Jones will say. Gad, I'd like to see him."

Jones, hearing of Maitland's transaction, wired him, "Good boy."

"Bless his heart," said Maitland, folding up the dispatch.

Mr. Stubbs, having become heavily interested in the great steel trust, decided to move to New York permanently. After a trip to Los Angeles, Pasadena, Coronado Beach

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and other places on the California Coast without Jones, which proved a great disadvantage, they re-visited St. Paul. Jones kept up a daily correspondence with Tot and when anything "serious" in the market happened he wired particulars. Having been very fortunate of late, he settled up his affairs and left for St. Paul.

One day Maitland received a black-edged letter from England announcing the death of his aunt, the duchess, leaving him all her property and the fee of Bedford Castle.

Mrs. Byson decided to go to New York with Mrs. Stubbs, and the girls, Jones and Maitland for the last time helped them pack and remove all their worldly possessions. Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson decided to build modest dwellings adjoining on the Hudson River not far from the great metropolis, to which their large interests had been transferred. One year after the death of the duchess there was a quiet double wedding at the home of the brides' mother. Bess, fearing the separation from Tot, also became engaged, although she was compelled to promise her mother she would not leave her for at least two years. After bidding a tearful good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs and Mrs. Byson and Bess, Lord and Lady Maitland, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Jones, sailed on board the *Campania* for Europe, and as the ship moved away into the harbor, Lord Maitland said to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Jones:

"I have been for the past four years practically your guest, and now I beg that you and your charming wife will come and visit us for a long time. My blessed wife made me love America. You must now return the compliment and love England. We will modernize the castle and live as the original Bedfords did in the good old days.



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Yes, you must fall in love with England as I have with your country, so we may in a small way represent the friendly attachment growing up between the two greatest nations of the earth."

"Good," said Belle, casting an admiring glance at her husband.

"Hurrah for England and America!" replied Jones, grasping Maitland's hand.

Mrs. Wilson Jones responded to the sentiment by saying, with a twirl of her sea cap:

"And I say, hurrah for us all!"

As the vessel sped out to sea and the happy quartette were promenading the deck, they recognized upon the star-board side, seated in a comfortable steamer chair, their old friend, the Philadelphia fossil.

"I am off," he said, "for my thirtieth trip around the world."

THE END





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